

COMFORT

ANNIVERSARY

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXIII

NO. 1

NOVEMBER
1910



Published at
AUGUSTA,
MAINE.

"Togo became more and more their playmate and friend"

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by

W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,

Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

November, 1910

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Crumbs of Comfort

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.
Our comforts grow up between our crosses.
Vice is much more contagious than virtue.
The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence.
A song will outlive all sermons in the mem-
ory.

Peace lies in moderating, not satisfying our
desires.
Our energy is in proportion to the resistance
it meets.

That which is so universal as death must be
a benefit.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.—Rogers.

A madman is not cured by some one else run-
ning mad.

Character is a diamond which scratches every
other stone.

Custom may lead us into many errors, but it
justifies none.

Choose rather to punish your appetite than to
be punished by it.

Without temptation no one knows whether
he is honest or not.

When there is love in the heart there are
rainbows in the eyes.

We do not count a man's years, unless he has
nothing else to count.

A pretty woman is the only tyrant a man is
not authorized to resist.

Death and love are the two wings which bear
man from earth to heaven.

No money is better spent than what is laid
out for domestic satisfaction.

There is no beggar so destitute as he who can
afford nothing to his neighbor.

It is a question whether a good man goes to
heaven or heaven comes to him.

The best education in the world is that got
by struggling to make a living.

Don't scold your children; they need your
example more than your precept.

All persons are not discreet enough to know
how to take things by the right handle.

The Rescue of Togo

A Thanksgiving Story for Children

By Oliver

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See title page illustration.

TOGO was a turkey. He lived on a large
country estate. If he escaped the au-
tomobiles which dashed through the
dooryard it was the plan that he
should adorn the table and appease the
appetites of the whole family on
Thanksgiving Day.

Ben and Robert were two little boys who
played in the yard. Ben was six and Robert
four. They made friends with Togo. They got
Nora, the cook to give them the scraps from the
table. These they took to Togo and watched
him as he daintily picked them over eating only
the most choice morsels.

Togo was good natured and lazy like most fat
folks. Now that he had much of his food brought
to him he moved about less and less while all
the time he was growing fatter and fatter.

The children delighted in taking the basket
of food scraps between them and making Togo
follow them all around the yard before they
would let him have his dinner. This was, "To
make Togo have an appetite," as Ben expressed
it.

The children and the older folks evidently had
different ideas about Togo's mission. Mr. May-
nard invited some of his friends to Thanksgiving
dinner on the strength of Togo's remarkable size
and plumpness. It must be confessed that the
older people joked rather unfeelingly about Togo.
In their accustomed city life the materials for
their meals came from the market all ready for
the cook. The novel sight of a turkey walking
about the yard was the cause of humorous com-
ment.

Ben and Robert however, were unaware of this.
Togo became more and more their playmate and
friend. The antics of the children seemed to dis-
turb his sedate turkeyship very little. He even
allowed them to build a house around him out
of boards and boxes. He raised no objection until
the doorway was made smaller than he liked.
Then he simply tipped over a box and walked
out.

One day shortly before Thanksgiving Ben
came running into the yard to Robert, his heart
about broken.

"Why, Robert," he began. "What dreadful
thing do you think is going to happen?"

"What?"

"Why, Nora said John was going to—to—kill
Togo and we're going to—to—eat him."

Ben couldn't stand it any longer and threw
himself on the ground sobbing.

Robert understood that some danger threatened
Togo and that Nora and John were the cause of
it.

"Ben," he began, "Nora and John don't hurt
Togo—my Togo—Robert's Togo. Robert won't
let 'em. Robert won't. Don't cry, Ben." The
little brother tried his best to be a comforter.

"Yes they will," Nora said mamma said for
John to—to—do it," and the little fellow broke
forth again.

"No, they won't. Mamma won't let John.
Mamma'll tell Nora to tell John don't," and Robert
stoutly persisted that all was well.

The children were in the orchard back of the
barn. Little Robert had the basket of scraps.
The children were on their way to feed Togo
when Ben, who had gone back to the house for
water, received the terrible news.

Ben might have been comforted with the
thought that his mother would interfere in Togo's
behalf had not the children just then heard
John say, "I'll attend to Togo right away."

These words struck terror to Ben's heart. John
was coming after Togo and there would be no
time to appeal to mamma. Ben saw Togo down
at the further end of the orchard and he ran to
him as fast as his little legs could carry him, fol-
lowed by Robert with the basket.

When the boys reached Togo, Ben said to Rob-
ert, "We must get Togo away off, so John can
never find him."

"Oh, Togo, dear Togo," said Ben and Robert in
unison. "We won't let naughty John get you."
But Togo just pecked away at the scraps.

"Now come with us, Togo," Ben seized the
basket, and he and Robert started across a large
field. Togo followed them and they were soon
out of sight of the house.

"We'll go and go and then we'll camp out.
We won't let John get you," said Ben. The turkey made
no objection, but Robert looked scared. The chil-
dren trudged on for quite a distance, until at
last they came in sight of a house which Ben
recognized as Mrs. Grogan's.

Robert's little legs were getting tired and every
once in a while he would say, "Don't let go any
farther, Ben. They'll find Togo."

But Ben wasn't so sure. However something
had to be done. Togo was tired, too, and did
not seem to be as greatly tempted by the mov-
ing meal as before. The sight of Mrs. Grogan's
house set Ben to thinking and, by the time they
had succeeded in coaxing Togo into the Grogan
yard, Ben had made up his mind to a course of
action.

Leaving the dinner scraps to Togo, Ben went
up to the house where he found Mrs. Grogan
washing clothes on the porch.

"Say, Miss Grogan," called Ben.

"Why, Hivens bless ye, me byes," said Mrs.
Grogan.

"We've got Togo," said Ben.

"Bless ye, so ye hev," and Mrs. Grogan admired
his turkeyship, whose appetite had been suffi-
ciently sharpened by the unusually long walk so that
he was making away with the scraps without
much ado.

"Yes, and we want you to keep him."

"Bless ye."

"Yesum, he belongs to Robert and me, but—
but—we'd like to have you have him, if you'll
let us come over and play with him."

Mrs. Grogan's attitude may have been a little
discouraging for Ben continued:

"Togo is real good. He just eats table scraps
and sits in the sun—cept when Robert and I
walk him for his appetite."

"Hivens." The poor woman's fat sides shook,
but she knew from Ben's earnest manner, that
the little fellow spoke from deep feeling.

"And say, you won't let John get him, will
you, Miss Grogan?" Without waiting for an
answer Ben ran to get Togo out of sight in case
John should be following them. Togo allowed
himself to be coaxed into the chicken yard where
he settled himself contentedly for a sun bath.

"Of course, I won't, but what's the matter, me
precious that John sh'd be after gettin' Togo?"

Then Ben related the whole story and found in
Mrs. Grogan a sympathetic listener.

"And that's good-hearted dears," she said, as
Ben, with Robert's help, finished the account.

"Ye's the better for the kind heart."

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Renew now and take no chance of missing

Christmas COMFORT

for December with the second part of "Ruby's Reward"
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first half of a two-part

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give free, as long as they last, with each subscription and renewal? Everybody wants
one; there is one for you if you renew at once; we are sending them out now. They
are even prettier than our 1910 Calendar.

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Nov., 1910

Joyous Thanksgiving

BY JENNIE WILSON HOWELL.

Through bleak November's chilly air,
Through autumn's sunshine, soft and rare,
Through dreary fog, and rain, and muck,
Through gladness light, and lonely dark,
A joyous message greets mine ear,
"Thanksgiving day is drawing near!"

The day when loved friends meet again,
When nought of sorrow, grief, or pain
Is granted place within our heart;
But every one must bear a part,
And sing, in tones of joyous cheer,
"Thanksgiving day is here, is here!"

We raise our thankful songs to Thee,
O God, our Father, joyfully;
For all the blessings of the year,
For gladness, pain, for joy and tear;
For harvests bountiful and free
We render praise, our God, to Thee!

Oh, may our gratitude be great,
As, from each hamlet, town and state,
We gather 'round the festive board,
To share the food so richly stored;
And may we give Thee thanks indeed,
By helping each our neighbor's need.

And hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When sin and woe shall cease away;
When Christ shall come to earth again,
And righteousness and truth shall reign;
Then every tongue shall gladly sing
Thanksgivings to our Lord and King.

The children were then started home with the
promise from Mrs. Grogan that she would be kind
to Togo.

Mamma met Ben and Robert on their way
home. They were tired and foot-sore little chil-
dren, but not too tired to tell mamma all that
had happened. Mamma kissed Ben and took up
Robert and hugged him.

That night after the children were tucked into
their little beds, mamma and papa went over to
Mrs. Grogan's. There they found a large family
whose Thanksgiving prospects were none too
bright. There were a lot of little Grogans who
had been at school when Ben and Robert were
there in the afternoon. It was evident that the
combined efforts of both Mrs. Grogan and her
husband were barely sufficient to provide for their
large family.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grogan, "the little byes said
his name was Togo and that I musn't let John
get him. They was so earnest and took it so to
heart that I couldn't for the life of me undersave
them. I had just started Tim over, but he saw
your automobile."

"You are a good-hearted woman," said Mrs.
Maynard. "We came over to ask you, if you
would keep Togo for a few days until we go to
the city for the rest of the winter. The children
want to come over and say good by to him.
After that we want you to accept Togo as the
gift of Ben and Robert."

This is how it happened that Thanksgiving
was a few days late at the Grogan's, but cele-
brated with a bounteousness beyond the anticipa-
tions of the most imaginative little Grogan.

How John Was Converted

By Magdalen Madonna Clark

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"JOHn, can you spare me thirty cents?
My subscription to COMFORT expires
next month, and I wish to renew
for two years now, that I may be
sure not to miss a number."

"COMFORT be hanged!" came from
John. "I have no money to spare for such mag-
azines; there's nothing to it but foolish love
stories, which have about turned your head and
Kate's. I'll save my money for something more use-
ful than COMFORT; I wish you to understand
that, Nan. It will be a relief when the thing
stops coming. Perhaps you will become more
sane."

"But, John, there are so many helpful things
in COMFORT, if you would only look through it
all at once, I know the stories come first, and you
believe there is nothing in it but stories, if
you would read COMFORT all through you would
think differently. Surely John, you will not
miss the money, and I derive so much help
from its many pages. Come do let me have it,
John."

"No, Nan, it's all trash, and not a bit of help
can I see in it. I know you and Kate and even
Bob have changed this last year, and it's all due
to reading COMFORT and such like. No, you'll
not get any money for COMFORT from me."

And out stalked angry John with a slam of
the kitchen door that threatened the break of
windows.

John Darway's true nature was not what one
could call hard or mean; his was a disposition
that required to see and be convinced in the
utility of things, before he was willing to lend
his aid. Having never taken the time to look
into the merits of COMFORT and judging it to
be only a woman's magazine, he believed it con-
tained nothing but love stories and talks for
women, which helped to put more independent
notions into their heads; he believed that it was
a man's lot to think, a woman's place to listen
and be a silent partner. John had never paid
any attention to the progress of women and
therefore did not understand that they have
the same right that man has held in all things.

Poor Nan felt hurt by her husband's words,
but like the sensible little woman she was, she
made up her mind to wait patiently for some-
thing to turn up.

COMFORT had been Nan's companion for the
last year, and she now felt she could not do
without it, but for a time, at least, she did not
dare broach the subject of renewal to her hus-
band. Yes, she would wait a few days and then
again try to persuade him to read it. Hers was
a wise decision, for three days later in came John
with a dark frown over his whole face, and in
answer to Nan's inquiry as to what was wrong
he said: "Old Bess is lame again; one of her
front feet is all swollen and sore, the same one
she has always had trouble with ever since she
was founded so badly three years ago. I can't
continue that dry plowing I started yesterday, if
she continues lame. I don't like to stop now.
As this is the busy season, I won't be able to
hire another horse in the neighborhood."

Bob had listened to his father's tale of woe,
and now spoke up and said:

"Why, father there is a remedy for that sore
foot, if you will look it up in COMFORT's Veteri-
nary Information column. Wait a minute I will
find it for you as I read it myself. Yes, here it
is, in answer to just such a case as Bess's; it
reads, 'Put on a dressing of oakum and pine tar,
then a thick leather pad, then a flat bar shoe, with-
out calkins.' Why, father, it's just the thing,
isn't it? We can fix the shoe all right with our
blacksmith outfit. Come, let us see if Bess will
receive any relief from it."

John followed Bob out to the barn and applied
the remedy; soon old Bess gave a neigh, by way
of thanks and looked up at Bob and his father
with such a relieved look, that they knew she
was already benefited. After dinner when she
was hitched to the plow she was free from limping.
When evening came Bob helped his father
unhitch Bess and noticed that she still did not
limp, and he heard his father saying:

"Guess that oakum and pine tar has fixed
it all right. I'm mighty glad I do not need to
stop plowing just now."

"Yes father," said Bob, "didn't COMFORT come
in just handy then? I've found it has done so
for me many times."

"Hump!" grunted John in reply, "I guess it
just happened that the answer suited old Bess's
case. First time I ever see a magazine help me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Holiday Gifts.

THE wheel of fashion—like the wheel of fortune—keeps constantly turning in one unending whirl, each revolution, bringing to light something entirely new or reviving the styles of yore. So as the stiff formality of table-cloths has again given way to the general use of doilies as in the days of our grandmothers, table sets, centerpieces or tray cloths make especially desirable Christmas presents.

Such a gift may also be the means of convincing some friend and housewife that even a simple table, covered partially by a dainty centerpiece and doilies, is much more practical and economical than the usual table-cloth. Of course, much more elaborate centerpieces can be made by any woman who does fine needlework and has the necessary time, but the average worker who desires to accomplish considerable in a given time can fortunately secure a dainty, lacey effect with comparatively little work and expense by selecting such a design as was submitted by Miss Alice Wismer a COMFORT reader, which is here illustrated.

Heart Centerpiece

A small piece of white linen and linen thread are the only materials required in making this doily. For the center cut four hearts measuring three inches through the center from point to point. Twelve hearts measuring two inches through the center will be needed for the edge. Pad, overcast and buttonhole around each heart, and if time is no object a second buttonholing will give even a firmer edge and prevent any fraying.

Baste the hearts on oil cloth, then join by fagotting together and working spider webs in the open spaces as illustrated. When finished take out the baste threads and press on the wrong side under a damp cloth. Smaller doilies matching this centerpiece, present some necessary modifications, such as working in the same number of hearts in the center by cutting each smaller, or using simply one three-inch heart and arranging smaller ones around it. The background stitches would have also to be necessarily changed somewhat, but will not prevent from matching in general character.

This pattern is particularly decorative, the dark surface of a table throwing out in sharp contrast the linen hearts, and with the lacey background work it gives a novel and very pleasing effect.

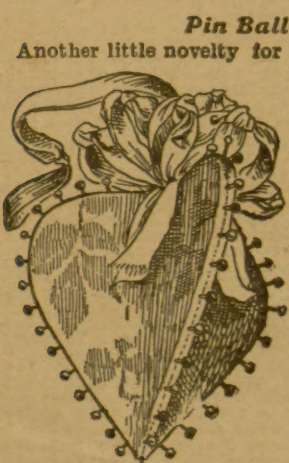
Hair-pin Ball

One of the daintiest of hair-pin receivers can very easily be made of wool, by following the same method used to make a small baby's first soft ball.

To do this wind a lot of wool about the fingers then tie securely in the center with a ribbon, now trim the wool down until one has a round ball. As the glass eyes cannot, perhaps, be secured, white wool could be used and black shoe-buttons or hat-pin heads serve as eyes, and black horsehair as whiskers. Make the nose of a folded piece of pink velvet and the ears of white flannel lined with the pink and the results will be a very wise-looking pussy to hang beside one's mirror.

Pin Ball

Another little novelty for holding pins can easily be made by covering three hearts, three or three and one-half inches in length with a pretty bit of flowered or figured silk. Overcast the edges together so that each heart will be curved somewhat from the center to the edges, cover the space necessarily left in the center at the top with a full rosette bow of ribbon, leaving one loop long for hanging. Fill the sides with different colored round-headed pins and you will have not only a useful but an ornamental gift for some friend.



PIN BALL.

Dutch Doll Pin-cushion

The fancy just now seems to be for novel pin-cushions and COMFORT has been fortunate to secure one that is quite out of the ordinary. This little maid is real Dutchey in appearance and will be sure to please many of our readers.

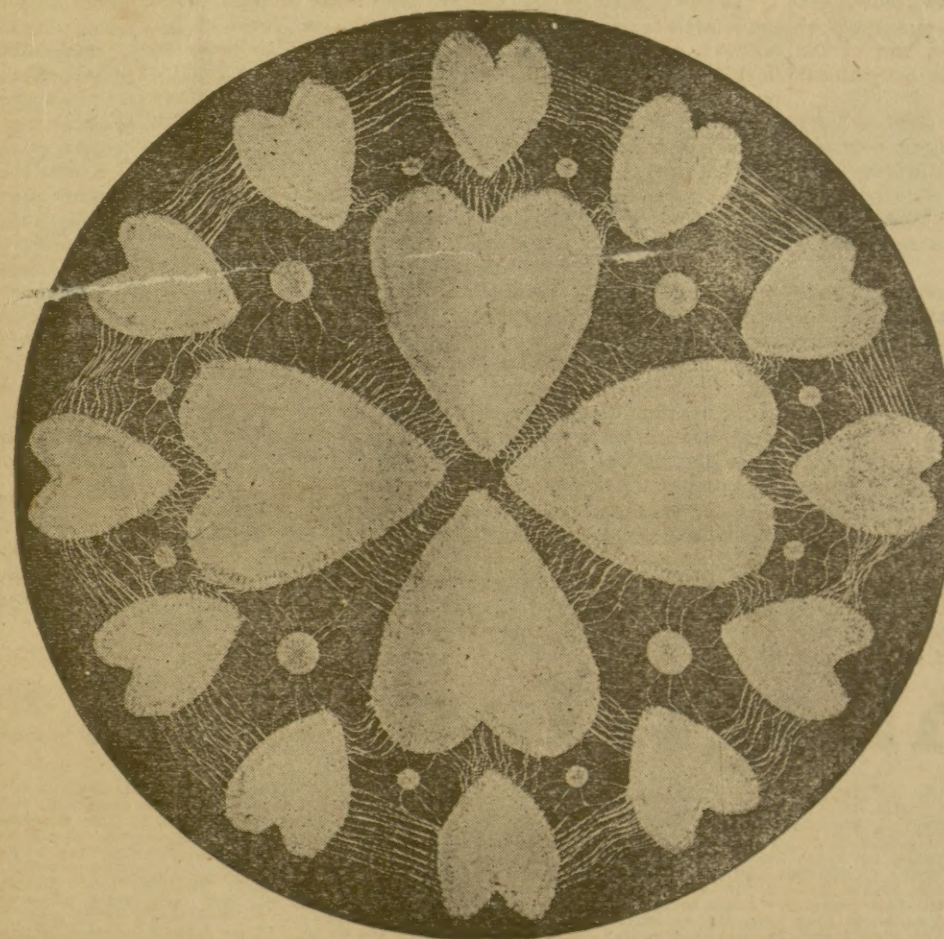
The design is very graceful in outline, and permits of much latitude in choice of colors, although a favorite scheme of coloring, and one which is always pleasing, is to combine light and dark blue with white. Java canvas



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

or white duck will be best to use for this little maid, as all of the darkest color is painted in, and either of these materials is particularly fit for such work. Ordinary tube paints may be used, but should be thinned with turpentine. After this coloring is dry, tint the face and arms, then work in the eyes with brown silk and use red for mouth and nose, and light blue for all other outlining.

From blue chambray or gingham cut a lining exactly the same in shape as the complete figure, pad the head and bust slightly with



HEART CENTERPIECE.
Sent in by Alice Wismer.

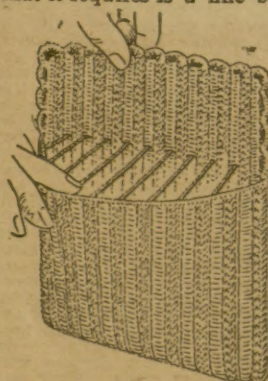
cotton batting then overcast the edge together all around.

Next cut from cardboard two pieces about the shape of the skirt from the waist down, cover both of these smoothly with the chambray and then overcast the two edges together and stick in blue and white-headed pins around the front edge.

To the under side attach three graduated leaves of white buttonholed flannel for needles. Then join doll and all together finishing with a broad bow of chambray at the back. Bend the doll slightly forward at the waist line and attach a small ball at the edge of the skirt connected with the line which represents the knitting thread.

Crocheted Change Purse

A decidedly useful little present, which can be quickly made, is the purse here shown. All that it requires is a fine steel crochet hook, a



CROCHETED IN RED SILK.

3d row.—Ch. 2., 18 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2 sts. and d. c. in each st. to end of row.
4th row.—Ch. 2., 1 d. c. in each st. including ch. 2 in middle of last row.
5th row.—Same as second.

6th row.—Ch. 2, 60 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2 sts. d. c. to end of row.

7th row.—Same as fourth.

8th row.—Begin and repeat from second row. This will make a hole in every third row about two thirds of the length of the strip, work in this way until twenty-third row is finished.

24th row.—1 d. c., in each st.

Turn up the longer end to meet the row of holes and seam up each side.

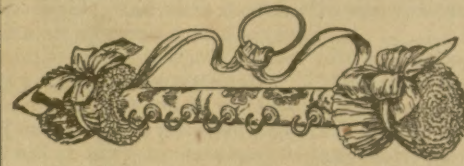
Now make chain of 160 stitches, fasten one end of this chain to edge of the bag opposite first hole. Thread the other end through the first hole then through brass ring, back through second hole then into edge of the bag opposite second hole, now into third hole, over ring and so on until you have been through all the holes. Finish off securely and then crochet over the ring. The chain run in, in this way forms little bars which prevents the contents from dropping out thus making it very secure even though this purse is not fastened in any other way.

Finish the edge of the flap all around with a scallop made of 7 d. c. and if you wish add to the center of the outside of the flap a star of beads. Also put a row of beads across the bottom as a finish. Tie enough ribbon to the ring so the purse can be worn around the neck if one wishes.

White or cream silk with gold beads is extremely pretty, or any color to match a suit may be used.

Catch All

A simple but pretty and useful little article can be made very easily by covering a foot of a wooden shade roller with figured tissue paper,



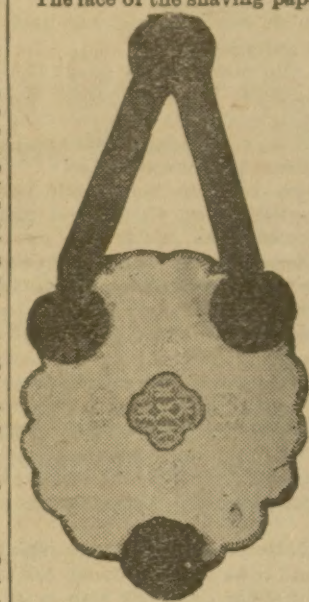
CATCH ALL.

then finish the ends with four inch strips of paper put round and round to form a full

silk circle on to match and sew the two securely together by running around close to the cardboard. Run in the ribbons and tie in full bows as shown.

Shaving Paper Case

The face of the shaving paper case consists of



SHAVING PAPER CASE.

a piece of light blue satin seven by eight inches, shaped as pictured and button-holed all around with colored silk, then glued to a stiff piece of paper. The center is decorated with circles cut from scraps of allover lace. The rosettes are made of one-inch wide ribbon, and the top one, to which the suspending ribbons are carried has a ring concealed behind it, by which the case is hung on the wall.

For the back use a piece of cardboard and between the covers attach securely but not too closely a pad of soft tissue paper.

Then this can be used as needed without ruining the appearance of the article.

Mrs. E. Hinze an old subscriber sent in the above suggestion, while from another source comes this idea for a similar article, which may be carried out in the same way.

Cut from rather heavy pasteboard two bean pots, burn the outside one as shown, apparently filled with beans and pork and on the side these words:

When you've been up
To shaving capers
Wipe your razor
On these papers.

Finish by tying a bow of holly ribbon through the handle and you have an unique and attractive case.

Lantern Bag

The pretty work bag here described can be very easily made although it looks somewhat difficult of construction. The one the writer has before her is of pale yellow silk with bindings of a little deeper shade of satin ribbon.

However as one hesitates to use such a delicate bag common, as it would soil so easily, a darker silk would be more practical, or a figured cretonne makes a handsome bag of quite Japanese appearance.

When one cannot use anything of this sort fearlessly it loses much of its real usefulness, so in making presents, while one naturally wishes them to be pretty and attractive, each should be developed of material both suitable and serviceable.

Now to make a bag like this one cut ten pieces ten or twelve inches square and from the center of each cut a circle the size of the embroidery hoops



MAY BE MADE OF ANY MATERIAL.

one which will form the bottom of the bag. Attach the other to the circle of the top square and use a cord or ribbon for hanging.

These bags have been much admired and prove to be excellent Christmas or birthday gifts, as they are roomy, easy to pack when empty as they can be folded almost flat, and very ornamental when in use and hung on a knob or any suitable projection. They can be made in an endless variety of ways for instance either embroidered on sheer lawn and made up over a color or painted or stenciled but figured silk or cretonne gives about as pretty an effect with much less work.

Darning Cotton Bag

This unique little bag to hold darning material, can be made of a real little boot or one can be fashioned of velvet or kid.

If a little half-worn boot is used, if needed first give a good coat of blacking or bronze, then cover the bottom of the sole with velvet, also make an extra sole of cardboard covered with velvet and silk to which attach a few leaves of pinked-out flannel for needles. Add ribbon to tie in place.

To the top of the boot fit a nicely made bag for holding the darning cotton.

PATTERNS WANTED—Irish crochet infant's Bonnet, Crocheted Bath Towel and Bedroom moccasins.



DARNING COTTON BAG.



CIRCULAR BAG.

Cut a three-inch circle of firm cardboard. Lay the two circles of silk down, right or outside together. Place the cardboard circles between the silks, half way between the center and edge of the silk circles.

To get this just right find the exact center of the cardboard and stick a pin through it, then fold one of the silk circles in quarters after which fold the edge of one side into the center, stick the pin in the cardboard through the point which is the half way mark, this will give one the exact position wanted. Lay the other

A Few Words by the Editor

WE wish our readers, one and all, a Happy Thanksgiving!

No matter how great the harvest or how bountiful the yield from field, pasture and orchard, there will be thousands complaining that crops have not been as good as they might have been, and Providence, as usual, will be blamed for the shortage.

It is to be regretted that there should be a single human who, on Thanksgiving Day, should feel more in the mood to croak and complain than rejoice and give thanks. Before blaming the Creator, however, for any crop shortage, would it not be as well for the unsuccessful farmer to look at home and ask himself whether he has done his level best to make the fruitful earth yield all that it is ready to yield to the agriculturist who thoroughly understands his business, and who works, not only with muscle, but with brain as well.

This surely would be a happy Thanksgiving to any farmer had the acres which he cultivated yielded double the crop this year. Yet there are many that could have accomplished this result and few that could not have largely increased their crop yield per acre if they had known how and made the effort.

As the population is increasing so rapidly and there is very little new land to be brought under cultivation this very thing must be done; the crops per acre must be doubled by intensive cultivation or the World will soon be on the verge of starvation.

We have been wasteful of our natural resources in the ruthless destruction of our forests and in permitting the most of the water powers, coal beds, oil fields and other mineral deposits, which once belonged to the government, to fall into the hands of trusts or of private capitalists, and we are suffering the consequences in the extortionate prices which we are obliged to pay those who control them for the necessities of life.

There is urgent need of the great conservation movement now on foot to have the government retain the ownership of such of the natural resources as it still possesses, and of the equally important effort to get the control of the government back into the hands of the people again.

Former President Roosevelt is leading the fight on both these great issues and has just won a glorious victory over the political ring which heretofore has ruled the State of New York in the interest of the monopolists.

But the conservation of the fertility of the land and the proper development of our agricultural resources needs equal attention.

In order that we may hearten those whose crops have been poor, so that they, too, in the near future may be joining in the national psalm of thanks, we place before our readers the following article which appeared in a leading Virginia publication:

"Virginia farmers are ceasing to be land poor and are becoming crop rich. They are seeing the fallacy of the old agricultural order, which bid a man scrape the surface of many acres of broomsedge farms and give little attention to a dozen fields. They are discovering that the intensive cultivation of a score of acres or so is more profitable than the extensive neglect of a thousand. They are putting into the bank profits which formerly were charged to the other side of the ledger as taxes.

A section of Prince William has been transformed by a division into small farms. A colony of Dunkards from the

valley settled around Manassas and bought many acres of run-down, neglected farm lands. They divided them into small tracts, and applied to them the best principles of intensive cultivation. As a result 'worn out' lands are today yielding magnificent crops, a wilderness has been reclaimed, and farm values have been trebled. Virginia lands today after almost three hundred years of cultivation, will yield as bountiful crops as virgin soil if only they are cultivated closely and skillfully; if they are farmed on a large scale by insufficient labor they cannot be expected to afford more than a bare living for unhappy owners.

"Examples of the latter system are seen everywhere in dilapidated farmhouses, lean stock and barren fields. Examples of the other sort can be seen in other places than the Dunkard district. Some years ago—to cite a single instance—a Scotch immigrant bought twenty-four acres of Virginia farm land, of which eight acres were unusable. On a plow area of less than twenty acres this man raised a year's crops that brought him \$1,000. His expenses and the interest on his investment did not amount to more than \$250, leaving him a net profit of \$47 per acre."

We trust this very interesting information, which by the way comes from the Richmond Times Dispatch, will set our readers to thinking. If the nation is to be fed it is imperative that the yield of the land per acre be increased. Agricultural methods must be improved by a better use of the land. Then we shall have a greater yield to the acre, and not only an increased production, but an improvement in the quality produced.

Conditions here differ greatly from those in Europe, but they do not differ to such an extent as to account for the great disparity between crop production here and abroad. The average yield of wheat in the United States is less than fourteen bushels per acre, while in France it is twenty bushels, Germany twenty-eight bushels, England thirty-two, and thirty-four bushels in the Netherlands.

In the United States there are large areas of land where the rainfall is uncertain, but this is not the real cause of our failure to equal the foreigner's crop production. The cause lies in skill and not in climate. Our farming methods are inferior to, and not as productive as those in Germany, France and England. We do not use the same care either in the selection of the seed or in the preparation of the soil.

Our corn production is even less satisfactory than that of wheat. Kansas in the last ten years has produced on an average less than twenty-three bushels to the acre, Nebraska and Missouri a trifle better with twenty-eight bushels, Iowa averages a trifle over thirty-two, Illinois and Ohio thirty-four and thirty-five bushels respectively.

Up-to-date agricultural methods would make these crops from fifty to a hundred per cent. larger. Though campaigns of education have been carried on for years in various states little good has resulted. This assertion is readily proved by the fact that the average yield of corn per acre in the United States was greater in the ten years ending in 1876 than it was in the past decade. Kansas thirty years ago was producing more corn to the acre than it is today.

Land that is purchased at \$100 per acre and produces only an average of fourteen bushels of wheat and twenty-five bushels of corn per acre, is not a paying investment.

In 1909 five million bushels of grain and potatoes, representing a money value of two thousand one hundred million dollars was produced on about two hundred and one million

acres of land. This tremendous crop could have been doubled by a more effective use of our agricultural lands.

The Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture in discussing this question said:

"I am wonderfully pleased that there is promise of public attention being fixed upon the fact that our lands, not in Kansas alone, but in other states as well, are being farmed in a way so shiftless and unscientific, and so mistreated that their average yields per acre are as a rule not half what they should be, and in too many instances not more than a third of what they are capable of.

In truth, considering the knowledge within reach of every farmer who wishes, or is even willing to treat his land and crops intelligently, the yields of nearly all of our staple crops, taking the country over, are disgracefully small. This is due to various causes. Partly to ignorance and partly—in fact most largely—to too extensive rather than intensive farming; to the farmers spreading their operations out over too much land, tilling it superficially, and neglecting a proper rotation, while at the same time ignoring the importance of fertilizing, even when he has on the farm, under foot, in his way, and going to waste, tons upon tons of the best fertilizer known in the form of stable and barnyard manure.

"The movement is of inestimable importance, and so long as a farm produces but thirty bushels of corn on ground that should yield from seventy-five to a hundred bushels, fifteen bushels of wheat where forty should be harvested and other crops in like ratio, there should be constant agitation, and I shall be glad to be in the agitator class. Any well-wisher for his country can scarcely afford to be otherwise.

"More bushels and tons from fewer acres would make a slogan worth while."

All of our readers, no matter whether producers or consumers, are necessarily interested in this vital matter of increased crop production. The ever-increasing population demands that our food supplies be abundant enough to keep prices within reasonable limits.

Marvelous results have been achieved in the old world by intensive methods of farming. On two or three acres of land in France and England, sufficient garden truck is raised to afford a good living to the intensive agricultural expert. Women are entering this field of work with great enthusiasm. It is more remunerative and far healthier than almost any other field of employment open to the gentler sex.

Slipshod methods are a thing of the past. The man who desires to make a good living in any line of work today should be an expert. The agricultural colleges and United States experimental stations are showing what can be done in the way of crop production by those who are determined to wring from the soil all that the soil will produce.

Those of our readers who are interested in this subject can secure a mass of valuable information both from the national government and the state agricultural colleges. We advise our readers to secure and study all this literature bearing upon the subject discussed in this issue. It is said to be bad for the asking.

Knowledge, enthusiasm and determination are all that is necessary to double the crop yield of the United States, and also to double the income of the men who till the soil.

Once more a Happy Thanksgiving to all for 1910, and increased crops and a happier Thanksgiving still for 1911.

Comfort's Editor

A Thanksgiving Call By Savannah Shirley

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"I T seem's though you're too—too hard!" The little woman had been pleading the same cause year after year for ten long years. She sighed softly, while her eyes fearful of an encounter with the stern ones opposite, roved aimlessly about the clean, comfortable kitchen.

"I hain't—a bit!" Miss Constance let fall the piece of coarse gingham she was hemming, and her hands relaxed into an unaccustomed attitude of idleness. The memory of a bitter wrong fortified her. "Praps you think," she continued tartly, "because you can overlook them things that I can't. You didn't have the provocation that I had, you wasn't the one to suffer." The thin lips closed firmly into a painful line, the sewing was resumed, and for a brief spell the kitchen clock, unaccompanied, loudly ticked the minutes away. Then the older woman looked up compassionately. "I know you had it hard, Constance," she said presently. "I know you felt bad; and even though he was my son, I allus blamed him for that one act. Though in other ways," half apologetically, "he seems right enough. I w'n't no way to use you. I know that—an' I've allus stood by you, an' pitied you. But—I wisht—now—" She hesitated, then cast a supplicating glance into the coldly cynical eyes regarding her: "I wisht—just for once—you'd let it all go, an' come over to our house for Thanksgiving. I can't bear to think of you here—all day—an' so lonely."

"You needn't mind that," Miss Constance bit off the words viciously. "I shan't be lonesome. An' if you think," now twin fires of indignation lit her coldly gleaming eyes, "if you think I'll ever break food at the same table with them—why, you're mistaken; that's all!" She leaned back in the big rush-bottomed rocker, industriously stabbing her needle through the coarse cloth.

"She's your sister!" The little woman ventured one more shaft.

"All the worse. Praps in time I might have forgiven him if it had been any other woman. But her—never—never so long as I'm a-livin'!" A suspicious moisture gathered in the faded blue eyes opposite and one corner of the great apron that nearly covered the diminutive figure was requisitioned to wipe it away.

"Oh, dear!" Genuine regret voiced itself in the plaintive words. "I'm so sorry. We're goin' to hev such a good dinner, too. Two great fat turkeys an' all the fixin's. An' I've worked so hard to git 'em ready. An' every year," the old voice grew tremulous with its emotion, "I've trotted over here to see if you hadn't forgot an' forgiven—ask you to come to dinner at our house, with my son an' your sister. Constance Moore—" the tremulous voice quavered into a firmer cadence as she continued recklessly, "you're hard an' unforgivin'—so there! An'—an'—" hurriedly, "you know what the Good Book says about forgivin' as we hope to be forgiven!"

The coarse blue gingham dropped from the unrestrained hands to the floor at Constance's feet. She raised her head slightly to transfix the older woman with one lightning gleam from her steel gray eyes. Then her voice, clear, incisive, passionless, cleft the stillness of the great

cheery kitchen like a swiftly descending lash.

"Mrs. Graham," and the little woman quaked inwardly. "You hain't got no call to talk like that to me. You know why I can't come to your house to Thanksgiving; but it seems to me that you're likely to have forgotten the reason, so I'll tell you again all about it—then you'll hev cause to remember, after this. You know how your son courted me years ago, an' that I was his promised wife. You can remember if you hain't forgot that, too—" a glint of sarcasm, cutting and cruel, threaded her utterance now, "how he went away from here—out into the world to make a home for himself an' me—an' how, while he was gone, my sister grew up. If you hain't clean forgot everything, you know too, what that was for that young one—how I saved an' scrimped an' worked so! She could have all the advantages my folks denied me. I knew what it was to go without, an' I didn't want her to." Something like a sob choked further utterance, and the little old lady hastily closed the gap.

"Yes—I know Constance. If ever there was a good sister, 'twas you to Amy Moore. I think," she looked keenly across the room into the gray eyes that had grown hard and cynical with long years of introspection, and continued, "I used to think you loved her—then."

"Loved her?" Constance echoed the words with an inflection that was positively painful. "I worshiped her! You, nor no one else, ever knew what I thought of her. An' that made it all the harder for me to bear. You know," and the reminiscent tone returned to her voice, the cold steel glitter to her eyes, "how he, your son, come back forehanded—what they call a successful business man. An' you know what he seen." The big clock ticked ominously until, with a mute note of assent, the older woman signified acquiescence. "I was worn an' old with the hardship I'd endured for her sake—not like the women he'd been accustomed to out in the world. She—nothing but a baby when he went away and had grown into what I might have ben if I'd had half a chance. All my strength, an' life, an' youth, you might say, I'd give to her. But I was called on to make a greater sacrifice; she took him, too!"

Before the awful bitterness of the accusation the mother of one of the culprits quailed in silence. Little biting gusts of November wind beat spitefully against the windows outside and a few feathery snowflakes floated out of the gray sky that hung gloomily above. There was, too, a chill in the sudden silence hovering now uncertainly between the two women: it made the older shiver. Presently Constance recovered herself and spoke again:

"After all I had done for both of them, I couldn't forgive that. I had waited patiently—years—for him, while other girls married and had homes of their own; I slaved for her, because—" and a little of the old-time softness weakened the barriers her hatred had raised, and the voice that took up the recital quivered suspiciously, "because I loved her. I was fourteen when she was born and my mother died. But there—" She drew one hand angrily across her brow. "You know all this. I can't see for the life of me how you can come here every Thanksgiving time an' make me repeat it all over again."

"Because—" the other voice, tremulous with age and emotion returned to the argument. "Because we all want you to come. It is so lonesome here, all by yourself, an' Thanksgiving day is the time when we should get together an' try to feel good an' forgivin' to the rest of the world. I want you to see their children, too. They've got two a little boy an' girl; your niece an' nephew, Constance, an' you hain't never seen 'em nor spoke to 'em. They'd both be glad to come over here only they're afraid. An' so—" she spread out her two thin and withered hands helplessly as she rose to her feet, "so I just come every year to see if I can't coax you to forgive 'em the wrong they did you an' come an' eat Thanksgiving dinner with us all. I've come ten times now, Constance," her voice trailed pleadingly on the silence, "an' p'raps—p'raps," she almost tearfully the last words came, "I shan't be here to plead for 'em another Thanksgiving time."

With eyes dropped to the floor in stony, un-forgiving silence Constance Moore sat; and she did not move when the little old woman laid one feeble hand upon the latch, lifted it, and set the door ajar.

"Ain't you comin', Constance?" she asked plaintively.

"No." The monosyllable cut the gray twilight that hung mistily outside the doorway, sharply, mercilessly. Then the door closed softly behind the somber little figure. Presently, Constance raised her eyes and, turning them toward the window, watched the pathetic stoop of the bent shoulders, the uncertain shuffling of the feeble steps, as the little woman walked hopelessly out through the gate. There was no relenting in the cold eyes, no relaxing of the stern drawn lines about the mouth that nature had meant to be tender, but which nature's mistaken offspring had distorted to the use of cruelty. All the evening she labored with the preparations for her simple lonely Thanksgiving dinner. When morning dawned, gray and cheerless, Constance arose with the belated sun, going silently about her household tasks. The custom of attending Thanksgiving service in the village church she had omitted of late years, because they always came home for the holiday and were invariably present. In the fullness of their contentment they should not behold her aging with the loneliness of her years and sorrow. So, dressed in her best, a gown of the fashion of some years back, she betook herself year after year to the quiet solitude of her parlor and sat out the service hour, with her memories. Today she idly turned the leaves of the old family album while her eyes strayed down the garden path to the front gate and noticed the few stalks of dying flowers that still swayed and cracked in the low scurrying wind. As the book fell in her lap it opened mechanically at the likeness of a little girl in short dresses with great brown eyes and sunny curls. That was little Amy. How she herself then only a child of fourteen, had loved the little baby, whom her mother had laid in her arms—faintly bidding her with her last breath to be good to the dear little sister. She had been good to her! Pierce resentment at the retaliation for that goodness struggled wildly with a tender feeling as she closed the book with a vicious snap and turned her eyes again to the garden path. Just inside

the gate a dainty little figure stood—a wee little girl, whose sunny curls nodded and tossed on a level with the low, time-stained fence. Constance found it difficult to breathe. It was little sister Amy! For an instant Constance was living over the old days again. Her heart contracted with a fierce throb and snapped her back to the present as the child walked up to the steps and paused expectantly. No—it could not be little Amy! The years had passed. And this child was dressed so differently. In a moment she had shaken herself free from the old associations and hurrying to the door, had opened it for the little stranger.

"What brought you here?" she demanded, a trifle sharply, from force of habit. "Come in out of the cold." The wind that snarled and snapped at her face was stinging and frosty.

"I've lost, I guess," said the little girl as she looked up at her confidingly, and without further ado mounted the steps and danced into the large low-ceiled room whose warmth was grateful to her benumbed hands and feet. "My ain't it warm here!" she cried, sniffing the air delightedly, "an' I smell turkey, too! This ain't Dranpa's, is it?" She turned suddenly to thrust this question at the stern-faced lady who replied with another query:

"What's your name?"

"Constance—Constance Graham." As the words came, Miss Constance reeled from the shock. What was she to do? Already the great dingy flakes of snow were swirling through the freezing atmosphere, above the sky looked dark and murky. It was no day for a child to be outside. A sudden inspiration struck her.

"Did you run away?" she inquired severely. "No, no ma'am. She replied quaveringly. "I just walked out of Dranpa's date. They had all done to church, all but me an' Dranpa, an' he went to the barn—an'—"

"Impudently," when I turned around I couldn't find Dranpa's house." It occurred to Constance, then, that her harsh exterior was forbidding. Her tone softened a little as she addressed herself. "I can't go there, with her! I said I wouldn't—an' I won't! If they want her they can come and get her. An' I can't turn her out either, to find her way all alone. She'd wander off in this blinding snow an' get lost. I don't know what I shall do." Meantime the child lifted two luminous orbs of rarest brown and regarded her with a puzzled look. "They're Amy's eyes," she murmured to herself; and then a great heart wave of longing for the little sister she had not seen for ten long years swept over her—a longing revived by the vivid remembrance of the child to its mother. Memories, thick and fast, crowded upon her. The long years; the tender care; the sisterly affection; and sacrifice—all these struggled with the coldness of her reserve the justness of her resentment. And the most impregnable barriers she had builded about her lonely self wavered for once to fall tottering in ruins at the feet of this wondering child.

"Oh, Amy—Amy," she murmured brokenly, and falling on her knees at the child's feet, began to undo the coat and bonnet, and straighten the sunny curls the wind had tangled, and pat the little soft hands, all red and chilled until they warmed under the spell of her touch.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and enclose a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IN addition to our column of recipes each month, there will be given some useful suggestions under heading of "Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home."

My object is to add to the value of our Sisters' Corner, that it may grow better and better all the time.

I invite every sister to send us their "best way" of doing any kind of household work, or of making articles that are useful and convenient, and that will simplify and make easy the daily routine of duties that we may increase the helpfulness of this department, and to this end I shall, from time to time, make personal contributions of recipes and of "ways" I have learned about during my years of housekeeping.

I have one thing in mind which I am sure would materially assist all who live so far from the schoolhouses that their children are obliged to carry their dinners with them. That is, recipes that are appetizing and wholesome and can be conveniently carried in the dinner pail or basket. To always have this meal tempting and nutritious for months at a time is no mean task, so let us do what we can to make it less burdensome.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I take the dear old COMFORT and how I do delight in reading its pages. I keep several of my friends supplied with COMFORT, by sending in subscriptions for them. I think I could not get them more comfort for a year for twenty-five cents than a subscription to COMFORT. Now do you sisters?

How grand it is to love God and the right. I have always done this I believe; always have sought after that which was good, ennobling and beautiful, and we read in God's word that seeketh findeth, and I have not been disappointed at all. And now after rearing four children to manhood and womanhood without their ever using intoxicants, tobacco, coffee or tea, or bad language, and all well respected Christians, at the age of forty-four, with a cheerful, contented and thankful heart, I can say in truth that I have found what I sought. Try this kind of a life sisters, for it is worth while.

Yes, I will be glad to vote, while I don't need it for my own, it will help others that do need it. "Lend a helping hand" is my motto.

What a grand work COMFORT is doing and what a lot of people all over this wide, wide world are loving and enjoying home just as I am doing.

Keep cheerful, keep thankful, keep a contented mind, and God's blessing on you all. A Comfort sister.

MOLLIE CAVE LIST, Mellie, Okla.

Mrs. List. Your praise and appreciation of COMFORT's worth is most pleasing, and I thank you. When one considers that twenty-five cents carries COMFORT to your door for a whole year, it surely is a rich return for so small a sum.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FRIENDS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and its various departments have helped me in many ways. I am especially interested in the poultry department as I am a breeder and fancier. I also take great pleasure in reading the sisters' letters each month, and Uncle Charlie, he is a regular sunshine maker. May the good Lord spare his life for many years yet.

I see letters from all parts of our country so I will write from my native state, Tennessee. We raise most everything that can be raised in this latitude. It is a about as far north as cotton will grow for profit and there is a good deal of it raised in the western part of the state. The eastern part is broken and hilly and the land is devoted to grazing and fruit growing. The middle division is given to stock raising and growing grain. The western part is a great cotton and truck growing section. Hundreds of acres of tomatoes, cabbage and other truck crops are grown in Gibson county alone. Strawberries and early apples are also very profitable. Further west, nearer the Mississippi river, there are large plantations of cotton raised each year. I am sure it would be a curiosity to many of the Northern sisters to visit a cotton plantation in October and see the crowds of negroes picking the white, fleecy cotton and hear them singing the old plantation songs. But these good old times are fast passing out. The old plantation darkey will soon be no more as the younger generation is of but little account on the farm.

The people of the state are taking a great interest in breeding fine stock and poultry. Tennessee has now several fairs each season. We have the state fair at Nashville, the tri-state fair at Memphis, besides a number of county fairs each fall. These fairs of course foster the raising and showing of fine bred stock and poultry. We have the Tri-State Poultry Association which embraces Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas. This association has a large membership and we hold our annual show each fall at Memphis. Fowls from all parts of the country are exhibited here.

Now sisters, I am sure many of you are interested in good fowls as they are fast taking the place of "scrubs." I cannot close without saying a little about them. When the great poultry boom struck this state several years ago, I got the fever badly and went into the poultry business in earnest. I had raised fine bred chickens for quite a while, but not with the zeal I commenced with them. I procured the Rhode Island Reds and have made money on them and have since added the Columbian Wyandottes to my yards. I have studied the business for all there is in it. I have studied the winter egg problem and I believe I now have that down to a science.

Now if anyone wishes me to write more of Sunny Tennessee and Southern conditions let me hear from you and I will do the best I can on the subject.

Your true friend,

Mrs. P. C. DORSETT, Trenton, Gibson Co., Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish to thank you all for your kind letters. I have enjoyed them very much. Some I have answered personally, but I cannot all, as I have not the time.

Some of you have asked me for poems; I thank you, and I am sending two little verses in hopes the Sisters' Corner will have a little space to spare for them.

Mrs. MARTHA E. BALES, Willoughby, Ohio.

The City Beyond

To The COMFORT Sisters

By MARTHA E. BALES.

There's a beautiful celestial city
Beyond a harbor so fair,
Eye could not see, or earth's senses enfold
Hail the beauty that shines and there.
But God will give us new vision
In that land where the love lights glow,
O'er trees that are blooming and fragrant,
And bright streams forever shall flow.

There's many a treasure the angels guard
In the city fair for me so lavishly bestow.
In a casket of love on a flood of tears
I shipped them over the sea.
But my Father's hand was at the helm
To guide them safely o'er,
And sometime I shall cross to that landing place
And meet them on that shore.

Mrs. Bales. I want to thank you for again contributing to our corner. "The City Beyond" is all that is exquisite in thought and language, and I have read it again and again, each time finding some new beauty. It is perhaps needless to add that my pleasure is increased tenfold in the thought of the pleasure you are giving to our COMFORT sisters.—Ed.

COMFORT SISTERS, ONE AND ALL:
It appears to me that one of the nicest things about our paper is the feeling of friendliness it gives us. And it seems so sociable to have a bit of talk from our editor.

I have read with interest the chats concerning the training of little ones and how some are to be conquered by love.

Dear sisters, do you ever stop to think that a great deal of love is wasted on spoiled, selfish children, while many a poor little waif goes hungering for even a word of kindness now and then?

It is infinitely easy to be unselfish and affectionate to those we love, but real unselfishness consists in being so toward all, whether we love them or not. Let us try to brighten up some poor child, perhaps motherless, whose lot is cast among thorns! Let us not make our own children selfish by an overabundance of love, while other little hearts are pining for just a few crumbs of the affection which we so lavishly bestow.

To make your carpet look bright and new, after sweeping with a cloth wrung out of two quarts of warm water to which two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia has been added.

I will be twenty-six years old Nov. 7th, am a widow with three little boys. My maiden name was Akke and I should be pleased to hear from sisters by that name as well as all the rest.

Mrs. LIZZIE SPENCER, Sellers, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Let me thank you one and all for the shower of letters and cards, that were sent me in answer to my request for letters. I tried to answer them all, they were such kind, loving, sisterly letters, but my suffering is so great, and I am so very weak, that I will say good by and God bless you everyone.

Mrs. GRACE TAYLOR, West Fort Meade, Rosedale Cottage, Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Can you make room for me from Virginia? I like our little paper very much and always look forward to its coming every month.

How many of the young sisters play basket ball? We have a team here and we play every Wednesday. I dearly love to play and think it good exercise for anyone.

Our country village has two stores, two churches and not very many dwelling houses. I am a member of the Baptist church. Our revival just closed and there were thirteen who professed and joined the church. We have a good Sunday school and I always enjoy going.

How many of the sisters are fond of flowers? I have a nice rose bed and I rooted them all except two. Will tell you how easy it is for me to root them so if some of the sisters would like to try they can do so. Break off slips as you would from other plants. Plant them in the fall in the ground where you wish them to grow. Cover with glass jars and keep them on until late spring. Do not get young shoots as they will not live. Keep well watered through summer.

If warts are well rubbed with soda water every day they will soon disappear. I know this to be a sure cure as I have tried it myself.

Put rice in salt cellars to prevent salt from getting dry and hard.

I would like to have a letter party on Nov. 7, from you all.

MISS ANNIE FOURQUEAN, Republican Grove, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I am going to come to you, for several reasons. I want to join your happy circle to ask a favor and to give a few hints.

How many I wonder piece the old-fashioned quilts? I do and enjoy it too. It helps me to pass away the time and affords me great pleasure to piece the pretty colors together. While I sit and piece I sing the dear old-time songs that my husband and I used to sing, and you don't know how it brings peace to the heart to sing.

I have been a member of the Church of Christ (Christian church) since I was twenty-one years old, and great is my faith in the grand old gospel. I have had as much trouble as any woman on earth, still, I look to Him who doeth all things well and try to be patient.

I was born in Grenville, Ky., Oct. 31, 1820 and married Bird Williams, Jan. 15, 1839. We had fourteen children, but only six are living. My husband died many years ago and since then I have seen hardships that would kill a braver heart than mine. I live with my son Henry, near Van, Mo., although I visit with my other children.

Lamphor is excellent for chapped hands or lips.

For tired feet, bathe in as hot water as you can bear.

I do enjoy letters, and the favor I want to ask is this: Will the sisters please send me a letter shower for my next birthday, Nov. 30. I will be ninety years old. I wonder if there are other COMFORT sisters older than I?

With God's blessings on all of COMFORT's workers, and hoping to see this in print before my birthday, MRS. PATIENCE M. WILLIAMS (nee DUKES), Van, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:
I have greatly enjoyed the Sisters' Corner. There have been many good letters written. I like to read the talks on different subjects and I like to hear both sides of a question.

I wish now the sisters would talk about literature, each one giving her favorite work or author. There are so many good books to read that sometimes it is hard to know which or what is best, and if different ones would express a choice it would help us to decide.

There is a poem I would like, entitled "College Cans." I would be very glad if some good sister could help me find it, telling the name of author and if possible, the publishing house. Success to all.

Mrs. ADA CHRISTY CUTTER, Lobo, New Mexico.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:
It is evidently best we don't know what is before us! The last time I wrote you, I was in Moelips, the beautiful summer resort. The Woman's Improvement Club did much to brighten my life, and to improve the conditions.

It may never come again, for me to see the red sun set and a windy season, as my little nine-year-old girl is a cripple. She was suddenly stricken with infantile paralysis, a terrible disease and one the doctors seemingly know little about. She is very cheerful and has unlimited faith in God our Father. She says she will get well and go to school. She is confined to her bed and can use her arms, but her feet are drawn up and she is powerless to help herself.

I can see all around me trees and hills, the green grass, blue sky and the tide coming in. This is wealth that belongs to everyone born upon the earth. God is a loving Father always and no change is needed in Him. God has made all of us, saint and sinner very much alike.

Friends, I must say good night. Would that I could clasp each hand and tell you all the heart feels.

My little girl is gentle and refined, and endowed with more than a touch of womanly sweetness, but none except a mother who has passed through a similar ordeal can understand this severe affliction. May God forever bless my little Melissa and send her friends.

Mrs. M. E. OADES, Raymond, Wash.

DEAR SISTERS:
I had received many COMFORTS before reading any

Real Food Clean and Fresh

DON'T think of Uneeda Biscuit as a mere lunch necessity, or as a bite between meals.

Uneeda Biscuit are the most nutritious food made from flour, and are full of energizing, strength-giving power.

Uneeda Biscuit are always crisp and fresh and delicious when you buy them. Their sensible, dust tight, moisture proof packages prevent the unclean, tough condition so common to ordinary crackers.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

(Never sold in bulk)

5c
for a package

of the letters and was surprised when I did to find that they rang true and were interesting. How nice that there is always a goodly supply! I like to have the writers tell their ages and the number of children in their homes.

My babies are three: Margery eight, Janet four and little George L. November fourteenth will mark my thirty-fourth milestone.

My sister, Mrs. Brown, was a neighbor of yours, Mrs. Scammon. Did you know her?

Two truths I teach my girls are: "Let never a word to my child be said, that her mother may not hear, and never to do anything that will not be pleasant to remember."

If anyone of you has ever found a cure for cramps in the legs, tell us about it, please.

I would like, so much, the words to a song, the chorus of which begins:

"She has gone to live with Jesus

She has passed beyond the blue,

With the sunlight of the angels

In her face and manner too."

Before sitting down to read the home papers I get a pencil and when I read something that I want to re-read or remember, I jot it down on the margin of the cover, also pencil mark the item. The COMFORT letters are pregnant with things worth knowing and the print is fine, so I find my way very helpful.

If any amongst all the readers could tell me how to treat water containing iron so that it could be used for washing white clothes, I'd gladly try to return the favor.

MILDRED (GRANT) KNAPP, Big Lake, Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
There was a mistake in my remedy for piles. It should have read "one teaspoonful of nut-gall to three tablespoonfuls of mutton tallow."

Mrs. H. E. HAMMER, Oberlin, R. R. 3, Box 17, Ohio.

Mrs. Hammer. One teaspoonful is far more definite than "five cents worth," as in different localities the amount sold for five cents might vary.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

May I ask for a little help? I suffer from what the doctors call rheumatism but none seem to help me. My knee joints and wrists swell badly and some days I can hardly get about. This has been for three years, ever since the birth of my last child.

I live on a farm, have a dear good husband and three children.

Equal parts of sulphur and lard will cure eczema. Cloths wrung out in hot vinegar will relieve caked breasts.

Have taken COMFORT a long time and get much help from its columns.

Mrs. HATTIE KING, Wood River, R. R. 5, Nebr.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I not have a little space also in your corner? I am a Pennsylvanian born and bred and I have read the sisters' praises of the Western states till I thought it high time for a "tenderfoot" to "butt in" and tell something about one of the Eastern states and its wonderful industries.

I am not going to tell what I look like for I think that's very silly especially if you're married. Now there—I've given myself away, haven't I? I certainly am very much married for I have three little boys and one tiny girl to care for, but my husband is one of the best of men and if his life is spared we have no fear of not training our children as near right as we can. And, given proper training at home children are not so apt to go wrong in life.

Just a word here about "Women's Rights" before I tell you of our valley. Let every husband and wife discuss politics together and then let him do the voting. Every woman who has an intelligent mind can control her husband's vote so hers is not needed.

We live in the valley of the Monongahela river, one of the industrial centers of the whole world. This broad navigable river over one hundred miles in length has bituminous coal mines its entire length. Also thousands of coke ovens to convert coal into coke all along its upper length. There are mills of all descriptions from the mouth of the river at Pittsburgh up. One of the newest and most important mill towns is Monessen. We have one of the largest steel mills in the world. The output several times has broken all the world's records. There is a big blooming mill, also a mill for making seamless tubing under the same management. The one plant covers over fifty acres. Think of the revenue to the town from the taxes of such a mill! The Tin Plate Mill is also one of the finest and largest in the world. The Page Woven Wire mill came here from Michigan, also making wire fencing superior to that made by our Pittsburgh Steel Mill. Then there is the Carnegie Steel Hoop Mill, a large Foundry and Machine Co., making cast-

ings for all the large mills here, a large plant of the Independent Brewing Co. and many other smaller industries. The mills pay every two weeks and their pay rolls amount to many thousands of dollars and the skilled workmen make high wages. The town is twelve years old and has about fifteen thousand inhabitants of all nationalities. There are five Catholic churches, three Lutheran churches, also one each of colored and white Methodists, colored and white Baptists and Presbyterian and Christian. Also I am sorry to say as many saloons as churches. There are five large brick schoolhouses of eight rooms each—one being one of the finest high schools in the state. Our stores of all sorts are equal to the large city stores. Charleroi, the great glass town is connected by bridge also Donora, another new steel town. Almost any class of labor can find work here. Living is rather high, but wages are high also. Rents are good and the homes have all modern conveniences—each flat and house having baths. Our water is all filtered and natural gas for fuel.

So when the sisters sing praises of their ranch and farming states there is a lot to say also about such industrial places as this. Our children get a good high school education free or work in the stores, offices and mills.

Hoping all the sisters who can, especially the L. O. T. M. sisters, will write me and wishing "old COMFORT" all success, especially in the noble work for the poor shut-ins, I will close.

Mrs. LELA A. FRYE, 24 Linden Ave., Monessen, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Having been a silent reader of COMFORT for some time I thought I would step in and tell you how much I enjoy the letters, especially those on the care and training of children as I have a sweet little boy twelve months old and wish to rear him in the way he should go.

I live in Southwest Missouri where most all kinds of fruits, grains and vegetables are raised.

Next to the sisters, I like to read the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's replies and I think he deserves great praise for his untiring work for the shut-ins. When baby is constipated give a teaspoonful of sweet cream which is much better than medicine.

I would be glad to receive letters from all.

Mrs. A. A. TROUTMAN, Reeds, R. R. 3, Box 46, Mo.

Mrs. Troutman. I want to emphasize what you say in regard to giving infants sweet cream and its efficacy in regulating the bowels. For the benefit of any sister whose infant appears to be poorly nourished or suffers from a bad condition of the stomach, I want to give the following formula for preparing their food, and which came to me from a nurse well trained in the care of infants: One half cup of milk, one cup of cream, one cup of lime water and one and one half cups of sugar water. Mix, and sterilize by putting into glass jars, which in turn are put into a kettle of cold water which reaches nearly to their tops and boil twenty minutes. Sugar water is made by adding three tablespoonfuls of pure sugar of milk to one pint of water.

If the bowels are over relaxed, decrease the amount of cream; if constipated, add a small amount daily until just the proper condition is reached.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and thought I would like to tell my troubles to some of the good sisters, hoping they would respond to my letter as readily as they did to my sister's, Mrs. S. Swa ord; she, I think, found relief for her sick headaches.

I have been troubled with my ears the past four or five years and at times they are worse than at others. I have head noises, ringing, and rumbling sounds until I think that I can't endure it any longer. I have been treated by general physicians, also by specialists, and find that it has done me little or no good, and as deafness is a common complaint I hope someone can send me a simple remedy, which is oftentimes of more good than a doctor's prescription. I would be glad to hear from anyone.

I used to be quite a church worker, but since I have been troubled with my ears, I can't do justice to myself. Neither do I go to meeting, as I cannot hear all of the prayers that are offered up. It certainly is a sad thing to be deprived of one of your five senses.

There comes to my mind that beautiful hymn "Rock of Ages" which we are all so familiar with. I have been married eight years and have two sweet children, a boy seven and a girl four years old, and a good husband.

Mrs. ED. MOSEMAN, 2707 Dornham Ave., St. Joe, Mo.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

DAVID HARUM

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homerille, N. Y., began life as a friendless orphan, poor and despoiled. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and at middle age, when the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Bixbee, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the first two chapters, in which he works the deacon and even up an old score. John Lenox, a young man reared in luxury but compelled by a change of circumstances following his father's death, to go to work, enters David Harum's employment as clerk. Before his father's death Lenox had indulged his own erratic inclinations; after two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe; on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer *Julius Carling*, Mrs. Carling and her sister Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renews his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their good graces by entertaining their patient and giving them an opportunity to rest.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN found his humane experiment pleasant rather than he expected. Mr. Carling, as was to be anticipated, demurred a little at the coffee, and still more at the cigarette; but having his appetite for tobacco aroused, and finding that no alarming symptoms ensued, he followed it with a cigar and later on was induced to go the length of "Scotch and soda," under the pleasant effect of which—and John's sympathetic efforts—he was for the time transformed, the younger man being surprised to find him a man of interesting experience, considerable reading, and, what was most surprising, a jolly sense of humor and a fund of anecdotes which he related extremely well. The evening was a decided success, perhaps the best evidence of it coming at the last, when, at John's suggestion that they supplement their modest potatoes with a "nightcap," Mr. Carling cheerfully assented upon the condition that they should "have it with him"; and as he went along the deck after saying, "Good night," John was positive that he heard a whistled tune.

The next day was equally fine, but during the night the ship had run into the swell of a storm, and in the morning there was more motion than the weaker ones could relish. The sea grew quieter as the day advanced. John was early, and finished his breakfast before Miss Blake came in. He found her on deck about ten o'clock. She gave him her hand as they said good morning, and he turned and walked by her side.



AT JOHN'S SUGGESTION THEY SUPPLEMENTED THEIR MODEST POTATIONS WITH A NIGHTCAP.

"How is your brother-in-law this morning?" he inquired.

"Oh," she said, laughing, "he's in a mixture of feeling very well and feeling that he ought not to feel so, but, as they are coming up pretty soon, it would appear that the misgivings are not overwhelming. He came in last night, and retired without saying a word. My sister pretended to be asleep. She says he went to sleep at once, and that she was awake at intervals and knows that he slept like a top. He won't make any very sweeping admissions, however, but has gone so far as to concede that he had a very pleasant evening—which is going a long way for him—and to say that you are a very agreeable young man. There! I didn't intend to tell you that, but you have been so good that perhaps so much as a second-hand compliment is no more than your due."

"Thank you very much," said John. "Mr. Carling is evidently a very discriminating person. Really it wasn't good of me at all. I was quite the gainer, for he entertained me more than I did him. We had a very pleasant evening, and I hope we shall have more of them. I do, indeed."

"Yes," she said, "I can imagine that you did. He can be very agreeable, and he is really a man of a great deal of character when he is himself. He has been good-natured to me and has managed my affairs for years. Even today his judgment in business matters is wonderfully sound. If it had not been for him, I don't know but I should have been a pauper. My father left a large estate, but he died very suddenly, and his affairs were very much spread out and involved, and had to be carried along. Julius put himself into the breach, and not only saved our fortunes, but has considerably increased them. Of course, Alice is his wife, but I feel very grateful to him on my own account. I did not altogether appreciate it at the time, but now I shudder to think that I might have had either to 'feed for myself' or be dependent."

"I don't think that dependence would have suited your book," was John's comment as he took in the lines of her clear-cut face.

"No," she replied, "and I thank heaven that was not had to endure it. I am not," she added, "so impressed with what money procures for people as what it saves them from."

"Yes," said John, "I think your distinction is

A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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just. To possess it is to be free from some of the most disagreeable apprehensions certainly, but I confess, whether to my credit or my shame I don't know, that I have never thought much about it. I certainly am not rich positively, and I haven't the faintest notion whether I may or not be prospectively. I have always had as much as I really needed, and perhaps more, but I know absolutely nothing about the future."

They were leaning over the rail on the port side.

"I should think," she said after a moment, looking at him thoughtfully, "that it was, if you will not consider me presuming, a matter about which you might have some justifiable curiosity."

"Oh, not at all," he assured her, stepping to leeward and producing a cigar. "I have had some such stirrings of late. And please don't think me an incorrigible idler. I spent nearly two years in a down-town office and earned—well, say half my salary. In fact, my business instincts were so strong that I left college after my second year for that purpose, but seeing no special chance of advancement in the race for wealth and as my father seemed rather to welcome the idea, I broke off and went over to Germany. I haven't been quite idle, though I should be puzzled, I admit, to find a market for what I have to offer to the world. Would you be interested in a schedule of my accomplishments?"

"Oh," she said, "I should be charmed, but as I am every moment expecting the advent of my family, and as I am relied upon to locate them and tuck them up, I'm afraid I shall not have time to hear it."

"No," he said, laughing, "it's quite too long."

She was silent for some moments, gazing down into the water, apparently debating something in her mind, and quite unconscious of John's scrutiny. Finally she turned to him with a little laugh. "You might begin on your list, and if I am called away you can finish it at another time."

"I hope you didn't think I was speaking in earnest," he said.

"No," she replied, "I did not think you really intended to unpack your wares, but, speaking seriously—and at the risk, I fear, that you may think me rather 'cheeky,' if I may be allowed that expression—I know a good

a mishap to the engine which, though of no very great magnitude, would retard the passage by a couple of days.

There can hardly be any conditions more favorable to the forming of acquaintanceships, friendships, and even more tender relations than are afforded by the life on board ship. There is opportunity, propinquity, and the community of interest which breaks down the barriers of ordinary reserve. These relations, to be sure, are not always of the most lasting character, and not infrequently are practically ended before the parties

there are out of the custom-house officer's hands and fade into nameless oblivion, unless one happens to run across the passenger list among one's souvenirs. But there are exceptions. If at this time the question had been asked our friend, even by himself, whether, to put it plainly, he were in love with Mary Blake, he would, no doubt, have strenuously denied it; but it is certain that if any one had said or intimated that any feature or characteristic of hers was faulty or susceptible of any change for the better, he would have secretly disliked that person, and entertained the meanest opinion of that person's mental and moral attributes. He would have wished the voyage prolonged indefinitely, or, at any rate, as long as the provisions held out.

It has been remarked by someone that all mundane things come to an end sooner or later, and so far as my experience goes, it bears out that statement. The engines were successfully repaired, and the ship eventually came to anchor

outside the harbor about eleven o'clock on the night of the last day. Mary and John were standing together at the forward rail. There had been but little talk between them, and only of a desultory and impersonal character. As the anchor chain rattled in the hawse-hole, John said, "Well, that ends it."

"What ends what?" she asked.

"The voyage, and the holiday, and the episode, and lots of things," he replied. "We have come to anchor."

"Yes," she said, "the voyage is over, that is true; but, for my part, if the last six months can be called a holiday, its end is welcome, and I should think you might be glad that your holiday is over, too. But I don't quite understand what you mean by 'the episode and lots of things.'"

There was an undertone in her utterance which her companion did not quite comprehend, though it was obvious to him.

"The episode of—of—our friendship, if I may call it so," he replied decisively. "You have certainly been a friend to all of us. This episode is over to be sure, but is there any more than that?"

"Somebody says that 'friendship is largely a matter of streets,'" said John gloomily. "Tomorrow you will go your way and I shall go mine."

"Yes," she replied, rather sharply, "that is true enough; but if that cynical quotation of yours has anything in it, it's equally true, isn't it, that friendship is a matter of cabs, and street cars, and the elevated road? Of course, we can hardly be expected to look you up, but Sixty-ninth Street isn't exactly in California, and the whole question lies with yourself. I don't know if you care to be told so, but Julius and my sister like you very much, and will welcome you heartily always."

"Thanks, very much!" said John, staring straight out in front of him, and forming a determination that Sixty-ninth Street should see but precious little of him. She gave a side glance at him as he did not speak further. There was light enough to see the expression of his mouth, and she read his thought almost in words. She believed that she had detected a suggestion of sentimentality on his part which she resolved to keep strictly in abeyance; but before she realized it she had taken an attitude of coolness and a tone which was almost sarcastic; and then she perceived that, so far as results were apparent, she had carried matters somewhat further than she intended. Her heart smote her a little, too, to think that he was hurt. She really liked him very much, and contritely recalled how kind and thoughtful and unselfish he had been, and how helpful, and she knew that it had been almost wholly for her. Yes, she was willing—and glad—to think so. But while she wished that she had taken a different line at the outset, she hated desperately to make any concession, and the seconds of their silence grew into minutes. She stole another glance at his face. It was plain that negotiations for harmony would have to begin with her. Finally she said in a quiet voice:

"Thanks, very much," is an entirely polite expression, but it isn't very responsive."

"I thought it met your cordiality quite half way," was the rejoinder. "Of course, I am glad to be assured of Mr. and Mrs. Carling's regard, and that they would be glad to see me, but I think I might have been justified in hoping that you would go a little further, don't you think?"

He looked at her as he asked the question, but she did not turn her head. Presently she said in a low voice, and slowly, as if weighing her words:

"Will it be enough if I say that I shall be very sorry if you do not come?"

He put his left hand upon her right, which was resting on the rail, and for two seconds she let it stay.

"Yes," he said, "thanks—very—much!"

"I must go now," she said, turning toward him, and for a moment she looked searchingly in his face. "Good night," she said, giving him her hand, and John looked after her as she walked down the deck, and he knew how it was with him.

CHAPTER VI.

John saw Miss Blake the next morning in the saloon among the passengers in line for the customs official. It was an easy conjecture that

Mr. Carling's nerves were not up to committing himself to a "declaration" of any sort, and that Miss Blake was undertaking the duty for the party. He did not see her again until he had had his luggage passed and turned it over to an expressman. As he was on his way to leave the wharf he came across the group, and stopped to greet them and ask if he could be of service, and was told that their houseman had everything in charge, and that they were just going to their carriage, which was waiting. "And," said Miss Blake, "if you are going up town, we can offer you a seat."

"Shan't I discommode you?" he asked. "If you are sure I shall not, I shall be glad to be taken as far as Madison Avenue and Thirty-third Street, for I suppose that will be your route."

"Quite sure," she replied, seconded by the Carlings, and so it happened that John went directly home instead of going first to his father's office. The weather was a chilly drizzle, and he was glad to be spared the discomfort of going



THERE CAN HARDLY BE ANY CONDITIONS MORE FAVORABLE TO THE FORMING OF FRIENDSHIPS THAN ARE AFFORDED BY THE LIFE ON BOARD SHIP.

about in it with hand-bag, overcoat, and umbrella; and he felt a certain justification in concluding that, after two years, a few hours more or less under the circumstances would make but little difference. And then, too, the prospect of half or three quarters of an hour in Miss Blake's company, the Carlings notwithstanding, was a temptation to be welcomed. But if he had hoped or expected, as perhaps would have been not unnatural, to discover in that young woman's air any hint, or trace of the feeling she had exhibited, or, perhaps it should be said, to a degree permitted to show itself, disappointment was his portion. Her manner was as much in contrast with that of the last days of their voyage together as was the handsome street gown and hat in which she was now attired to the dress and headgear of her steamer costume; and it almost seemed to him as if the contrasts bore some relation to each other. After the question of the carriage windows—whether they should be up or down, either or both, and how much—had been settled, and, as usual in such dilemmas, by Miss Blake, the drive up town was comparatively a silent one. John's mind was occupied with sundry reflections and speculations, of many of which his companion was the subject, and to some extent in noting the changes in the streets and buildings which an absence of two years made noticeable to him.

Mary looked steadily out of window, lost in her own thoughts save for an occasional brief response to some casual comment or remark of John's. Mr. Carling had muffled himself past all talking, and his wife preserved the silence which was characteristic of her when unengaged.

John was set down at Thirty-third Street, and, as he made his adieu, Mrs. Carling said, "Do come and see us as soon as you can, Mr. Lenox"; but Miss Blake simply said "Good by" as she gave him her hand for an instant, and he went on to his father's house.

He let himself in with the latch-key which he had carried through all his absence, but was at once encountered by Jeffrey, who, with his wife, had for years constituted the domestic staff of the Lenox household.

"Well, Jeff," said John, as he shook hands heartily with the old servant, "how are you? and how is Ann? You don't look a day older, and the climate seems to agree with you, eh?"

"You're welcome home, Mr. John," replied Jeffrey, "and thank you, sir. Me and Ann is very well, sir. It's a pleasure to see you again and home. It is, indeed."

"Thank you, Jeff," said John. "It's rather nice to be back. Is my room ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Jeffrey, "I think it's all right, though we thought that maybe it'd be later in the day when you got here, sir. We thought maybe you'd go to Mr. Lenox's office first."

"I did intend to," said John mounting the stairs, followed by Jeffrey with his bag, "but I had a chance to drive up with some friends, and the day is so beastly that I took advantage of it. How is my father?" he asked after entering the chamber, which struck him as being so strangely familiar and so familiarly strange.

"Well, sir," said Jeffrey, "he's much about the same most ways, and then again he's different, too. Seeing him every day, perhaps I wouldn't notice so much; but if I was to say that he's kind of quieter, perhaps that'd be what I mean, sir."

"Well," said John, smiling, "my father was about the quietest person I ever knew, and if he's grown more so—what do you mean?"

"Well, sir," replied the man, "I notice at table, sir, for one thing, we've been alone here off and on a good bit, sir, an' he used to have some of his friends to dine with him, an' they ain't happened in, I should guess, for a year."

"Have things gone wrong with him in any way?" said John, a sudden anxiety overcoming some reluctance to question a servant on such a subject.

"You mean about business, and such like?" replied Jeffrey. "No, sir, not so far as I know. You know, Mr. John, sir, that I pay all the house accounts, an' there hasn't never been no—no shortness, as I might say, but we're living a bit simpler than we used to—in the matter of wine an' such like—an', as I told you, we don't have company no more."

"Is that all?" asked John, with some relief.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "perhaps it's because Mr. Lenox is getting older an' don't care so much about such things, but I have noticed that he hasn't had anything new from the tailor in a long time, an' really, sir, though perhaps I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Mrs. Moselman. I want to tell you that osteopathy has relieved many cases of deafness. The sounds in your head which you write of are often caused by imperfect circulation, and I now have in mind the case of a woman who was treated by expert specialists for several years, and who complained of the same condition that you do. She employed an osteopath to treat her for a nervous condition, and she found after taking ten treatments that her nerves were stronger and that daily the sounds in her head were diminishing. There are many causes for deafness, and one as I said above is imperfect circulation which is successfully treated by the osteopath. Should you try this treatment, make sure that it is by a professional osteopath, not a masseur.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading your letters for a long time. I am fourteen years old, and know how to do housework. My mother is not well and cannot work, so I have to do. I have been cooking for two years, and can make some good biscuits, but I have a long time learning how. I live on a farm and like it very much. I am fond of horseback riding, and ride after the cows sometimes. I go to school and am in the sixth grade, but as we get only three months in winter and three in summer you see I don't go very much.

I would be pleased to get a shower from the sisters. Your friend and sister,
BERTHA SHARP, Marvell, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Many times have I thought of writing our corner, for I have received a good deal of benefit by its reading and anxiously watch for the coming of Comfort each month, for I think it is a grand paper. What a noble work Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie are doing for the poor shut-ins. If we all would do what they do how many souls would be made happy.

I, too, am interested in the rearing of children. I realize they are a great responsibility, yet no home is complete without them and they are a great comfort. We must trust in a higher power, teach them to pray and bring them up to go to Sunday school, for then I believe it is not so hard to keep them in church as they grow older. We have three children, two girls and a boy. Their names are Gladys Beulah, Esther Pearl and Edwin Samuel, who was named after his father and grandfather.

We live in the southeastern part of Nebraska, the great corn belt, although on account of the drought in July our crops will be less than usual. Our peaches are ripe and have a delicious flavor, and are so large they will hardly go in a teaspoon. I think the country is the only place to live with children where they can get plenty of pure air and are kept off the streets, but of course we can't all live there.

How many sisters have a gasoline engine to wash with? They certainly are a labor-saver. I used to pump wash-day, but I don't now for we wash, churn, dump water and run the grindstone all at the same time with the engine.

We also have an acetylene lighting system. No more lamp cleaning and filling and they give such a fine light. There is not the least danger where care and good judgment are used.

I have a cistern in the pantry and we are going to have the well water forced in the house this fall. Sisters, if you have a home of your own in the country, have it as handy as possible and you will enjoy farm life much more, and I know whereof I speak.

I want to send a summer complaint remedy which helped our little boy when he was sick. It may not be needed now, but those with little ones, can save it for next summer.

Take one pint of dry flour, put in a bag and tie and drop in a kettle of boiling water. Boil four hours. When cold, grate and thicken with cow's milk. Feed as often as necessary.

Mrs. E. M. KIMMEL, Falls City, R. 2, 4, Richardson Co., Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If you will give me room I would like to enter your corner and tell you that I could not get along without your letters.

Dear Uncle Charlie, isn't he a noble man? If there were only more like him!

I have one girl two years old, and three weeks ago we welcomed another tiny daughter. With his help I am going to rear them to fear and love God.

I will soon be old enough to vote and I shall certainly use the privilege. If you had seen what happened in our town a few months ago, I think you would all want to vote, too, and put down the awful scourge, whiskey, not to speak of the white slave traffic. My mother, God bless her, voted ever since I can remember and a number of times was judge of election, and though she kept a store, I never remember a day when the housework or we children were neglected.

"Billy" and I are renters on a hundred and sixty-acre ranch fifteen miles from Green River on the San Raphael river. Hay is the principal crop, although almost everything planted here will thrive. Everything has a ready market at Green River, a division point on the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. It is also a fine fruit country. The climate is ideal, the water good and plenty of it from the Green river.

It is very lonesome out here on the ranch. Sometimes I never see a woman for four months at a time, so sisters will some of you please write me? I would try hard to answer all and appreciate it greatly.

Mrs. E. Fairbairn. I hope you will write again. Your letter was fine.

Mrs. Effie Booten. Nursing sore mouth can be cured by washing out with a weak boracic acid solution once or twice a day.

Can someone please tell me how to get rid of crickets? They are in everything, eat clothing worse than moths and are a general pest.

With love to the shut-ins and all, I remain a Comfort sister,
Mrs. W. E. TOMLINSON, Green River, Utah.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

What a delightful corner our Comfort has? It makes anyone happy to think that both sick and well can give a word of cheer to one another.

Will anyone who lives in Mexico kindly write me about it as we are thinking of going there. Such information would be appreciated. Also would like to know something about Oregon.

I feel so sorry for the shut-ins and wish I could help them all. How easy it would be for everyone of us to get one subscriber to Comfort each month and have it credited to the wheel-chair fund. Do you realize how many poor sufferers would be made happy? Let everyone try this plan:

My little sister when six weeks old had a severe attack of membranous croup and all we did was to slack lime and hold her over it. She would be relieved immediately and go to sleep. It was so strong it would strangle a grown person. Each time she would choke up we would repeat holding her over the lime. As all of you know how difficult it is to give a little baby medicine I recommend the above.

I would like a shower Dec. 25th.
Mrs. GRACE SHUCK, Chester, Okla.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

After reading the many good letters I thought I, too, would write.

I am a young housekeeper, and in the March number I found much that was helpful.

I would be grateful if the sisters would send me patterns for children's clothes, both girls and boys; also quilt pieces or any reading matter you have to spare.

Mrs. HATTIE BRIXLEY, Holdenville, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I have space for only a few lines in which to thank all who so kindly remembered me last Christmas. I am late in writing, but it is my last opportunity as I have been very sick for seven months. Oh, how I did wish to borrow a wheel chair from some of the sisters, for I could neither sit up nor stand on my feet during that time. While I was too weak to write a few words at a time. Even now I can only talk I often thought of you all and your kindness to me. I wish I could answer each of you personally, but it is impossible as weak as I am.

I hope all who wrote me will read this and know I appreciated their kindness in remembering me for Christmas would have been dull indeed without those little remembrances from dear friends. No one but a shut-in can realize the pleasure there is in receiving and the opening of each little package and the delight and growing interest to read the sender's name.

Will some sisters send a remedy for tonsillitis? I haven't been able to read the dear old Comfort since January.

I have made several good friends through Comfort. Your shut-in sister,
MISS WILLIAM WALTON, Graham, Box 215, Young Co., Texas.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps.

Thanksgiving Dinner

ONION AND TOMATO SOUP.—Slice three onions and fry in hot fat to a golden brown, or butter and brown in a quick oven. Serve with soup while warm.—Ed.

CROUTONS.—Cut stale bread into half-inch squares and fry in hot fat to a golden brown, or butter and brown in a quick oven. Serve with soup while warm.—Ed.

ROAST TURKEY.—Select a turkey with soft, loose spurs, light colored flesh and full breasted, and if possible one that has not laid in the market undressed. Remove pinfeathers with a knife and singe by holding over a roll of lighted paper over the fire. Separate the neck from the skin and through this opening remove the windpipe and crop. Trim the neck, leaving skin long enough to cover and sew. Remove oil bag in the tail. Make short incision (if turkey has not been dressed), and remove any superfluous fat; also keep fingers close to breastbone until the heart is reached and then loosen and remove everything. Place in pan and wash the outside well, and carefully rinse the inside and wipe dry.

Stuff the body of the turkey and sew opening together. Many like a spoonful of the dressing put into the pan which gives the gravy a rich flavor.

Put the turkey in pan on a rack if possible, rub with melted butter and dredge with flour and salt. Put into a hot oven twenty minutes when you add three cups of water. Baste with butter and dredge with flour and reduce heat. Baste every fifteen minutes and add boiling water as amount reduces. Allow three and a half or four hours for a ten-pound turkey.—Ed.

TURKEY STUFFING.—Use stale bread that is soft, season with sage, pepper and salt, or poultry dressing and moisten with butter and boiling water. One third part of chopped celery is delicious.—Ed.

MASHED POTATOES.—Peel potatoes and plunge into boiling salted water and cook until tender. Drain and set in oven until dry. Mash into hot dish and add a little butter and just cream enough to moisten. Too much will make potato heavy. Beat, keeping dish on back of stove, until light and white.—Ed.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel onions and drop into a kettle of boiling water, one at a time, not letting the water stop boiling as they cook quicker and are softer. Boil hard one hour and a quarter. Drain well and season with pepper and salt and a little thick cream.—Ed.

CELERY IN CREAM.—Cut apart and reserve the centers to serve raw. Cut remainder of stalks into inch slices and boil until tender (which will take about one hour) and drain. During the last half hour allow water to boil down. To one cup of rich milk add one half cup of the water in which the celery is boiled. Let come to a boil and thicken with flour which is smoothly mixed with cold water. Season with salt and butter and add cooked celery. Serve hot. Delicious.—Ed.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over and wash one quart of ripe cranberries. Add one cup of hot water if a thick jelly-like sauce is wanted, or more if a thinner one. Cook until thoroughly opened and soft. Strain while hot and add sugar to taste.—Ed.

PEPPER RELISH.—Remove seeds from six large green peppers and one red pepper and chop fine. Mix with a finely minced head of cabbage, add a little less than a quarter of a cup of salt, a full cup of sugar, two tablespoonsful of mustard seed and cider vinegar enough to cover. Mix thoroughly and bottle.

Mrs. L. E. H.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter and one cup of sugar creamed together. Add one beaten egg and one cup of molasses to which one teaspoonful of soda has been added. Beat in one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls mixed spices and three cups of sifted flour. Flour one cup of raisins and add lastly.

Mrs. LIZZIE CROSS, Oakland, Box 73, Md.

MOTHER'S MINCE PIE.—Steam neck of beef until tender and chop or grind two quarts of the lean meat. Mix thoroughly with one quart of finely chopped green apples, one pint of seeded raisins, cherries or currants, chopped fine, one pint of boiled apple cider, wine or dried fruit juice and cinnamon and allspice to taste. Bake with two crusts. (Mother made hers in large baker by open fireplace—minus pie pans—and in winter slightly warmed them before using.)

Mrs. M. V. RETNOLDS, Sandy, N. C.

GRAPE JUICE.—Stem and wash ten pounds of Concord grapes that are not over ripe. Put in kettle (not iron) and heat, stirring them until they burst open and thoroughly heat through, but not boil. Put in cheese-cloth bag and let drip, and then squeeze well. Measure juice, put back in kettle and boil about thirty minutes, skimming carefully. Heat sugar in oven, and to every pint of hot juice add one pint of sugar. Boil four or five minutes and seal in glass jars or bottles.

A delicious drink clear, or with half water and a little lemon or orange juice added.—Ed.

PEANUT CANDY.—Boil three cups of brown sugar with one cup of cream, or with milk and a small piece of butter. Cook until it is brittle when tested in cold water. Butter a plate, cover with roasted shelled peanuts and pour over them the hot candy. Cut in squares when partially cold.

Mrs. FLORA KIRBY, Ralston, Ky.

BEST WAYS OF DOING THINGS AROUND THE HOME

When I can pineapple, I put an equal amount of pineapple with it which greatly improves the flavor as well as increasing the amount canned.

Mrs. A. M. STONE, Fairfield, Mich.

Carefully save your celery tops, wash and dry by spreading on tins in the sun or hot-closet. They will dry very crisp in a few days and if put in glass jars keep indefinitely. Excellent for flavoring soups, gravies and steaks.—Ed.

When peeling onions, hold under cold water and no unpleasantness will be experienced.

To keep a meal hot for a late comer, take a soup plate and almost fill with hot water, then place the dinner plate with its contents on top of the hot water, and cover with still another plate that has been heated.

A grape basket for the closets with a wire hook fastened to the handle will save much time when hanging out the clothes, for it may be pushed along the line and will always be handy.

MISS ESTHER DUTRA, Hicksville, Long Island, N. Y.

Add a small quantity of vinegar to canned berries when making berry pies.

A tablespoonful of vinegar to a batch of ginger cookies or ginger bread improves the color and flavor.

Mrs. JOHN WAMPBELL, Chicago, Pa.

A good washing fluid is made by dissolving one can of potash in ten quarts of water, and adding one ounce of salta of tartar, one ounce of dry ammonia and one ounce of borax. Use one half cupful of fluid to a boiler full of clothes.

Mrs. HANNAH ROGERS, So. Royalton, Vt.

Tested Remedies

SWEELINGS.—Pulverized saltpeter with enough sweet oil to well moisten it. Apply two or three times a day and rub a few minutes.

Mrs. A. M. STONE, Fairfield, Mich.

YELLOW JAUNDICE.—If possible get the wild cherry bark from the drug stores. Fill a half gallon kettle (not iron) with the bark and cover with cold water. Boil until the quantity is reduced to about one half, strain and sweeten while still hot with strained honey, and when cold add one half cup of alcohol to prevent fermentation. Dose, one large tablespoonful before meals and at bedtime. If honey cannot be had, brown sugar will do.

Note. This remedy cured my husband and was given me by an old time nurse.

Mrs. CHAS. C. HUMPHREYS, Prairie City, Ill.

COUGH SYRUP.—Boil one ounce of mullein leaves and one ounce of horehound leaves together until you have a strong tea and add one pint of honey. This should make about one quart of syrup and when cold is ready for use. Dose, one teaspoonful whenever inclined to cough.

Mrs. PHIL F. ARNOLD, 1116 Hayes St., Aberdeen, Wash.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—To one glass of water, add one dram of chloride of potash and twenty drops of tincture of iron. Mix and gargle every hour.

Mrs. R. H. PORTER, Fairfax, Mo.

DRAWN CORDS AND MUSCLES.—Especially for Eva Colliers whose letter appeared in the Sept. Comfort. Take one quart of poke root, also known as garget and can be bought of any druggist; wash and cook in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



Scene on Riverside Drive, New York

Where Children Are Fed with Oatmeal

Among the homes of the educated—on the boulevards, in the higher-class sections and university districts—an actual canvass shows that seven in eight regularly serve oatmeal.

Among the homes of the ignorant—in the tenement districts—not one home in twelve serves oats.

The use of oatmeal depends on knowledge, not money. Quaker Oats—the finest of all—costs but one-half cent per dish.

It is where people know best what brains and bodies require that one finds the oatmeal homes.

Some Statistics

Here are some facts which we have discovered by an actual canvass, employing 130 men.

Four-fifths of all the college students came from oatmeal homes. So did two-thirds of the teachers of children.

Most of the leaders in every walk of life had oatmeal as a childhood food. President Taft is among them.

But only one in thirteen of the inmates of poorhouses was brought up on oatmeal. Only two per cent of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries came from oatmeal homes.

Among physicians, 8 in 10 regularly serve oatmeal. Among college professors, 48 in 50 eat it. The finest hotels serve one pound of oatmeal daily to each 18 guests, on the average.

But, in the lowliest vocations—where brains count least—the oatmeal users are exceedingly rare.

It is everywhere apparently that the use of oatmeal is everywhere in direct proportion to the average intelligence.

The Premier Food

A great English educator says that 90% of a child's fitness is fixed before it enters a school. And that fitness depends largely on food.

Oats are the greatest of all foods, especially for the years of growth.

They are richer than all other cereals in proteid, the body-builder—in organic phosphorus, the brain-builder—in lecithin, the builder of nerves.

No other food is so well-balanced as oats—so fitted for creating both brain and brawn.

The use of oatmeal is almost universal among those who know these facts.

Quaker Oats

The Utmost in Oatmeal

The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We pick out only the richest, plumpest grains, and get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

From these we create, by a perfect process, the finest oat food in existence. It is the kind that children love—the delicious kind which you will always want when you compare it with common oatmeal.

Quaker Oats, because of its lusciousness, has become the leading oat food the world over.

Regular size
package, 10c

Family size pack-
age, for smaller
cities and country
trade, 25c.

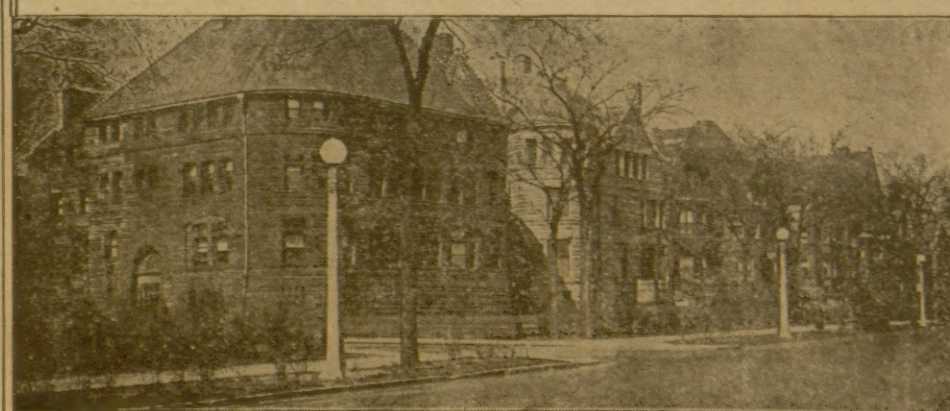
The prices noted
do not apply in
the extreme West
or South.



Look for the
Quaker trade-
mark on every
package

The Quaker Oats Company

(74) CHICAGO



Scene on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

oughtn't to say it, his things is getting a bit shabby, sir, an' he used to be always so particular."

John got up and walked over to the window which looked out at the rear of the house. The words of the old servant disquieted him, notwithstanding that there was nothing so far that could not be accounted for without alarm. Jeffrey waited for a moment and then asked:

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. John? Will you be having luncheon here, sir?"

"No, thank you, Jeff," said John; "nothing more now, and I will lunch here. I'll come down and see Ann presently."

"Thank you, sir," said Jeffrey, and withdrew.

The view from the back windows of most city houses is not calculated to arouse enthusiasm at the best of times, and the day was singularly dispiriting: a sky of lead and a drizzling rain, which emphasized the squalor of the back yards in view. It was all very depressing, Jeffrey's talk, though inconclusive, had stirred in John's mind an uneasiness which was near to apprehension. He turned and walked about the familiar room, recognizing the well-known furniture, his mother's picture over the mantel, the bookshelves filled with his boyhood's accumulations, the well-remembered pattern of the carpet, and the wall-paper—nothing was changed. It was all as he had left it two years ago, and for the time it seemed as if he had merely dreamed the life and experiences of those years. Indeed, it was with difficulty that he recalled any of them for the moment. And then suddenly there came into his mind the thought that he was at the beginning of a new epoch—that on this day his boyhood ended, for up to then he had been but a boy. The thought was very vivid. It had come, the time when he must take upon himself the responsibilities of his own life, and make it for himself; the time which he had looked forward to as to come some day, but not hitherto at any particular moment, and so not to be very seriously considered.

It has been said that life had always been made easy for him, and that he had accepted the situation without protest. To easy-going natures the thought of any radical change in the current of affairs is usually unwelcome, but he was too young to find it really repugnant, and then, too, as he walked about the room with his hands in his pockets, it was further revealed to him that he had recently found a motive and impulse such as he had never had before. He recalled the talk that he had had with the companion of his voyage. He thought of her as one who could be tender to misfortune and charitable to incapacity, but who would have nothing but scorn for shiftlessness and malingering; and he realized that he had never cared for anything so much as for the good opinion of that young woman. No, there should be for him no more sauntering in the vales and groves, no more of loitering or dallying. He would take his place in the working world, and perhaps—some day—

The thought came to him with the impact of a blow: What could he do? What work was there for him? How could he pull his weight in the boat? All his life he had depended upon some one else, with easy-going thoughtfulness. Hardly had it ever really occurred to him that he might have to make a career for himself. Of business he had thought as something which he should undertake some time, but it was always a business ready made to his hand, with plenty of capital not of his own acquiring—something for occupation, not of necessity. It came home to him that his father was his only resource, and that of his father's affairs he knew next to nothing. In addition to his affection for him, he had always had an unquestioning confidence in his father. It was his earliest recollection, and he still retained it to an almost childish extent. There had always been plenty. His own allowance, from time to time increased, though never extravagant, had always been ample; and on the one occasion when he had grievously exceeded it the excess had been paid with no more protest than a gentle "I think you ought not to have done this." The two had lived together when John was at home without ostentation or any appearance of style, but with every essential of luxury. The house and its furnishings were old-fashioned but everything was of the best, and when three or four of the elder man's friends would come to dine, as happened occasionally, the contents of the cellar made them look at one another over their glasses. Mr. Lenox was very reticent in all matters relating to himself, and in his talks with his son, which were mostly at the table, rarely spoke of business matters in general, and almost never of his own. He had read well, and was fond of talking of his reading when he felt in the vein of talking, which was not always; but John had invariably found him ready with comment and sympathy upon the topics in which he himself had interest, and there was a strong if undemonstrative affection between the father and son.

It was not strange, perhaps, all things considered, that John had come even to nearly six-and-twenty with no more settled intentions; that his boyhood should have been so long. He was not at all of a reckless disposition, and, notwithstanding the desultory way in which he had spent time, he had strong mental and moral fiber, and was capable of feeling deeply and enduringly. He had been desultory, but never before had he had much reason or motive against it. But now, he reflected, a time had come. Work he must, if only for work's sake, and work he would; and there was a touch of self-reproach in the thought of his father's increasing years and of his lonely life. He might have been a help and a companion during those two years of his not very fruitful European sojourn, and he would lose no time in finding out what there was for him to do and in setting about it.

CHAPTER VII.

The day seemed very long. He ate his luncheon, having first paid a visit to Ann, who gave him an effusive welcome. Jeffrey waited, and during the meal they had some further talk, and among other things John said to him, "Does my father dress for dinner nowadays?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I don't know when I've seen your father in his evening clothes, sir. Not for a long time, and then maybe two or three times the past year when he was going out to dinner, but not here, sir. Maybe it'll be different now you're back again, sir."

After luncheon John's luggage arrived, and he superintended the unpacking, but that employment was comparatively brief. The day dragged with him. Truly his home-coming was rather a dreary affair. How different had been yesterday, and the day before, and all those days before when he had so enjoyed the ship life, and most of all the daily hour or more of the companionship which had grown to be of such surpassing interest to him, and now seemed so utterly a thing of the past.

Of course, he should see her again. (He put aside a wonder if it would be within the proprieties on that evening or, at latest, the next.) But, in any case, "the episode," as he had said to her, was done, and it had been very pleasant—oh, yes, very dear to him. He wondered if she was finding the day as interminable as it seemed to him, and if the interval before they saw each other again would seem as long as his impatience would make it for him. Finally, the restless dullness became intolerable. He sallied forth into the weather and went to his club, having been on non-resident footing during his absence, and, finding some men whom he knew, spent there the rest of the afternoon.

His father was at home and in his room when John got back.

"Well, father," he said, "the prodigal has returned."

"He is very welcome," was the reply, as the elder man took both his son's hands and looked at him affectionately. "You seem very well."

"Yes," said John; "and how are you, sir?"

"About as usual, I think," said Mr. Lenox.

They looked at each other for a moment in silence. John thought that his father seemed thinner than formerly, and he had instantly observed that a white beard covered the always hitherto smooth-shaven chin, but he made no comment.

"The old place appears very familiar," he remarked. "Nothing is changed or even moved, as I can see, and Ann and Jeff are just the same old sixpences as ever."

"Yes," said his father, "two years make less difference with old people and their old habits than with young ones. You will have changed more than we have, I fancy."

"Do we dress for dinner?" asked John, after some little more unimportant talk.

"Yes," said his father, "in honor of the occasion, if you like. I haven't done it lately," he added, a little wearily.

"I haven't had such a glass of wine since I left home," John remarked as they sat together after dinner.

"No," said his father, looking thoughtfully at his glass, "it's the old 'Mouton,' and pretty nearly the last of it; it's very old and wants drinking," he observed as he held his glass up to get the color. "It has gone off a bit even in two years."

"All right," said John cheerfully, "we'll drink it to save it, if needs be." The elder man smiled and fixed both glasses.

There had been more or less talk during the meal, but nothing of special moment. John sat back in his chair, absently twirling the stem of his glass between thumb and fingers. Presently he said, looking straight before him at the table: "I have been thinking a good deal of late—more than ever before, positively, in fact—that whatever my prospects may be" (he did not see the momentary contraction of his father's brow) "I ought to begin some sort of a career in earnest. I'm afraid," he continued, "that I have been rather unimproving, and that I might have been of some use to you as well as myself if I had stayed at home instead of spending the last two years in Europe."

"I trust," said his father, "that they have not been entirely without profit."

"No," said John, "perhaps not wholly, but their cash value would not be large, I'm afraid."

"All value is not to be measured in dollars and cents," remarked Mr. Lenox. "If I could have acquired as much German and French as I presume you have, to say nothing of other things, I should look back upon the time as well spent at almost any cost. At your age a year or two more or less—don't realize it now, but you will if you come to my age—doesn't count for so very much, and you are not too old," he smiled, "to begin at a beginning."

"I want to begin," said John.

"Yes," said his father, "I want to have you, and I have had the matter a good deal in my mind. Have you any idea as to what you wish to do?"

"I thought," said John, "that the most obvious thing would be to go into your office." Mr. Lenox reached over for the cigar-lamp. His cigar had gone out, and his hand shook as he applied the flame to it. He did not reply for a moment.

"I understand," he said at last. "It would seem the obvious thing to do, as you say, but," he clicked his teeth together doubtfully, "I don't see how it can be managed at present, and I don't think it is what I should desire for you in any case. The fact is," he went on, "my business has always been a sort of specialty, and, though it is still worth doing perhaps, it is not what it used to be. Conditions and methods have changed—and," he added, "I am too old to change with them."

"I am not," said John.

"In fact," resumed his father, ignoring John's assertion, "as things are going now, I couldn't make a place for you in my office unless I displaced Melig and made you my manager, and for many reasons I couldn't do that. I am too dependent on Melig. Of course, if you came with me it would be as a partner, but—"

"No," said John, "I should be a poor substitute for old Melig for a good while, I fancy."

"My idea would be," said Mr. Lenox, "that you should undertake a profession—say the law. It is a fact that the great majority of men fall in business, and then most of them, for lack of training or special aptitude, fall into the ranks of clerks and subordinates. On the other hand, a man who has a profession—law, medicine, what not—even if he does not attain high rank, has something on which he can generally get along, at least after a fashion, and he has the standing. That is my view of the matter, and though I confess I often wonder at it in individual cases, it is my advice to you."

"It would take three or four years to put me where I could earn anything to speak of," said John, "even providing that I could get any business at the end of that time."

"Yes," said his father, "but the time of itself isn't of so much consequence. You would be living at home, and would have your allowance—perhaps," he suggested, "somewhat diminished, seeing that you would be here—"

"I can get on with half of it," said John confidently.

"We will settle that matter afterward," said Mr. Lenox.

They sat in silence for some minutes, John staring thoughtfully at the table, unconscious of the occasional scrutiny of his father's glance. At last he said, "Well, sir, I will do anything that you advise."

"Have you anything to urge against it?" asked Mr. Lenox.

"Not exactly on my own account," replied John, "though I admit that the three years or more seems a long time to me, but I have been drawing on you exclusively all my life, except for the little money I earned in Rush & Company's office, and—"

"You have done so, my dear boy," said his father gently, "with my acquiescence. I may have been wrong, but that is a fact. If in my judgment the arrangement may be continued for a while longer, and in the mean time you are making progress toward a definite end, I think you need have no misgivings. It gratifies me to have you feel as you do, though it is no more than I should have expected of you, for you have never caused me any serious anxiety or disappointment, my son."

Often in the after time did John thank God for that assurance.

"Thank you, sir," he said, putting down his hand, palm upward, on the table, and his eyes fixed on the elder man laid his hand in his, and they gave each other a lingering pressure.

Mr. Lenox divided the last of the wine in the bottle between the two glasses, and they drank it in silence, as if in pledge.

"I will go in to see Carey & Carey in the morning, and if they are agreeable you can see them afterward," said Mr. Lenox. "They are not one of the great firms, but they have a large and good practice, and they are friends of mine. Shall I do so?" he asked, looking at his son.

"If you will be so kind," John replied, returning his look. And so the matter was concluded.

CHAPTER VIII.

This history will not concern itself to any extent with our friend's career as a law clerk, though, as he promised himself, he took it seriously and laboriously while it lasted, notwithstanding that, after two years of being his own master, and the rather desultory and altogether

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congenial life he had led, he found it at first even more irksome than he had fancied. The novice penetrates but slowly the mysteries of the law, and, unless he be of unusual aptitude and imagination, the interesting and remunerative part seems for a long time very far off. But John stuck manfully to the reading, and was diligent in all that was put upon him to do; and after a while the days spent in the office and in the work appointed to him began to pass more quickly.

He restrained his impulse to call at Sixty-ninth street until what seemed to him a fitting interval had elapsed; one which was longer than it would otherwise have been, from an instinct of shyness not habitual to him, and a distrustful apprehension that perhaps his advent was not of so much moment to the people there as to himself. But their greeting was so cordial on every hand that Mrs. Carling's remark that they had been almost afraid he had forgotten them embarrassed him, and he forgot them. His explanations were somewhat lame. Miss Blake, as usual, came to the rescue, though John's disconcert was not lessened by the suspicion that she saw through his inventions. He had conceived a great opinion of that young person's penetration.

His talk for a while was mostly with Mr. Carling, who was in a pleasant mood, being, like most nervous people, at his best in the evening. Mary made an occasional contributory remark, and Mrs. Carling, as was her wont, was silent except when appealed to. Finally, Mr. Carling rose and, putting out his hand, said: "I think I will excuse myself, if you will permit me. I have had to be down town today, and am rather tired." Mrs. Carling followed him, saying to John as she bade him good night: "Do come, Mr. Lenox, whenever you feel like it. We are very quiet people, and are almost always at home."

"Thank you, Mrs. Carling," responded John, with much sincerity. "I shall be most glad to. I am so quiet myself as to be practically noiseless."

The hall of the Carlings' house was their favorite sitting place in the evening. It ran nearly the whole depth of the house, and had a wide fireplace at the end. The further right hand portion was recessed by the stairway, which rose from about the middle of its length.

Miss Blake sat in a low chair, and John took its fellow at the other angle of the fireplace, which contained the smoldering remnant of a wood fire. She had a bit of embroidery stretched over a circular frame like a drum-head. Needlework was not a passion with her, but it was understood in the Carling household that in course of time a set of table dollies of elaborate devices in colored silks would be forthcoming. It has been deplored by some philosopher that custom does not sanction such little occupations for masculine hands. It would be interesting to speculate how many embarrassing or disastrous consequences might have been averted if at a critical point in a negotiation or controversy a needle had had to be threaded or a dropped stitch taken up before a reply was made, to say nothing of an excuse for averting features at times without confession of confusion.

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his hero, who had an island, a treasure ship, and a few other trifles of the sort to dispose of, insisted upon Captain Fullalove's throwing away the stick he was whittling, as giving the captain an unfair advantage. The value of the embroidered dolly as an article of table napery may be open to question, but its value, in an unfinished

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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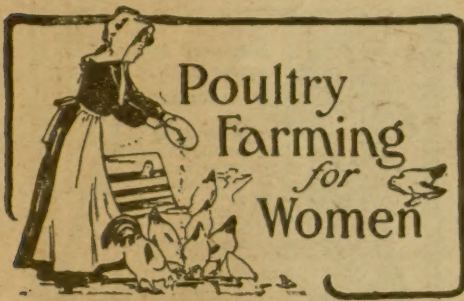
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Profitable Hen

NOW is the time we all want eggs; they are truly golden gifts at the present market prices. Supposing that you have good healthy birds, not too old in years, it depends almost entirely upon yourself whether you get the coveted eggs or not, for feed and care are the main factors. Don't be afraid to spend a little money on your birds. They must have the right kind of feed before they can give you eggs. A diet of all corn won't produce them. Whole corn is the best supper for cold winter nights. Be generous with scratching material on the floor of the poultry house, and let in all the light and sun you can. Then remember that the nights are long at this season, and just as it is light enough to see, give the birds something to scratch for, by scattering small grain, oats, cracked corn, and commercial scratch feed (which is a mixture of small seeds and cracked grains). Scratching amongst the material on the floor for the small grain makes the birds exercise, which promotes circulation, and warms them when they most need it. Get a big pan with a close-fitting lid for boiling food; put all the odds and ends of vegetables and table scraps into it, with sufficient water to boil into a thick soup. Then, if you have it, mix in cut clover hay and stock feed late at night. Leave the covered pan near the kitchen stove, and it will keep warm, or at least not get icy cold. I think the best time to feed the mash in the winter is about noon. If there is much potato, bread or fat in the scraps, use more bran in the stock feed. The secret of success is using common sense in feeding. If the scraps are largely lean meat, and green vegetables, like cabbage or celery, the mash needs more stock feed than bran to make it a well-balanced ration. Fat and starchy materials furnish fat-producing elements in the rations, which is needed in a heavier percentage during the cold weather, for much of it goes to warm the birds, instead of to make fat. For that reason, until the weather gets warm, corn, buckwheat and sunflower seeds should drop out of the rations. Never forget for a single day that the birds expected to lay in winter must have vegetable and animal food of some sort, for they are the materials necessary for eggs. Skim milk is one of the best foods laying poultry can have, especially when the eggs are wanted for hatching. Of course, skim milk contains a heavy percentage of lime, which is needed in an egg to produce strong bone in the forthcoming chicks. I live in a real farming neighborhood where everybody has plenty of corn, and a big flock of hens, yet nearly all of my neighbors have to buy eggs from me during the winter, when they should be making money from their own hens. Not having eggs in winter is just as silly and reprehensible as letting the cows go dry to save feeding. Poor winter feeding of any kind of stock is pennywise and pound foolish, for it reaches much further than the immediate time. It would not hurt so much if it meant just no eggs and no milk in the winter, but it is the effect it has on the spring hatching. What's the use of setting a hundred eggs, and only getting seventy-five chicks? Most of these undersized, and hard to rear, or scrawny calves need all the best of your profits to get up to anything like market weight. The first lesson all stock keepers must learn before they can make animals pay, is the influence of prenatal conditions. Breeding stock of all kinds must have good food and care, or the progeny cannot be profitable.

Now is the time to think about the incubator, and have early chickens to sell in May or June, when they bring the best prices. Anybody with ordinary common sense can run an incubator, and it saves a lot of trouble to get the chicks off in large batches, for it does not take any longer to feed a hundred than it does to feed thirteen, and it is better to get the fussy period of the chick's life over whilst you have lots of time to spare, which means, with most of us women-folks, before housecleaning and gardening commences.

Ducks, geese and turkeys should have a good supper every night, and a mash containing some vegetable and animal food for breakfast. Give the pigeons all the variety you can in the way of food, and remember that an exclusive diet of cracked corn will cause sore mouths. Take every means to keep the pigeon house free from rats and mice; they play havoc with squab-raising, to say nothing about the amount of grain they steal. Try and get some fresh blood into the poultry flocks. Sell some of your old roosters, and get one or two very well-bred birds of whatever breed predominates in your flock. The male bird is half the flock, so it is worth paying a



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pretty good price for him. Don't be satisfied until you get thoroughbred birds of one variety. They grow quicker, and are more profitable than mongrels. It is the same with ducks and turkeys; don't let your stock run down. There is nothing so dangerous as inbreeding. It not only lessens size and vigor, but it promotes conditions which make the birds liable to all sorts of diseases.

Correspondence

J. R. H.—What will rid my chicks of mites? The young ones have them more than the old ones.
A.—You say mites. Don't you mean real hen lice? Mites are the little red pests which hide in the crevices of the roosts and houses by day, and only come out during the night to feed on the birds whilst on the roosts. Such being the case, I can't think that you mean lice, because you would not be able to see them unless you examined the birds whilst on the roosts. However, the best way to get rid of mites is to whitewash the house. Use the lime rather thick,

and mix with scalded skim milk, and one ounce of crude carbolic acid to every pail of whitewash. Then swab the perches and the fixtures every morning for two weeks. For hen lice, use Dalmatian powder. Hold the bird by the feet, head down, and shake the powder well into the feathers, especially into the fluff around the thighs, and under the wings and body. Provide dustbaths for the birds,—shallow boxes half-filled with dry earth, or finely sifted coal ashes, and they will keep themselves clean. I am sorry that I can't undertake to answer letters through the mail.

E. E. W.—Where can I get the tools to make capons, and what do they cost? How old should the cockerels be?

A.—You will find the addresses of firms having caponizing tools for sale in the advertising columns. All poultry-supply and large seed stores keep them. The price runs from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents. Birds should be between three and five months old.

O. A. B.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? Old and young alike. They look well and eat heartily and lay every day. I examined their throats but could see nothing the matter with them. I swabbed their mouths out with permanganate of potassium, and put it in their drinking water. I clean the henhouse every day, and keep the floor covered with lime. They seem perfectly well but for the trouble I mentioned. They seem to sneeze, as near as I can express it, and sling their heads, and clear water comes out of their noses. Will you please tell me what the trouble is, and what to do for it? The henhouse is very close and there are about twenty-five chickens in it. Could it be that they are too warm? We turn them out very early, and when the door is opened a hot steam seems to come out.

A.—I don't think it is a good plan to keep the floor of the house covered with lime. The birds must inhale, and it will naturally irritate their throats and nostrils. Lime is good at cleaning-time to burn out impurities, but not to use when the birds are in the house. Cover the floor with hay, cut straw, or dry leaves. Most certainly the house must need ventilation, or you have too many for the size.

H. H.—Will you please inform me through COMFORT what is the matter with my chickens? They all seem well and hardy, but once in a while one gets droopy and they look like they were drowsing. Their combs will droop over and turn white, and just as long as they can walk they eat as well as any of them. Have a nice dry yard and good clean house. I give them the best of care and plenty to eat and drink. Have bone and shells, and they lay good, and it just seems to be the young hens that get it. We opened one that had been sick for some time, and the flesh had nearly all perished away, but under the skin was quite a bit of fat. The liver was all soft, and full of little round white, hard spots, and in the entrails that goes from the craw to the gizzard, close to the gizzard, was a thick growth. It looked as if the grain did not all digest. There were some hulls of grain in this growth. This is as near as I can explain this.

A.—This seems a case of too much rich food. Give them plenty of green stuff. You don't say what you feed or how you feed, except that they have bone before them all the time, so I think that you have been giving them too much stimulating food, which has produced eggs at the cost of the birds' health. Change the diet a little. Use cut clover hay, well steamed; equal parts of bran and stock feed mixed with it.

A. McE.—Wants to buy two or three roosters or cockerels of a strictly laying strain of Rhode Island Reds, or exchange birds. Any of our readers who have birds to offer can write her in my care, and I will forward the letters if a stamped envelope is enclosed. Of course I cannot publish addresses in this column.

H. R. H.—Could you please tell me through the columns of COMFORT what is the matter with my little goslings? They are five weeks old. They seemed so bright and healthy, and then all of a sudden they would shake their heads and quack as though something was hurting them, and would sort of tremble all over. Later they would do the same, only go around in a circle, and hold their heads sideways and finally curl their heads under. I judged there was a louse in their heads, so powdered them with a louse-killer, but that did no good. Then I began to notice a weakness in their legs, so they could not walk; also looseness of the bowels. I gave them charcoal and indigo blue in their drinking water, but it did no good. I then kept them on dry chick feed, and I hatched ten goslings, and fed them on dry chick feed with grit mixed through; had them shut up in a small wire pen, and every day gave them tender cut grass (from lawn-mower) also tender lettuce; kept plenty of water before them all the time; moved their pen every day while, and so kept things clean. I have a small flock of chickens which are very healthy, so they could not have caught anything from them. Do you think my chickens will catch it from the goslings? Even at their worst my goslings have not refused to eat.

A.—The goslings must be out on grass. It is useless to try to rear them in coops. They are naturally grazing creatures, and can't stand a heavy grain diet. If you can turn them on to grass, cut clover hay very fine, steam it, add bran, and a very little stock feed. Then give them all the finely-chopped green vegetables you can get. But my advice is, don't try keeping geese unless you can put them on pasture.

W. H. A. E.—What will be the results if I cross White with Brown Leghorns? I have a few of each, and thought I would cross them. Will it be to my advantage?

A.—You will gain no advantage from such a cross. It will merely spoil both varieties, as far as plumage is concerned, and do no good in any other way.

L. M. W.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my young chickens and what is the cure? They are droopy, very thirsty, very hungry, and rapidly become emaciated and die in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Have a white or pale yellow, almost dirty color, diarrhea, odor offensive. Also seem to have high fever. Only chickens and turkeys from frying size down to just hatched affected. They seem to suffer terribly. It is contagious, as a crippled pet which the children took care of, was taken sick after one of the sick ones was brought in the house on a rainy day. They always die, none get better. They have had wheat and cracked corn always by them, and an abundance of ever-running soft spring water. Also abundance of grit and oyster shells which they can get them any time. I tried to feed the sick ones cottage cheese, and they ate greedily, but would die soon. The food in each and every case remained undigested. I took the wheat away, thinking it was too hard; one could feel it in the crop several days afterward. They are Rhode Island Reds mixed with Buff Cochins and Brown Leghorns. All are served alike, regardless of breed. Can you tell the disease and cure? Will you please tell me where Blue Langshan chickens may be obtained? I have had them for twenty-five years, but got out of them this spring by all being stolen. Also Guineas; either fowls or eggs. I have raised immense amounts of chickens and turkeys, ducks and guineas, and this is the first time I ever was cornered by a disease. I gave mine a little soda and pepper; also put carbolic acid in the water this morning. The soda and pepper did no good. My chickens are all hatched under hens and have no lice, as I grease lightly with yellow axle grease three every week. I also use pennyroyal and sassafras oil—one dime's worth to half a gallon coal oil, and spray roosts thoroughly, and put cedar twigs in bottoms of nests; also use peppermint branches freely around nests and chickens.

A.—Feed only cracked corn to little chicks. I fear you have cholera, or at least a very bad attack of bowel trouble. The former is contagious, but you must take every precaution to check the epidemic. When you next have young chicks to care for, give them cold tea to drink at the first sign of any looseness of the bowels, and feed only commercial chick feed, or if you cannot get that easily in your neighborhood, mix bulled oats whole corn and wheat, and break them up to the size of granulated sugar, then mix golden millet, hempseed and Kaffir corn. I think your principal fault has been with feeding. Whole wheat is too large for young chicks. I cannot give the address of breeders in this column. Guinea fowls do not lay at this season of the year. You will have to wait until April or May to get eggs. As a rule it is more satisfactory to buy a trio of young birds.

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Tested Remedies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

four quarts of water until the amount is reduced to two quarts. Use this water to bathe the affected parts. Make a poultice by mashing the roots with some of the water and adding enough corn meal to thicken. Apply very hot between cloths every morning and night, and each time bathe the parts with the poke root water.

MRS. W. H. CAYLER, Rantoul, Kans.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
 Will you admit another sister and new subscriber to your charmed circle? Though I have only been receiving COMFORT since April, yet it's not an entire stranger to me as mamma took it in my childhood days. I have so enjoyed the sisters' letters and I can sympathize with the shut-ins as I am something of a shut-in myself. I have been entirely deaf in the right ear since I was three years of age and when I was fourteen I lost the use of the left ear also, and though I am only thirty-eight and my hair is silvery gray, yet I can still look on the bright side for I know it could have been much worse. I don't believe I could look on the dark side long even if I were to try, for mine is such a sunny, laughing nature. I think we should put away self and think of others and do all we can to help and make our little share of the world the brighter for our being in it. It is hard at times and no one knows better than myself how hard, but we are told that even Christ pleased not Himself. And dear ones we must all try to remember that if life was all pleasure there would be no Crown of life Eternal to strive for.

I have been much interested in the different opinions expressed as to the rearing of our children. I have had six, but two of them are safe in the Heavenly fold. I have three girls and one son, the oldest is eighteen, and the baby was eleven in October and I am the stepmother of five. I have always taught my little ones to come and tell mamma everything, for who can have the interest and welfare of the dear ones more at heart than the mother? If your children and my children, mothers, are to be the bulwarks of the coming nation, then we must teach them purity of thought, deed and action. As for the women going to the polls to vote, I have nothing to say either way, but think we mothers could do as much good for our country by bringing up our children to do right, and to shun everything that is immoral and impure and when they come to voting age they will vote for a clean government, and we mothers won't have to trouble ourselves to go to the polls.

Mrs. C. E. OBERG, North Branch, R. R. 5, Box 101, Minn.

Mrs. Oberg. Your conception of a mother's duty and the strength that lies in a mother's teachings was voiced in a recent address by Julia Ward Howe, who is ninety-one years and some months old.

"We must march with the army that goes ever on, and discover new opportunities. Who would be left behind? Society needs to exert all the power it possesses to attain the highest results. We cannot allow our efforts to be wasted. I am an aged woman, brought up on the Bible, and it is natural for me to refer to it for many purposes.

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poses. One of its striking parables is the one concerning the ten virgins, five of whom were wise, and five foolish. The wise ones had forethought; the others thought they could get through in some manner.

"When the message came that the bridegroom was on his way, it was a message of dismay to the foolish ones, for they had lost their chance, while the wise ones were prepared and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER I.

A STORY, A DEATH, AND A WILL.

"WALTER."
"Yes, Uncle Ralph."

"I know that my days are numbered. I have felt that the end was drawing near during the last week, and now there are two or three things that I want to say to you privately. Come nearer, Walter, where I can see you while I tell you what I have in mind."

Slanting beams of sunlight streamed in through the western window of a lofty room, lighting up its delicately tinted walls, brightening the warm, rich hues of the handsome carpet, and touching with a gentle radiance all the beautiful and luxurious furnishings which gave to the apartment an air of elegance and comfort.

Upon the quaintly carved and canopied bed, from which the costly lace and silken curtains had been drawn far back to allow the air to circulate more freely, there lay a gray-haired old man, whose sunken features, fading eyes, and a labored breathing told too plainly that his days were indeed "numbered."

A young man, who had been sitting by another window, arose upon being addressed as above, came forward, and seating himself by the bedside, bent over the invalid, with a look of mingled love and grief upon his face.

He was apparently about twenty years of age, with a finely shaped head, clear and cameo-like features, intelligent eyes of dark brown, with large pupils, frank and steadfast in their gaze, and shaded with long brown lashes, while his hair was of the same color, and fine and glossy as a child's.

It was a good face; honest, tender and true; a face to win the heart of a loving woman, the confidence of innocent children, and the faith of strong men; and, the eyes of the sick man lingered fondly and wistfully upon it, as if striving to impress its every lineament upon his heart ere it should fade from his sight forever.

"I am afraid you will tax your strength too much, Uncle Ralph, if you try to talk," the young man said, in tones as gentle as a woman's.

"No, I think not, Walter; but, if it should, I must tell you all the same," was the resolute reply. Then, after a moment or two of thought, the sufferer continued:

"You have long known how I came to take you, when you were a little lad, to rear and educate you."

"Yes."

"But you have not known the story of a dozen years or more previous. You have not known that your mother was the love of my early manhood."

"No," and the young man looked up with a start, while a vivid flush mantled his brow at this intelligence.

"Yes," pursued his companion, with a low-drawn sigh, and a slight quiver of his pale, thin lips. "Sadie Walcott was a lovely girl, the belle of the village where we lived, and I loved her as man loves but once in his life. We were pledged to each other, and were to be married in a few months, when someone poisoned her mind against me. She called me to account. I was headstrong, passionate. I resented her lack of faith in me, and we parted in anger. I left the place immediately, and went West, where I launched recklessly into speculation. My operations exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and after three or four years I resolved to come East again, and find my Sadie, beg her forgiveness for having been so unreasonable, and ask her to give herself to me again, and share my good fortune. But I learned that misfortune had overtaken her, and she had left the place, but where she had gone I could not ascertain, although I spent nearly three months searching for her. I then returned to the West, and, after a time, married a wealthy and beautiful girl who did honor to the position I gave her as long as she lived."

Again a deep sigh heaved the sick man's chest, as if the memory of his married life had not been all that he could have desired, even though his proud, beautiful wife had honored her position, and shone a brilliant star in the circle in which she had moved.

"Well," he resumed, "you remember how one day I met you in the great city of New York, and something in your poor, little pinched face attracted me. You begged me for a nickel to buy your mother some bread. I asked your name, but that told me nothing, though something impelled me to go home with you to see if your story of destitution was true; and—oh, my boy! I cannot think of it even now without a thrill of horror! there I found my long-lost Sadie—starving!"

"You know," he went on, stifling a sob, "that it was too late to do more than make her comfortable for the little while that she was to live, but I trust—yes, I know, that I brightened her last hours by promising to care for you as tenderly as if you were my own son. I have tried to keep that promise to the letter, my boy."

"And you have, Uncle Ralph," the young man interrupted, with deep emotion. "No father could have been more faithful and kind to me than you have been. I have often wondered why you were so gentle and kind to me, and now I understand it; it was for my mother's sake—because you loved her."

"Yes, I loved her far too well for my own peace of mind, for I never forgot her, nor ceased to long for the tender love which I knew she would have given me. Perhaps it is weak in me to confess so much; but wealth and fashion do not always contribute to the highest happiness of home; remember that, Walter when you choose your wife, as you will do one of these days. But it has not been wholly for your mother's sake that I have loved and cared for you; it has been for your own as well. You have always been a good and dutiful boy. You have been a great comfort to me, and I have taken great pride in watching you develop. But I must not dwell upon the past, for there are other things which I wish to talk to you about. Your mother wished me to tell you something when you should become of age; but first I want to speak about your plans for the future. Just before you entered college you said something about a profession."

"Yes, Uncle Ralph, I have always wanted to be an architect; and after I graduated from the academy, I felt as if I ought to begin to do something for myself; and you appeared so set upon my going to college, that I finally yielded the point."

"Of course it was best that you should have a collegiate education, and I knew there would be time enough for a profession after that. You have two years more at college, and Walter, it is my wish that you complete them. After that you shall be an architect, or anything else that you choose. I have made ample provision for you; there will be abundant means for you—to do whatever you like. Ah! oh!—what is this?"

The invalid stopped, gasped, clutched at his throat, and grew ghastly white, and then suddenly lost consciousness.

The watcher at his bedside sprang to his feet, and rang the bell with a furious peal.

He had offered to sit with the invalid while the trained nurse went out for a rest and change, and Ralph Carpenter had seized the opportunity to make known his wishes respecting the boy whom he had taken from his dying mother, and reared and loved as his own son; also a communication of importance which that mother had desired should be made known to him when he should come of age.

But he was weaker than he had thought, while

the excitement of recalling the past had been more than he could bear, and had brought on this attack, from which he was never to recover.

Walter's ring was immediately answered by the appearance of a servant, who was followed by a young man of perhaps twenty-five, whose face instantly assumed a disagreeable frown as he saw Walter bending over his unconscious friend, and using such restoratives as were at hand.

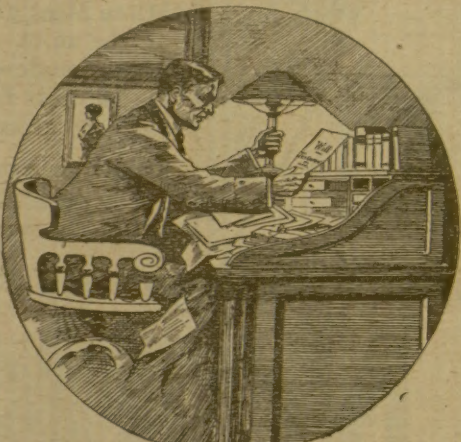
This young man was Edmund Carpenter, only son of Ralph Carpenter, and Walter Richardson, the child of his father's early love, had never been a favorite with him, as we shall see later.

A physician was summoned at once, and everything that human agency could do was done to arouse the dying man from the stupor into which he had fallen.

But every effort proved unavailing.

The learned and skillful doctor pronounced the sudden attack a stroke of paralysis, and said that a few hours would doubtless terminate the patient's life, for vitality was at such a low ebb that he could not possibly rally.

That night, while the nurse kept watch in the chamber of death, together with Walter, who could not be persuaded to leave the bedside of his beloved benefactor while life remained, and who kept hoping against hope that he might rally, and speak to him just once more, Edmund Carpenter was locked in the sumptuous library below



"LAST WILL," WAS ALL THAT HE SAW.

where, with curtains drawn close and a heavily shaded lamp, he was busily, though noiselessly, engaged in examining the contents of his father's private desk.

This was a quaint, ponderous, old-fashioned affair, which Mr. Carpenter had purchased from a friend who had met with reverses and was obliged to sacrifice his household goods, among which was this desk, that a wealthy ancestor had brought from England in old colonial times.

It was a treasure of its kind, and would have delighted the heart of any lover of antiquated furniture, for it contained all manner of mysterious nooks and corners, such as pigeon-holes, closets, secret drawers, and sliding panels, for the concealment and reception of important documents and papers.

It was well filled with things of this sort, and, hour after hour, Edmund Carpenter sat before it, never making a sound that could be heard outside the room, but examining most critically everything the desk contained.

Pigeon-holes were emptied and their contents looked over; drawer after drawer unlocked and carefully inspected; secret places were curiously peered into, but evidently without accomplishing the purpose which the young man had in view, for he wore a frowning brow and his whole face, which was naturally of a handsome cast, was rendered extremely unpleasant by the almost fierce expression that pervaded it.

Finally a little closet was all that remained to be examined, and this was locked.

But there was a tiny key, attached to the bunch belonging to the desk, which fitted it, and it was the work of but a moment to unlock it and expose a pile of legal-looking documents neatly stowed within.

Edmund Carpenter moved the lamp nearer—somehow he hesitated to take those papers out as he had the others—and, as the light fell upon the one lying at the top, he read two words that made him start and grow suddenly pale.

"Last will," was all that he saw, though there was something else written beneath it, but those

words were enough to set every drop of blood in his veins boiling with anger, while his white teeth came together with a vicious snap that betrayed the displeasure which the knowledge that his father had made a will caused him.

"I was afraid of it—I was almost sure of it," he growled, under his breath, and then, leaning his head on his hand, he sat for a long time absorbed in deep thought.

But, at length, he aroused himself, and turned his attention again to the contents of the closet.

He slipped his finger under the obnoxious document that had so disturbed him, and peered at the one underneath.

It proved to be a mortgage.

Lifting one end of this, likewise, and one after another of those remaining, he ran through the entire lot, all of which were either mortgages, bonds, or insurance papers.

Then, with a sigh, and an angry jerk of his hand, as he realized that the wealth which those valuable documents represented, was doubtless

destined to be shared with one whom he had always despised, of whom he had always been jealous, he let them settle back into their place; but in so doing the top one—that one labeled "Last Will"—slipped suddenly backward and disappeared from sight.

A look of surprise came over Edmund Carpenter's face. He removed the other papers, and noticed that at the back of that tiny closet there was quite a crack between the panels.

The "Last Will" had fallen through this and now lay somewhere underneath in the interior of the quaint old desk; but where, he could not tell without knocking the thing to pieces. A peculiar smile suddenly shot over the face of the young man.

"It would be a pity if either of these other valuable documents should meet with a similar fate," he muttered. "I wonder if this bottom panel could not be slipped back to close that crack?"

He pressed hard against it.

It moved a little.

He tried again; the board slipped into place, and the crack was closed.

With a sigh of relief, and with a resolute air, he replaced the remaining papers as he had found them, locked the tiny closet, put the rest of the desk in perfect order, closing and locking the cover over all, extinguished his light, and then stole softly from the library to go to his own room above.

As he passed his father's door he paused a moment to listen.

He had hardly done so, when the door opened noiselessly, and Walter Richardson confronted him on the threshold.

"Ah, ha! How is he now?" the son stammered, in some confusion at being found in that attitude.

"Falling. I am going down to the dining-room for some brandy. Will you go in?" Walter answered, as he stepped aside to allow the dying man's son to pass into the room.

"Can I do any good?" Edmund asked, casting a glance of awe within the chamber of death.

"No one can do any good now," Walter answered, with a quivering lip; "but you may like to be with him at the end."

"No—that is—I'm afraid it might unman me," faltered the dutiful son, with an ashen face at the thought; "but if you need me, you—can call me."

Walter bowed and passed silently on about his errand, while Edmund Carpenter crept away to his own room, where, with the door closed and locked, he shook his clenched fist in the direction of the hall, and muttered:

"There will be no fear now of your robbing me of my inheritance. Give him all the attention you like, he is past heeding your arts, and you will get nothing for it."

Yes, Ralph Carpenter was past all knowledge of either Walter's faithfulness or Edmund's neglect; past ever righting a great wrong that had been perpetrated that night; past making known more of his wishes regarding the future of the boy whom he had so dearly loved, and past revealing to him certain information respecting his own ancestry, which might have made a vast difference in the life that he was now destined to lead during the years that were to follow.

CHAPTER II.

"CHOOSE YOUR OWN PATH."

Ralph Carpenter, the master of Forestvale, a beautiful estate in the suburbs of the City of Brotherly Love, was dead.

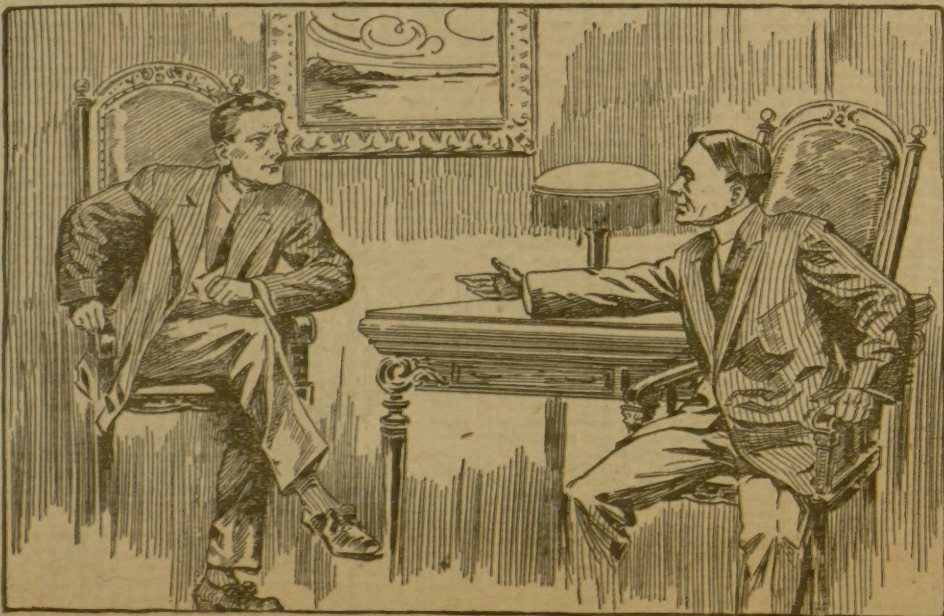
He breathed his last toward morning of the next day after the sudden attack mentioned in the preceding chapter.

Walter and the nurse remained with him to the end, watching the tide of life ebb slowly away, and doing what they could for his comfort, while the son and heir slept soundly until morning, and awoke to be told that his father was no more.

Edmund Carpenter made no outward demonstration of grief, though he went about with a pale, set face, and insisted that every mark of respect should be paid the dead in the approaching obsequies. But down in his heart there was a feeling of resentment toward his father for an act which should have commanded his highest admiration and love, and now the discovery that he had just made regarding a will having been left, had served to embitter him tenfold.

He had always been keenly jealous of Walter. The boy from the first had been a veritable thorn in the flesh to him, although he had taken pains to conceal the fact from his father, from a fear of incurring his displeasure, but the feeling had grown with his growth nevertheless.

Edmund Carpenter had been an extremely self-



WALTER SEATED HIMSELF, BUT WITH THE FEELING HE WAS A VERY UNWELCOME GUEST.

words were enough to set every drop of blood in his veins boiling with anger, while his white teeth came together with a vicious snap that betrayed the displeasure which the knowledge that his father had made a will caused him.

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Then, with a sigh, and an angry jerk of his hand, as he realized that the wealth which those valuable documents represented, was doubtless

fish boy; he was, consequently, an extremely selfish man and the thought that anyone should come between him and any portion of his inheritance—as he had feared Walter would, knowing how tenderly his father loved him—was torture to him.

He was five years Walter's senior, and had reached fifteen years of age when Mr. Carpenter returned from a trip to New York, bringing with him the little lad who was henceforth to share equally with him in all things.

Mrs. Carpenter had died two years previously, but she had lived long enough to thoroughly imbue the mind of Edmund with much of her own cold proud nature.

She had always been a woman of the world, of fashion and pleasure; wealth, position, and style were more to her than either love or home, hence her noble and sensitive husband had been heart-starved and homesick during all his married life, and it was no wonder that he had cherished the memory of, and longed for, the gentle, beautiful

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girl whom he had loved so fondly in the days of his early manhood.

He had confided to his son the story of his early love when he brought Walter to his home, telling him how sweet Sadie Walcott had been true to his affection for him for long years, and then, being friendless and alone in the world, had given her hand to a man who loved her well enough to take her to his heart, even though he could never occupy the first place in hers.

But all this confidence was sadly misplaced, for the high-spirited youth had regarded the confession as an insult to the proud woman whom he had called mother; he had regarded it as an insult to himself, also, to thus force upon him the son of a millionaire, the society of a "low-born beggar," for thus he regarded Walter, and his aversion continued to increase from year to year as he saw how fondly his father was growing to love him, and how the boy devoted himself to the friend and benefactor to whom he owed so much.

Ralph Carpenter had never hinted that he intended to make a will; but Edmund had long suspected that he had done so.

Had he not said from the first, "Henceforth Walter is to be the same as a brother to you. I want you to love each other as brothers, and share alike in all things?"

And he had made no distinction in the years that followed. Walter had had everything that heart could wish; every luxury and pleasure, every advantage of education, the same as if he had been an own son.

But of course he could not share in the property unless some legal measures had been adopted to secure a portion of it to him. If Ralph Carpenter made no will, all his large estate—his bonds, mortgages, and bank account—would fall, by the law of inheritance, to Edmund, his son. This, he knew, would not be in accordance with his father's wishes, consequently, he had been very sure that there was a will somewhere, and when he knew that he could not live many hours, he had set himself the task of finding that will, determined to know its contents before it could pass into other hands.

What more he intended to do we cannot say; we simply know that he found the will; yet he did not learn one word that it contained, for a strange fate wrested it from his grasp before his desecrating hand could tamper with it.

We know how eagerly he accepted the situation, and what measure he adopted to preclude the possibility of its ever being found, by closing the aperture through which it had fallen into some hidden nook in that quaint old desk.

Of course no one would ever think of breaking the thing to pieces to search for it, and there it might lie for ages, and the law of inheritance would have its way.

The obsequies were conducted with all the ceremony which would naturally be expected for a man who had stood so high as Ralph Carpenter had stood in the city where he had resided for so many years.

He had possessed many friends and been profoundly respected, both as a business man and a citizen, as the large number of people who followed to his last resting-place testified.

When all was over, of course, questions regarding the settlement of his large property came up for discussion.

Everybody knew that Walter Richardson had been like a dear son to the man; he had been

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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A HAPPY THANKSGIVING to you all homes. Heaps of turkey and piles of pie. I don't know whether you are in the mood for feeling thankful this Thanksgiving or not, but I sincerely hope you are. Personally I'd like to stand on my head if I were able for the very joy of being alive, though I guess if most of you were in my place, and had spent nearly fourteen years cooped up in one room, looking at an old brick wall, you would do more grunting than giving thanks. Anyway I'm going to take advantage of this Thanksgiving season to thank you for all the love you have lavished on me, and the appreciation you have shown for my work in the years we have known each other in this corner of ours.

It makes me happy indeed to know that you and others appreciate my work, and yet I have done nothing to deserve either thanks or appreciation that I can see. I have only done my duty, and the man that does not do that is not worthy of the name of man. I am merely trying to teach the doctrine of love, mercy, kindness and brotherhood, and the world is hungry for just those things. Some day this world will be filled with happy, healthy, cultured people, one big, happy family. Poverty, dirt, disease, crime, and all the other things that mar the joy of living to day, I'll have disappeared forever. We are even now on the threshold of that grander, nobler era. The human race is only just getting a chance. We are just emerging from the chrysalis of barbarism. Our civilization is like a babe taking its first steps, awkwardly and unsteadily and getting many painful bumps. Humanity is just a bud beginning to unfold on the parent tree of Time. The beauties that are hidden within the bud, the perfume, coloring and the glory of the perfect flower are yet to be revealed to us. It is unfortunate of course that we are not witnessing and enjoying the pleasures, delights and glories of civilization in bloom and maturity, instead of civilization in the birth pangs of infancy. Still our times are in his hands, and we must do our part in our appointed time to help on the Almighty's plans for man's betterment. Some people think the world is always going to stay as it is, with its jails, slums, poor-houses, and frightful contrasts of poverty and wealth, etc., but it is not. This world was constructed by a Divine architect, and some day His plans will come to fruition and mankind will then be worthy of its Creator. We are to do something nobler and grander on this earth than mere profit chasing, dollar grubbing. Just at present we are wrestling with the bread-and-butter problem, and striving to cover our nakedness, and we go about the task like a lot of half-witted children. We have sold that will produce food for a thousand millions, factories that can produce every known luxury for ten times our present population, yet we have millions living on the verge of want, hanging on the hunger line, millions who are never very sure where the next meal is coming from, and who own only the clothes they stand up in. You see we have not begun to learn yet how to distribute the wealth, that God has given us the opportunity and the brains to produce. Soon we shall have solved the bread-and-butter problem, and hunger and nakedness will have vanished. With the wants of the body satisfied, man will be able to develop the spiritual side of his nature, and the soul will have a chance. Then men and women will become god-like, and they will shudder with horror to think that human beings ever existed in this world as we exist today. It does not take a prophet or a seer to foretell that we are moving onward and upward to better things. My one great aim in this life is to help the world onward, so it can realize its God-given destiny. Once every man's hand was turned against his neighbor. A man's principal business was war? We have passed from fighting with battle axes to warring with check books. Soon men will see it does not pay to fight and will realize that infinitely more can be obtained by all working together for the common good. Men sit in street cars and scowl as if they hated each other. Presently a man enters the car and introduces the stranger, and in a little while they are chatting as though they had known each other all their lives. All we need in this world you see is to get acquainted, to know one another, and to have sense enough to look for the good in each other's natures, instead of hunting for the faults. All I have tried to do is to bring you together, just as the members of a big family are brought together, and incidentally I have pointed out to you your duty to your weaker brethren, thus I have tried to teach you your duty to one another, and have tried to teach you to be unselfish. There is a spark of the divine in everyone of us, and that spark is only waiting for someone to kindle it into a flame, and it will be that flame lit on the altar of your hearts that will yet light the world with a halo of love. I have done my best to kindle that spark into a flame, but I want neither praise nor thanks for it. The joy of the work and the privilege of being permitted to engage in it is reward enough. Every printed sheet in America should have a department of this kind, and if every publication had such a department the world would grow better by leaps and bounds.

So be thankful that you are living in a world that is going forward and not going backward. Be thankful that even Cannons and Aldriches and all the parasitical politicians rooting with their swinish noses in the swill trough of graft, cannot keep the world back. They may halt the tide of progress for a while, but soon the dammed-up waters will sweep on with more irresistible force than ever, and the puny, human barriers which tried to stem the onrushing flood will be swept forever into oblivion. If fortune has not smiled upon you, hearten yourself with the thought,

that every day brings you nearer to better times, not merely better in the monetary sense but better in everything that makes life worth living. The adversity of the present moment may chill your heart and bring a wall of discontent to your lips, but adversity is the true test of man's gratitude. Even a hog can be happy and grateful when everything goes right, but it takes a man, a real man to smile when everything goes wrong. True gratitude goes beneath the surface of life, triumphs over conditions that are calamitous and discouraging, sad or joyous and anchors itself to that rock of ages on which the God of the Harvest has given us as a place of eternal refuge in time of trouble. Once more, A Happy Thanksgiving to you all and God bless you.

It is only a few weeks now to Christmas. Santa Claus will be here almost before we know it, and of course you are all puzzling your brains as to what presents you will give your friends, relatives and sweethearts. Christmas leaves the majority of people short of cash. Now there is no sense in spending big sums of money on Christmas gifts when you can obtain Uncle Charlie's Poems and Song Book for absolutely nothing at all. Now is the clubbing season. Everyone is subscribing to some magazine or other. There is not a soul who won't join you in getting up a Comfort club if you ask them. Uncle Charlie's Poems make a glorious gift. No more beautiful volume was ever placed on the market. The ribbed lilac silk in which it is bound and the handsome white title lettering, make the book a dream of beauty. It contains one hundred and sixty pages of pure delight. You will love and enjoy every line you find in this book. There are poems by the bushel that will make you yell, and some that will make the tears come trickling down your cheeks. It is a book for everybody, a sure cure for the blues and a source of endless delight to young or old. It is the ideal solution of that puzzling Christmas gift problem. The book is printed on the finest of paper in large, beautifully clear type, and contains a sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, with pictures of him before his invalidism and since. This superb volume and perfect gift can be obtained as a premium for only four subscriptions to Comfort at twenty-five cents each. Get up your clubs now before the Christmas rush sets in. Start today.

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Send in one subscription on your birthday to the wheel-chair club. Shut-ins, if they cannot get out of doors in this winter weather, can be wheeled around the house and moved from their mattress graves. Wheel-chair applicants must send references, or their names will not be listed.



COUSIN NELLIE B. HIXSON (21), MOUNTAIN VIEW, ARK.

All particulars for securing chairs will be found in another column.

My appeal for Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, N. C. brought him seventy-five dollars. This is only about half the amount brought by other appeals. The poor fellow is very grateful for what you have done for him, and so am I.

Photographs sent in for publication in this column must be clear and distinct and of sufficient size to reproduce well. Pin head pictures are useless.

Now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a girl from the Golden West, knocking for admittance into your happy circle. I am a farmer's daughter, can do any kind of housework, milk cows, harness horses, and beat any old boy plowing. My father hasn't any boys to help him with the field work so I help him. I am not ashamed because I work in the field, either, for I think the brown hand of toil is no dishonor to any woman. Well, I guess I must describe myself. I am five feet seven inches short, weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, have dark hair and blue eyes and fair complexion, and am twenty years young. Uncle, I wish you would bring all the cousins and come and visit me. I would do my best to show you all a good time. We have

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lots of ripe watermelons and I am sure I could feed you all while you were here. Just open your mouth Uncle and I'll throw you a bite of melon, if you can't come. But I am a pretty reckless thrower, therefore I can't promise that I'll hit your mouth, anyway I'll do my best. O say, Uncle, if you come to see me I'll introduce you to the loveliest Indian maid of fifty summers; she is waiting a husband and I was telling her about an old uncle of mine up in Maine.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

AN UNWILLING BRIDE Or, The Heart's Rebellion

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN the meantime Clemence's heart was weighed down by a new cause of sorrow and anxiety. She never saw Ernest except at the church, or in mixed companies, where he devoted himself to Ethelind Howard, to whom rumor gave him as an accepted suitor.

But at last she chanced to meet Ernest on the sea beach. She spoke firmly and plainly.

And Ernest met her arguments with graceful nonchalance.

Clemence gave him time. And not until every argument and persuasion had failed, she said:

"As a last resort, it may be necessary for me to warn Miss Howard. She must not suffer wrong."

"You will write her an anonymous letter, possibly?"

"No—I never take an indirect road to an object."

"What, then, can you do?"

"I do not know. But I trust to be able to save her without—revealing you."

"Do you imagine that vague warnings would have any effect upon her?"

Clemence was silent, not deeming an answer called for.

"And now I ask you how you could prevent it?"

"In such an exigency I should divulge our marriage!"

"You would?"

"Assuredly! How can you possibly doubt it? Such an event would abrogate my obligations to silence, and would impose upon me the opposite duty of speaking."

"I judged you would reason so," he said, bitterly.

"But of what are you talking? Of the event of your doing an unprincipled act! Impossible!"

"And equally impossible that you should divulge our marriage with any chance of proving it. The minister that married us has only as a missionary to New Zealand; and I only have the certificate of our marriage. You cannot prove it."

"I shall not need to prove it, Ernest. Now that I have awakened your thoughts, I know that you will not further risk the peace of that confiding girl. Come! take my hand and let us return; we must hasten, too, for there is rain in that cloud."

They hurried onward, but just as they reached the neighborhood of Beach Cottage, a terrible storm of hail and snow burst upon the earth.

It was as much as they could do to make any progress forward. While struggling and plunging blindly through the storm, Clemence's ear caught the sound of a child wailing and sobbing—"Clemence, Clemence. Oh! where are you, Clemence?"

It was Isa in search of her beloved nurse.

At this moment the child caught sight of Ernest.

"Who is that, Clemence?"

"A friend, dear, who came home with me. Good night, sir."

And so dismissing Ernest he walked rapidly away. She hurried with Isa into the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Elva stood before the parlor mirror, gazing into it.

Dolor sat at the farthest extremity of the room, reading. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I demand to know the subject of your thoughts as you stood before that mirror."

Elva looked at him quizzically.

"Where-w! Well, if I didn't always think thought was free, may I never be an interesting young widow and captivate Ernest Brent?"

"You impudent, audacious, abandoned—"

"Ching a ring a ring chum choo! And a blo ring tum lark!"

sang Elva, dancing about, seizing the bellows and flourishing it over her head like a tambourine, as she danced.

"It was of him, then, you were thinking, I knew it!" exclaimed the professor, starting up, and pacing the floor.

"Bear it like a man!" said Elva, with solemnity.

"I'll commit suicide."

"Please do it at once, too, if you're going to, for I would rather be out of deep mourning as early as possible!"

"By Heaven, I will pay you for this."

"Any time at your convenience, Dr. Dolor! And I shall be ready to give a receipt in full upon the spot!" said Elva, ringing. "By the way, there is a lecture to be delivered this evening by our gifted young fellow-citizen, Mr. Ernest Brent. Going to hear him? I am! Good day!" she said, and kissed her hand and vanished.

Dolor was going crazy! Everybody said it, and what everybody says has ever been universally received as indisputable testimony.

He would have been glad to prevent Elva from going to the lecture, but there was no reasonable excuse for doing so. Everybody went to the lectures, which were very popular. Whether he would have succeeded in keeping her away is very doubtful, had not a rainy season set in, leaving the roads nearly impassable for two weeks.

And just as traveling was getting to be possible, Ernest Brent was called to London and was absent a fortnight.

At the end of that time it was announced that Mr. Brent having returned, would resume his lectures on the Wednesday evening following.

Dr. Dolor looked at Elva, to note how she would receive this news. Poor Elva had been under Clemence's good influences for the week previous, and was, in her fitful and uncertain way, "trying to be good."

"She has grown guarded—that is a very bad sign—I shall watch her—closer," muttered Dolor between his closed teeth. And when the professor went home that day, his keen, pallid face was frightful to look upon. And many were the comments made by the dispersing congregation.

From that Sunday to the following Wednesday not one word was spoken of Ernest Brent or his lecture. But on Wednesday morning Dr. Dolor astonished her beyond measure by speaking in a calm, kind tone, and saying:

"Elva, you have been too much confined to the house lately. You must go out more. Mr. Brent lectures this evening. Perhaps you would like to hear him. The professor's eyes sought the ground as he continued. "I myself have an engagement at Lewes this afternoon, which will detain me all night, and therefore shall not be able to escort you; but Mrs. Rock, who is going, will doubtless take you under her charge. Would you like to go?"

"I had already intended to go," replied Elva. The professor nodded and left the room.

Immediately after dinner, Dr. Dolor ordered his horse, saying that he was going to Lewes, and should not be back till the next day.

And after an early tea, Mrs. Rock and Elva set out in the carriage for Beach Cottage, where they stopped a moment to pick up Clemence, and then driving on they reached the lecture-room in full time.

It was quite crowded; but through the politeness of one of the professors, the three ladies were seated upon the front bench that had been reserved for the clergy. The young lecturer was just about to commence. He completely magnetized his audience and his eyes were irresistibly fascinated to the bench where sat Mrs. Rock, Clemence and Elva. As for the latter, she found the discourse so uninteresting that it was with difficulty she could refrain from yawning.

ing in the face of the orator. Mrs. Rock was also, perhaps, but half interested, for her eyes would wander to the side window on her right hand.

At length she stooped and whispered to Elva: "Child, be cautious; Dr. Dolor is on the ground—I have seen his face rise up to that lower pane of glass at the corner of that window several times."

Elva gave a little start of surprise. She nodded her head quickly—muttering:

"Oh, aunt, he shan't be in my debt much longer. Don't look towards the window again! I have a counter-plot."

When the lecture had finished, Elva, instead of rising, showed a disposition to retain her seat.

"Come, my dear, I am going," said Mrs. Rock. "Yes," said Elva, rising.

Upon reaching the outside, they found old Bates, with the carriage drawn up to receive them. Elva looked all around to see if she could discover Ernest Brent and not seeing him anywhere, she persuaded herself that he must have hastened home. But she saw Dr. Dolor, and at the same time could but notice the strong resemblance in form and manner that he bore to Ernest.

Dr. Dolor approached her. Then the evil spirit entered Elva, and tempted her to slip her arm through his arm, and whisper:

"Ernest! Come! Jump in the carriage and go home with us. We shall have such a nice time! Old Dolor has gone to Lewes and won't be home till tomorrow."

"Has he? By all the demons, you shall answer for it fearfully!" said the professor, as he closed his arm upon Elva's arm, and dragged her towards the carriage.

"Oh! well, I don't care! It is not the first mistake I ever made about you! I mistook you once before for a man!" said Elva, defiantly.

He thrust her into the carriage already occupied by Mrs. Rock and Clemence and took the seat by her side.

"Why, I thought you set out for Lewes this afternoon, Dr. Dolor!" said Mrs. Rock, coldly.

"You may have jumped to other conclusions equally false and dangerous, madam!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, madam, that in conniving at the perfidy of this unprincipled girl, your niece, you imagined that you were safe. It was an error. You are both discovered!" said the professor, doggedly.

"Dr. Dolor, if you dare to say or hint such impertinence to me again you shall leave your seat much more quickly than you took it," said Mrs. Rock.

"We shall see, madam," said the professor, and he lapsed into sullenness for the remainder of the drive.

When the party reached Elmslea, they found Captain Rock not only up and waiting, but in the overflowing of his joy, had ordered a hot supper, which was now all ready to be served smoking hot to the chilled and hunger carriage-riders.

"I wonder what's out now?" said Elva. "Some awful calamity has overtaken some of Uncle Harry's enemies. Nothing on earth but that ever puts him into such a jolly humor."

During the supper, Dr. Dolor sat up stiff and solemn. When they rose from the table, Dr. Dolor demanded a private interview with the captain.

"Not tonight, D'rius. I know by your looks what it is! It is some new devilry of Elva's. That can wait. I'm as sleepy as a whole cargo of opium! I will not stop to talk now to my grandfather if he were to rise from the dead and visit me!"

And the professor had to be content with that, for almost immediately the family separated for the night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The next day Clemence arose with the prospect of spending the day with Elva. When she descended to the breakfast-parlor, what was her surprise to find Ernest Brent. He stood upon the hearth, with his back to the fire, his gun leaned against the corner of the mantelpiece, and his game-bag dropped at his feet.

"I am very glad to see you this morning, for I have something to say to you."

"If it is anything relating to our old subject of dispute—Miss Howard—let me warn you that I will hear nothing about it."

"Ernest, you do not, perhaps, know that it is commonly reported that you and Miss Howard are engaged to be married?"

"And you give a ready ear and ready belief to such injurious slanders?"

Clemence paused.

"It is not of myself that I wish to speak, but of her. I know how a woman may love you; and that may be death or madness to Ethelind which is only whim and amusement to you. You must go no further with this trifling; you must promise me to see her no more!"

"And if I do?"

"By Heaven, then—"

His words were suddenly cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Rock. Taking up his bag of game, he went to meet her saying, with a gay laugh:

"Good morning, Mrs. Rock. I have been shooting in the woods of Elmslea, and I could not leave the premises without offering this tribute to their honored mistress."

And Ernest gaily laid the trophy at her feet.

Clemence left the room, and Mrs. Rock turning to Ernest, said:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you, for I have something very particular to say which you must hear without taking offense at your old aunt."

He bowed, and placed a chair for Mrs. Rock.

"I shall speak very plainly, Ernest."

"As plainly as you please," said Ernest. "I am growing accustomed to have ladies speak very plainly to me."

"You must not show any civility to Elva. I warn you that if you do, you will cause some frightful misfortune that you will have to repent all the days of your life, if it be not fatal first of all to yourself. Dolor is mad with jealousy, you must see Elva no more!"

With a light laugh, he looked up to Mrs. Rock, and said:

"My dear madam do not take me for a man who would willingly disturb the peace or honor of a family?"

Ernest's words were suddenly arrested by the entrance of the captain who said:

"Oh, sir—you here—I am very glad of it. There is a little matter to be discussed between you and me. Madam, leave us—vanish—evaporate!"

Mrs. Rock was well pleased to do so; and as she closed the door, the captain turned to Ernest, and said, a small craft is soon rigged, and a short speech soon made. In two words, how dare you sir, make love to Elva?"

"My dear uncle—"

"By George, sir, don't 'uncle' me. I ask you how you dared to make love to my niece?"

"Sir, you mistake she made love to me."

"I shall take very good care, sir, to have Sir Henry Howard informed what sort of a gentleman it is who is paying his addresses to his daughter."

"Miss Howard will be likely to form a high opinion of me before the week is out," said Ernest, laughing.

"You—you—graceless villain you," cried

the captain, in a rage, "to think that I had such confidence in you, sir, and should have continued to do so, but for last night's affair."

"Last night's affair! I protest, sir, I do not in the least understand you!"

Ernest's face was now the picture of astonishment and perplexity.

"And now, sir, I suppose you understand what is to follow. Do you see that door? It leads straight into the hall, which leads directly through the front portal out into the lawn, and on to the highway—that is your road, sir. Good morning."

Ernest nodded—smiled slightly, drew his tablet from his pocket, tore a leaf out, took his pencil, laid the paper upon the corner of the mantelpiece, wrote a few lines, folded the note, and concealed it in his hand as the door opened, and admitted Mrs. Rock, Clemence, and Elva.

Then he picked up his shooting-cap, bowed to Elva, shook hands with Mrs. Rock, and pressing Clemence's palm, left within it the note that he had written, took up his game-bag and gun, and departed.

"The inconceivable idiots!" said Ernest as he strode on through the park of Elmslea, "to fancy that anyone with eyes, heart, and brain, could possibly fall in love with the 'Will-o'-wisp' Elva, when he sees Clemence. Clemence, for whose possession I am now about to risk everything, even her own esteem. Yet she will forgive me; I will earn her forgiveness by such devoted love."

He hurried on until he reached an outer gate, through which old Bates was driving a cart loaded with wood. As if to disencumber himself, he threw his game-bag and valuable fowling-piece to the old man, saying:

"There, Bates; there's a present for you," and without waiting to hear his thanks, hurried on, nor drew rein until he reached a little tavern on the waterside.

Hurrying in, he demanded to be shown into a private room.

And an instant after the door was opened, and a short, stout, dark man, in a weather-proof jacket, duck trousers, cow-hide shoes, and tarpaulin hat, entered.

"Well, Hawk, I've been waiting for you here more than an hour," said Ernest, impatiently.

"Aye, aye, sir—all right. I've been cruising round, reconnoitering the enemy's coast," replied the man.

"You are sure you know the spot?"

"Aye aye, sir—the sands just below Beach Cottage."

"And south of the Deep Dell."

"Aye aye, sir! I know the port—that ain't the head wind," said Ben Hawk, pushing up the side of his hat, and scratching his head with a look of doubt and hesitation.

"What is it, then, you blockhead?" asked Ernest, impatiently. "Is your hire insufficient?"

"N-n-n—yes—I dunno! You see, cap'n, if I wer' sartain, as that 'ere little craft you want carried off wer' yourn—"

"Hush! don't talk so loud. You're not at sea in a gale, you fool! Speak quickly and speak lower."

"I wer' gwine to say, if so be I wer' sure you wer' the cap'n of her, why then it would be plain sailing, with no fog around, and no breakers ahead."

"Well! I am, you fool. She is mine—my wife."

"Well but, yer honor," said the speaker, still hesitating, "if so be that's the case, why don't she strike her colors to her rightful owner? Why don't you take command in open daylight, with th' edrums beating, and the flags a-flying? What must you board her like a pirate in this way for? I've been a thinkin' on it, and I think it's dangerous steering along this coast."

You see it's all in a fog; I can't make out the land nowhere, and I'm afraid I shall be on the rocks afore I knows it. No offence to you, y'honor!"

"Oh, none in the world! No skillful pilot will risk his vessel in a fog. But I have a certain golden tessell of magic powers. It enables you to see clearly through the thickest mist, the darkest night that ever fell. I will give it to you. In other words, I promised you one hundred pounds for this job. Come, accomplish it tonight, and you shall have a thousand. Is the mist lifting?"

"I think it is, y'honor! I begin to see land."

Leaving the two conspirators to improve and perfect their plot, we must return to the breakfast-parlor at Elmslea.

The family were assembled around the table. Dr. Dolor's dark, somber, and lowering looks banished cheerfulness from the board.

Clemence had no opportunity of reading her note. As soon as breakfast was over, amid the bustle of rising from the table, she withdrew to a window and glanced over the lines.

"My own dearest one, forgive my haste this morning. I regret the necessity of leaving so abruptly. I earnestly implore you to see me once more—upon the sands, near Beach Head, this evening at dusk. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

She hastily crumpled the note, and thrust it into her pocket, just as Elva looked over her shoulder.

"You're going to stay all day with me, Clemence?"

"Yes,—that is, till after dinner. Then I shall have to beg of Mrs. Rock the use of the carriage to go home."

"Well, then I will ride with you, Clemence, and return in the carriage."

All the company with the exception of Mrs. Rock, Clemence and Elva, had left the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Rock was locking her china closet, and when she had done she took her bunch of keys, and turning to Clemence, said:

"Hebe, dear, I want you to go with me and see poor old Smith. I want you to talk to her."

Clemence followed, drawing out her pocket-handkerchief, and as she did so, the note, unperceived by her, fluttered out and fell upon the carpet.

Elva impulsively darted upon it, picked it up, opened and read it. As she read, her eyes began to twinkle.

"I must, oh! I must plague Dolor a little with this! Forgive me, Clemence, but for the life and soul of me, I can't help keeping this to plague Dolor! Let's see! What shall I do! Why, can't I pretend to lose it? Just as Clemence lost it, and drop it where he'll find it? I have it! Eureka!" as she passed on to the drawing-room to "hide her time."

That soon came.

She found the doctor and the captain standing in earnest conversation. As she took her seat, the captain said:

"Very well—I'll attend to it, D'rius," and clasped his hat upon his head, and went out, while the doctor dropped himself into a chair, and took up a book.

"Oh stop, I want to speak to you a minute, uncle," cried Elva, flying after him, and as she flew, pulling out her handkerchief and letting the note drop upon the floor.

A swift, sly, backward glance showed her that the jealous Dolor had fallen into the trap laid for him, pouncing upon the note like a panther on its prey.

"What are you running after me for?" burst forth the old man as Elva overtook him.

"Why, uncle, I want to know if you'll please to give orders in the stable to have the carriage wheels washed." Clemence and I want to use it this afternoon."

"Go to the deuce! Is that my business?"

Elva laughed, and went back into the drawing-room to see the state of Dolor.

To Elva's surprise she found the note lying upon the same spot where she had dropped it. I wonder what he means to do! Stop! here comes Clemence from the lodge! I shouldn't wonder if she has missed her note, and hurried back in search of it! Come! I'll take a hint from Dolor and drop it where I found it, and say nothing!"

She hurried away just in time to allow Clemence to enter, glance around, and pick up her lost treasure.

The forenoon passed heavily at Elmslea. When the dinner-hour approached, and the family collected in the dining-room, Dr. Dolor was missing.

Elva was quivering between fun and fear—fear, that hung over her like a cloud.

After dinner Clemence asked for the carriage, and Mrs. Rock gave orders that it should be brought round for her use. Elva prepared to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

state, as an adjunct to discreet conversation, is beyond all dispute.

"Ought I to say good night?" asked John with a smile, as he seated himself on the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Carling.

"I don't see any reason," she replied. "It isn't late. Julius is in one of his periods of retiring early just now. By and by he will be sure to take up the idea again that his best sleep is after midnight. At present he is on the theory that it is before twelve o'clock."

"How has he been since your return?" John asked.

"Better in some ways, I think," she replied. "He seems to enjoy the home life in contrast with the traveling about and living in hotels; and then, in a moderate way, he is obliged to give some attention to business matters, and to come in contact with men and affairs generally."

"And you?" said John. "You find it pleasant to be back?"

"Yes," she said. "I do. As my sister said, we are quiet people. She goes out so little that it is almost not at all, and when I go it has nearly always to be with someone else. And then, you know that while Alice and I are originally New Yorkers, we have only been back here for two or three years. Most of the people, really, to whose houses we go are those who knew my father."

"But," she added, "it is a comfort not to be carrying about a traveling bag in one hand and a weight of responsibility in the other."

"I should think," said John, laughing, "that your maid might have taken the bag, even if she couldn't carry your responsibilities."

"No," she said, joining in his laugh, "that particular bag was too precious, and Eliza was one of my most serious responsibilities. She had to be looked after like the luggage, and I used to wish at times that she could be labeled and go in the van."

"How has it been with you since your return?" and, as she separated a needleful of silk from what seemed an inextricable tangle, "if I may ask, what have you been doing?"

"Perfectly," said John. "I think I remember every word said on both sides, and I have thought very often of some things you said to me. In fact, they had more influence upon my mind than you imagined."

She turned her work so that the light would fall a little more directly upon it.



"FOR A LONG TIME LATELY HE HARDLY SEEMS TO NOTICE ME."—SEE PAGE 6.

"Really?" she asked. "In what way?"

"You put in a drop or two that crystallized the whole solution," he answered. She looked up at him inquiringly.

"Yes," he said. "I always knew that I should have to stop drifting some time, but there never seemed to be any particular time. Some things you said to me set the time. I am under 'full steam a-head' at present. Behold in me," he exclaimed, touching his breast, "the future chief of the Supreme Court of the United States, of whom you shall say some time in the next brief interval of forty years or so, 'I knew him as a young man, and one for whom no one would have predicted such eminence' and perhaps you will add, 'It was I, ely owing to me.'"

She looked at him with an expression in which amusement and curiosity were blended.

"I congratulate you," she said, laughing, "upon the career in which it appears I had the honor to start you. Am I being told that you have taken up the law?"

"Not quite the whole of it as yet," he said; "but when I am not doing errands for the office I am to some extent taken up with it," and then he told her of his talk with his father and what had followed. She overcame a refractory kink in her silk before speaking.

"It takes a long time, doesn't it, and do you like it?" she asked.

"Well," said John, laughing a little, "a weaker word than 'fascinating' would describe the pursuit, but I hope with diligence to reach some of the interesting features in the course of ten or twelve years."

"It is delightful," she remarked, scrutinizing the pattern of her work, "to encounter such enthusiasm."

"Isn't it?" said John, not in the least wounded by her sarcasm.

"Very much so," she replied, "but I have always understood that it is a mistake to be too sanguine."

"Perhaps I'd better make it fifteen years, then," he said, laughing. "I should have a choice of professions by that time at any rate. You know the proverb that 'At forty every man is either a fool or a physician.' She looked at him with a smile. "Yes," he said, "I realized the alternative." She laughed a little, but did not reply.

"Seriously," he continued, "I know that in everything worth accomplishing there is a lot of drudgery to be gone through with at the first, and perhaps it seems the more irksome to me because I have been so long idly my own master. However," he added, "I shall get down to it, or up to it, after a while, I dare say. That is my intention, at any rate."

"I don't think I have ever wished that I were a man," she said after a moment, "but I often find myself envying a man's opportunities."

"Do not women have opportunities, too?" he said. "Certainly they have greatly to do with the determination of affairs."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it is the usual answer that woman's part is to influence somebody. As for her own life, it is largely made for her. She has, for the most part, to take what comes to her by the will of others."

"And yet," said John, "I fancy that there has seldom been a great career in which some

woman's help or influence was not a factor."

"Even granting that," she replied, "the career was the man's, after all, and the fame and visible reward. A man will sometimes say, 'I owe all my success to my wife, or my mother, or sister,' but he never really believes it, nor, in fact, does anyone else. It is his success, after all, and the influence of the woman is but a circumstance, real and powerful though it may be. I am not sure," she added, "that woman's influence, so-called, isn't rather an overrated thing. Women like to feel that they have it, and men, in matters which they hold lightly, flatter them by yielding, but I am doubtful if a man ever arrives at or abandons a settled course or conviction through the influence of a woman, however exerted."

"I think you are wrong," said John, "and I feel sure of so much as this: that a man might often be or do for a woman's sake that which he would not for his sake or his own."

"There is quite another thing," she said. "There is in it no question of influence; it is one of impulse and motive."

"I have told you tonight," said John, "that what you said to me had influenced me greatly."

"Pardon me," she replied, "you employed a figure which exactly defined your condition. You said I supplied the drop which caused the solution to crystallize—that is, to elaborate your illustration, that it was already at the point of saturation with your own convictions and intentions."

"I said also," he urged, "that you had set the time for me. Is the idea unpleasant to you?" he asked after a moment, while he watched her face. She did not at once reply, but presently she turned to him with slightly heightened color and said, ignoring his question:

"Would you rather think that you had done what you thought right because you so thought, or because someone else wished to have you? Or, I should say, would you rather think that the right suggestion was another's than your own?"

He laughed a little, and said evasively: "You ought to be a lawyer, Miss Blake. I should hate to have you cross-examine me unless I were very sure of my evidence."

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders in reply as she turned and resumed her embroidery. They talked for a while longer, but of other things, the discussion of woman's influence having been dropped by mutual consent.

After John's departure she suspended operations on the dolly, and sat for a while gazing reflectively into the fire.

She was a person as frank with herself as with others, and with a little vanity as was compatible with being human, which is to say that, though she was not without it, it was of the sort which could be gratified but not flattered—in fact, the sort which flattery wounds rather than pleases.

But despite her apparent skepticism she had not been displeased by John's assertion that she had influenced him in his course. She had expressed herself truly, believing that he would have done as he had without her intervention; but she thought that he was sincere, and it was pleasant to her to have him think as he did.

Considering the surroundings and conditions under which she had lived, she had had her share of the acquaintance and attentions of agreeable men, but none of them had ever got with her beyond the stage of mere friendliness. There had never been one whose coming she had particularly looked forward to, or whose going she had deplored. She had thought of marriage as something she might come to, but she had promised herself that it should be on such conditions as were, she was aware, quite improbable of ever being fulfilled. She would not care for a man because he was clever and distinguished, but she felt that he must be those things, and have, besides those qualities of character and person which should attract her. She had known a good many men who were clever and to some extent distinguished, but none who had attracted her personally. John Lenox did not strike her as being particularly clever, and he certainly was not distinguished, nor, she thought, ever very likely to be; but she had felt a pleasure in being with him which she had never experienced in the society of any other man, and underneath some boyish ways she divined a strength and steadfastness which could be relied upon at need. And she admitted to herself that during the ten days since her return, though she had unsparingly snubbed her sister's wonderings why he did not call, she had speculated a good deal upon the subject herself, with a sort of resentful feeling against both herself and him that she should care.

Her face flushed as she recalled the momentary pressure of his hand upon hers on that last night on deck. She rang for the servant, and went up to her room.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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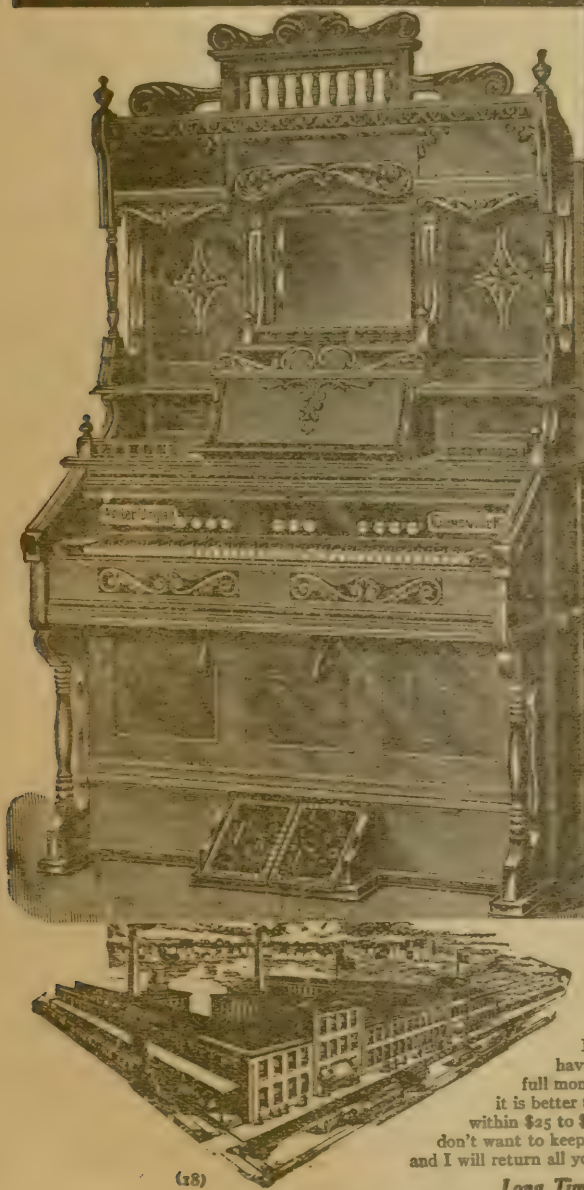
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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

carefully reared and educated; there had, apparently, been no distinction made between him and Edmund and people naturally expected that some handsome provision had been made for him. On the return of the family from the costly tomb in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Mr. Fairbanks, a firm friend of Mr. Carpenter, and one who had occasionally transacted important business for him, asked Edmund if he supposed his father had made a will.

"He may have done so, Mr. Fairbanks," replied the young man, with apparent candor. "You know he has always been very fond of Walter, and he may have wished to secure something to him, which, of course, could only be done in that way. Suppose you assist me in looking over my father's papers and see how matters stand."

Mr. Fairbanks was agreeable to this proposition and a thorough investigation was made; but no will was found, although that intricate old desk was ransacked from end to end.

The gentleman expressed himself greatly surprised at this result, for he said that he had heard Mr. Carpenter repeatedly remark that he intended to provide liberally for Walter's future. "I presume my father felt he could safely leave that matter to me," Edmund remarked, with some dignity. "Of course," he added, "it would have simplified things somewhat, if we could have known just what his wishes were; but since we cannot, we shall have to do the next best way," and there the subject rested.

But Mrs. Coxon, the faithful old housekeeper, who had served many years in the family, and who had been almost like a mother to the two young men, could not be reconciled to the fact.

After her first expressions of surprise and dismay, she had looked very wise, and remarked with some asperity, that, "It was very strange, for she had been requested by her master, more than two years before, to sign a document—whether it was a will, mortgage or what all, she couldn't say; but she believed on her honor that it was a will. Mr. Simons, Mr. Carpenter's most intimate friend, had signed it also."

This was a revelation to Edmund Carpenter; but he took it very calmly, for Mr. Simons had been abroad for nearly a year and was likely to remain as much longer.

In the event of his return, since no will could be found, his interests could not be seriously affected, as it would be natural to infer, that, if his father had ever drawn up such a document, he must afterward have destroyed it.

To Walter, however, this state of things seemed inexplicable.

He had confidently believed that his Uncle Ralph, as he had been taught to call him, had made a will; for he had distinctly told him, only a few hours before he died, that "he had made ample provision for him; that there would be abundant means to enable him to do anything he liked."

But now he was dependent entirely upon Edmund's generosity, and the feeling of dependence was very galling to him. He knew that Edmund had never regarded him with favor; there had been a hundred ways by which he had betrayed it when not in the presence of his father, and his life, now that his best friend was gone, was lonely and sad indeed.

He was left very much to himself, to go or come as he pleased. Edmund seldom addressed him or noticed him in any way. At meal times his presence at the table was ignored, except when good Mrs. Coxon would try to make things a little more cheerful and pleasant, by seeking to draw him into conversation, when upon Edmund would immediately subside into dignified silence; and, as the days went on and the time for his return to college drew near, there were many ways by which Walter was made to feel like an alien and an intruder in the house.

His liberal allowance, with which Mr. Carpenter had supplied him from month to month, had given out; nothing had been said about replenishing his wardrobe for the coming fall; no mention

had ever been made of his return to Yale.

At length he made up his mind that he could endure this state of things no longer, and he resolved to have an interview with Edmund, and come to some distinct understanding regarding his future.

Accordingly, one morning, he boldly knocked upon the library door, after having seen Edmund enter the room.

"Come in," was the response from within. Walter entered and was quick to notice the frown that settled over the young man's face at his appearance.

"Do I interrupt you?" he asked, in his frank, straightforward way.

"No; if you have anything you wish to say to me, I am at your service. There's a chair; sit down."

Walter seated himself, but with the feeling that he was a very unwelcome guest.

He had resolved, however, to have his future relations with the master of Forestvale settled without delay, and he came to the point at once.

"I have come to ask you, Edmund," he said, "if the plans which Uncle Ralph laid out for me, regarding my future, meet with your approbation?"

"What were they?" was the brief, cold query of his companion.

"That I should complete my college course, and after that study to be an architect."

"Indeed! I should think the best preparation for that profession would be to learn the carpenter's trade," observed Mr. Carpenter, sarcastically.

"I suppose I could learn to design buildings without going into rough work like that," responded Walter, but with a flush of anger at his companion's tone.

"So you intend to complete your college course?" Edmund asked, ignoring his reply.

"It was Uncle Ralph's wish that I should do so."

"At that rate it will cost something to prepare you for the real business of life."

"Yes; but if you object to my going back to Yale, I will give up my course and begin the study of my profession at once," Walter returned, trying to speak calmly, for he felt it would be a great trial to give up his education.

"How do you intend to study for your profession?"

"I had not planned for that as yet. I suppose I could enter the office of some experienced man, and prepare myself under him."

"Yes; but you would have to be supported meanwhile. You could not earn much for the first year or two."

"No."

"How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty in a couple of weeks," Walter replied, but feeling very sure that Edmund Carpenter knew his exact age as well as he did.

"Twenty! It seems to me you are old enough to be earning something for your own support."

"I wish I were prepared to do so, Edmund," Walter answered, a vivid crimson shooting over his white forehead; "but Uncle Ralph distinctly said, during the last conversation I had with him, that it was his wish that I complete my course, and after that I might feel free to choose any profession I preferred."

"Indeed! It is a pity, then, that he did not provide for you to do so."

Walter opened his lips, as if to reply to this sarcastic retort, but checked himself.

He had been on the point of repeating what Mr. Carpenter had said to him about having provided handsomely for him; but a second thought told him that it would be unwise to say

anything to arouse Edmund's anger, so he made no reply at all.

"I think," the young heir resumed, after an awkward pause, "that it is high time that you were doing something to support yourself. You have received a good education—far better than the majority of boys in your position receive—and you ought now to be able to go into some business without further preparation. Are you a good accountant?"

"I believe I stand fairly in mathematics," Walter responded, modestly, though he was almost first in his class.

"Then I will make you a proposition," Edmund Carpenter returned, a hard, determined look settling over his face. "Since no provision appears to have been made for you by my father, you will doubtless feel the necessity of beginning to depend upon yourself. I wish to give you a fair start in life because of the interest which he manifested in you; therefore I will arrange for you to go into our office as assistant bookkeeper, giving me nine dollars a week and your board for the first year, with a promotion in view if you do well at your post."

Walter's heart sank heavily at this proposition.

Was he doomed to give up all thoughts of completing his education, and to go into a close, dark office where he must sit, day in and day out, cramped over a desk and endless lines of figures?

Must all his bright hopes of becoming an architect and attaining eminence in the profession, be blighted in this sudden and cruel manner?

The thought was utterly obnoxious to him. "If," continued Edmund, relentlessly, "you are still anxious to begin your architectural studies at once, there are evening schools where drawing is taught in all its branches, and where in time you may, with application, be able to attain your desire and become an architect."

Walter's spirit arose at this supreme irony and heartless speech.

He knew that Edmund Carpenter must have inherited nearly, if not quite, a million dollars from his father; he knew, too, that a portion of this money should have been his by virtue of the love that the dead man had borne him; and it was more than he could tamely bear to be told that he must enter an office for the paltry sum of nine dollars a week, which was less than his usual allowance for spending money had been; and, more than this, that he must study nights, after the labors of the day, if he still entertained any ambition to become an architect.

He looked up into the dark, sinister face opposite him, and said, resolutely:

"Edmund Carpenter, Uncle Ralph told me, only the evening before he died, that he had made ample provision for me, and that there would be abundant means for me to study for whatever I liked after I should complete my college course."

I am very sure he would not have been pleased with any such arrangement as you have proposed to me."

Edmund Carpenter knew well enough that all this was true, but it angered him to discover that Walter had been told so much, and to discover that he suspected the existence of a will.

An angry red suffused his face; his eyes flashed ominously, and his lips curled with an ugly smile.

"Really," he sneered, "you appear to attach considerable significance to the wanderings of a feeble mind in its last hours. If my father made such ample provision for you, there ought to be something to show it."

Involuntarily Walter's eyes wandered toward Mr. Carpenter's desk, which stood near him.

"Yes, there ought," he admitted, absently. The young man opposite turned fiercely upon him.

"Perhaps you imagine that Mr. Fairbanks and I have acted dishonorably and suppressed im-

portant documents belonging to you. Here are the keys to my father's desk. You can examine his papers for yourself if you doubt our integrity."

Walter turned his frank, clear gaze upon his companion.

"I have no right to doubt you or Mr. Fairbanks, and I have no wish to examine your father's papers," he said; "but I am very sure that Uncle Ralph intended and wished me to complete my course. I frankly confess that I do not like the idea of going into the counting-room even for a time; it would put me back so that years would elapse before I could go into business for myself."

"Of course; but then you must remember that circumstances alter cases."

"Edmund," Walter suddenly said, ignoring this last sarcasm, "why will you not advance me money sufficient to enable me to commence as an architect? I will give up the two remaining years of my collegiate course cheerfully—you have abundance, and could easily do it, while I will repay every dollar of it as soon as I can earn it."

"I have made you an offer, Walter; if you do not choose to accept it, I wash my hands of you entirely," was the cold reply. "I feel that you have had a great deal done for you already—more than any boy, situated as you were, had any right to expect. My father was quixotic in some of his notions, but, of course, if he chose to indulge in sentiment on your account, he could afford to do it, and it was no affair of mine, although I must confess I have always considered it a mark of disrespect toward my mother that he should have confessed to a weakness for another woman and installed her son here on an equal footing with his own. But now matters are upon an entirely different basis; I have no money to throw away upon uncertainties and I have no proof that you would ever be able to make an efficient architect, even if you study for that purpose. If you choose to accept my offer, well and good, if not, you must henceforth select your own path and walk unaided in it."

With which unforgiving speech, Edmund Carpenter arose and abruptly left the room, thus putting an end to the conference.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Pain of Parting

BY CHARLES NORR DOUGLAS.

He bade his love a fond good night, and kissed her lips once more.

As loath to part they lingered in the hall beside the door.

Her beautiful face upturned to his, he gazed in eyes divine.

"Good night, beloved," he murmured—the parlor clock struck nine.

Swift glided by a blissful hour, but seconds brief it seemed.

Still by the hall door stood the pair, still in their fond eyes gleamed.

The deathless fires of love untold beyond their mortal ken.

Again he kissed his love good night—the parlor clock struck ten.

Another hour meandered by; far, far into the night. The lovers lingered by the door, oblivious of Time's flight.

Their happy swift thoughts in union that made each divine.

Again the blessed hour bade good night—the parlor clock struck eleven.

Time, time was made for slaves and not for those afire with love.

Still spooned the pair behind the door, while Father up above,

In mystic regions 'neath the bed began to root and delve.

Again the lovers kissed good night—the parlor clock struck twelve.

Midnight had come and gone, and still the lovers by the door,

Exchanged eternal vows with e'en more fervor than before.

But hark ye, sweetest, hark ye from their lips, the dark—

The parlor clock had just struck one, while Pop's shoe struck the other.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

devil of anger will be cast into outer darkness. You ask me what makes girls blush. I am sorry to say that a good many girls today are forgetting how to blush, at least they are in the cities. A girl who can blush need not be ashamed of blushing but on the contrary she should be proud she is able to do so. Heaven knows there are enough things in this world to make people blush. Every time I think of that bunch of pin heads we maintain in Washington, I blush, and Elsie if you could see my bald head you, too, would blush. Keep on blushing, dear, it does not matter what makes your cheeks red, as long as the redness does not come from anger and passion. I have given my opinion so many times on dancing that it is hardly worth while to repeat it now.

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my button and membership card, sometime ago, but as I have never seen my letter in print, I thought I would try again. I am a girl thirteen years old. I have dark eyes, dark hair, and a dark complexion. I am four feet five inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty-four pounds. I live on the end of Waccaman neck, ten miles from Georgetown, and five miles from the Georgetown lighthouse. We live on a lonesome place, only one family within five miles of us. I have been to school five terms in all. Say, Uncle Charlie, I truly love Comfort, and I just think your answers to the cousins' letters are grand. Oh I have an important question to ask you, Uncle. A friend of mine said: "A girl should marry from ten to fourteen." Do you think that's right, Uncle? I said: "A girl should not marry until she is twenty-one years old." Then he declared he wouldn't marry one ever eighteen for anything. I want your advice, Uncle, so don't let Billie the Goat get my letter. I know your advice will be wise. I will close for I am anxious for your answer. With love to you and the cousins, Your loving niece, GENEVA J. CAINES. (27,209.)

Glad to hear from you, Geneva. I notice you live on the end of Waccaman Neck. I would not care to live on anybody's neck. When I lived in a boarding house some years ago, and got six years in arrears with my board, I had to live on chickens' necks. It is always customary in a New York boarding house when a man does not pay his board, and chicken is on the bill of fare, to give him the neck, and you bet I got the neck. It must be terrible having only one family within five miles of you. Fancy having to go five miles before having anybody to quarrel with. I am glad you love Comfort.

When anyone can get all the comfort they want in this world for twenty-five cents for fifteen months, they must be very foolish to go without it. Life without Comfort is not worth living. Now Geneva I have reached the most exciting part of your letter. You ask me if it is right for a girl to marry from ten to fourteen? It seems incredible to me that any girl should find it necessary to ask such a question. You ought to know that if a girl marries one that is all the law permits. For a girl to think of marrying from ten to fourteen and marrying them at once is detestable and unthinkable. You can give my compliments to that friend of yours, and tell him that for him to suggest that a girl should marry from ten to fourteen, stamps him as a degenerate and a polyandrist of the most vicious type. Polyandry is practiced in Tibet, where ladies often have a dozen husbands, but it will never be practiced in South Carolina, if your Uncle Charlie and Billy the Goat know anything about it. That friend of yours is a naughty boy, Geneva, and I am glad you do not share his despicable views. One girl is all a man ought to marry, at least at one time, and he should take care in selecting the girl so that he will want to stick to her for the rest of his natural life. Twenty-one is quite young enough for a girl to marry, and if she waits until she is twenty-five it will not do her any harm. Marriage brings more care, hardship and suffering to a woman than to a man, and I like to see a girl get some pleasure out of life before she is tied down to household cares and the family cares that follow. I am one of those who believe that women are entitled to have just as good a time in this world as men. Another thing a woman of twenty-five is liable to use her brain as well as her heart in selecting a life partner, and brain and heart should go hand in hand in a tremendously important matter of this kind. As a rule only the heart is consulted, and as love is blind, Mr. Wrong is too often mistaken for Mr. Right, and a life of misery follows. Anyway, Geneva, I think you have excellent sense for a young lady of thirteen. Meantime if that individual comes around and begins explaining his theory of child marriage, you tell him that that is not subject he should discuss with a child of thirteen, and also tell him if he discusses it again, that you will get your father and brothers to give him a nice thick coat of tar, plentifully sprinkled with feathers.

BRUSH VALLEY, PA.

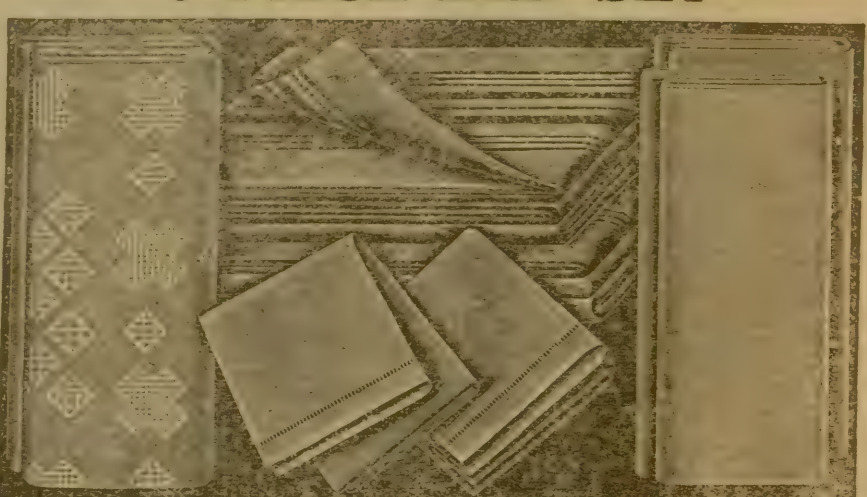
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wrote to you about two years ago, and last Oct. I began a letter, but was taken dangerously ill, and did not again try but in Nov. Rev. T. F. Chilcote and my doctor wrote me a letter to send to you with one I intended to write. I had a notion not to bother you for my shut-ins are so many and I thought perhaps the cousins would not care to have another added to the burden, but our dear Cousin John Bauer, Hilbert, W., wrote me and advised me to write you and said he had written to you and told you of me and that you wrote him if the legless girl (me) would write you you'd try to help me. I have been totally deaf since 1893, and when sixteen I had to have both my feet amputated to save my life and I never was able to use artificial limbs. Have worn out two wheel chairs, and have a third nearly worn out, but I guess I never will wear out another. Indigestion and heart trouble have been added to my afflictions and the past year has been one of much suffering, and now scrofula has gone all through me and settled in my left side. They had to hold me in bed in October, 1909. I just screamed with pain, but after Christmas began to get better and was able to get out a few times, but have been worse again and I fear I will never get well. Oh, Uncle, heart disease is a terrible thing. I get so weary and tired of it all, and yet I know that God knows best, and will never let me suffer more than I can endure, and I have so very much to be thankful for. We are not here to waste our life, and I always believe life is largely what we make it. I have tried to educate myself, but Uncle I have not succeeded very well. My deafness was such a drawback and sickness, too, but I can enjoy reading and writing, and my books are my best friends. I should like to hear from the cousins and receive any little token they wish to send, and would like a dime shower. I cannot promise to answer all letters and none at all unless stamps are enclosed.

I must close, am nervous, so good by dear Uncle, and may God spare you a long while and bless your work for us shut-ins.

M. EDITH MYERS.

Poor Edith, hers indeed has been a sad life. No one will ever know what she has suffered, and she has borne her cross uncomplainingly. You can all learn a lesson from her patience and fortitude. Hers has been a beautiful and exemplary life. When you get grouchy, discontented and complain about your lot, think of this poor soul, deaf, legless, gasping for breath from a heart of trouble, and her blood poisoned with scrofula. A great deal of sickness and suffering in this world is entirely unnecessary, the world could and should be full of healthy people, and will be within another century. Every child born into this world should at least have the right to be born healthy. There are people who marry that we know positively will, if they have offspring, bring children into the world whose lives cannot be other than long periods of terrible suffering. I would like to go into this question at length, but scarcely feel at liberty to do so. It is a subject, however, on which I feel strongly. God is blamed for suffering and sickness for which we are entirely responsible. We say His will be done when His will has had nothing to do with it, and all the trouble has been brought about by our own ignorance and cursedness. If we disobey Nature's laws, we sow the seed of evil and reap the whirlwind of disease.

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Then foolish people blame God, blame the God who loves us and only wants us to be well and do well. There are some diseases that seem to walk out of the darkness and cut us down without a word of warning. Here perhaps we may question and ask for light and help. But most of the sickness in this world we bring upon ourselves. If the workers of the world had decent wages, fair hours of labor, good nourishment, sanitary dwellings, soon consumption would disappear. Then we shouldn't have to blame God for the lives that are now lost through tuberculosis, which is largely the result of man's inhumanity to man. But all this is in the future, and Edith Myers needs our love, sympathy and help in the present. Send all the sunshine you can into this poor girl's suffering life. For the benefit of the doubting brothers and suspicious sisters, I print the following: Miss Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa. is an invalid, deserving of all proper Christian help and care. She is without feet and hearing, almost continually confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed. (Signed) T. F. Chilcote, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, Brush Valley, Pa. William Jones, M. D.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster, physician or minister must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals without written references will be destroyed.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Development Exercises for Arms, Neck, Hips and Calves

No sane woman likes to own a throat that is nothing but skin and bones. Knowing this, I wonder why you haven't tried plumping your scrawny necks by means of physical culture exercises. They work like a charm and don't cost a cent, so you can save all your money for Christmas presents.

Following is an excellent exercise for developing thin necks, and I hope you will all practice it diligently, as it will quickly banish disfiguring hollows and creases.

Throat Exercise

Stand with head held erect, back straight and chest thrown out. Now inhale slowly until your chest has fully expanded. Hold breath and twist head around on shoulders, then exhale. As you probably don't know just how to do this head rolling let me give a few directions.

First, let me impress upon you, that during this exercise the muscles of the neck must be held perfectly rigid. Now, with all muscles tense, droop head until chin rests upon chest, then slowly reverse head until chin touches right shoulder. Back of head now lies on nape of neck while chin is stretched up and out. Roll head slowly across back until chin touches the left shoulder and then reverse head with chin touching chest until you are at the starting place. One of the particular points of this exercise is to stretch chin up and out as far as possible from the time it leaves the right shoulder until it touches the left shoulder.

This sounds like a difficult exercise but it isn't. After you have gone through it once or twice you will find it extremely easy, and better still very efficacious.

Now let us try an exercise for thin arms as sleeves are still close fitting and show up cruelly all the angles that we would fain like to conceal. If you really wish well-developed arms, practice the following exercises for ten minutes daily for one month. At the end of that time, your tight sleeves will clothe two very pretty arms. Let us hurry and start treatment at once.

Development Exercises for Bony Arms

1st. Stand in front of an open window with arms hanging loosely at sides. Take a deep breath and, holding same, flex elbows, bringing closed fists quickly up to armpits back again to sides, up to armpits, back again to sides, etc. Do this ten times then exhale.

2nd. Take a deep breath, then elevate arms and extend them horizontally on a level with shoulders. Now clinch fists, flex elbows, bring fists quickly to shoulders, back again to original position, to shoulders again, etc. Repeat ten times and expel breath.

3rd. Extend arms out straight in front of you on a level with the shoulders. Inhale, clinch fists, flex elbows and bring hands vigorously to shoulders, out again to original position, back to shoulders, etc. Exhale breath after movement has been repeated ten times.

4th. Draw a deep breath and extend arms up above head, clinching the fists. Now bend elbows and bring fists down to shoulders, back again to first position, down to shoulders, etc. After ten of these motions expel breath.

An important point in these arm exercises, is to keep muscles of arms and shoulders as rigid as possible, resisting with all your might the efforts of fists to touch shoulders.

As a woman grows older she finds that the cords of the neck running from the collarbone up behind the ears, becomes unpleasantly prominent. The arm motion given below not only exercises the arms, but develops the cords of the neck and banishes the tell-tale hollows behind the ears.

Combination Neck-and-Arm Exercises

Glance at Illustration Number one and place arms at same angle from the body. Now stiffen arm muscles and push arms violently back sideways until they reach angle shown in second illustration. Next, quickly bring arms forward to first position, back to second, forward to first, back to second, etc., remembering always to keep the muscles rigid. As you practice these exercises, notice how the back push of the arms jerks the cords of the neck.

Thin hips are all the style just now but styles change as you know, and I have an idea that next summer well-developed hips and thighs will be the fashion. Anyway, fashion or no fashion, I don't like thin hips and I'm quite sure most of you agree with me and would appreciate exercises for enlarging them.

Splendid Exercises for Developing Hips

Lift the left leg to one side as high as possible keeping the knee straight and the foot on the ground. This movement should all come from the hips. It is sufficient to lift the left leg twelve times and then pass on to the next exercise, which I give below.

Second Hip Exercise

This exercise is rather odd as you must try to imitate the pawing of a horse. The knee is brought upward, then downward, with a circular motion, the tips of the toes just touching the ground in the downward movement.

Third Hip Exercise

Stand in doorway with a hand on each jamb of the door and swing the right leg as far forward and as far backward as it will go. After a minute, exercise the left leg in the same manner. Now, stand firmly on both feet and twist the body by turning hips, shoulders, and head to the right as far as possible. Turn arms to the right at the same time. Next, while holding hips and head in a fixed position to the left as far as possible, move arms and shoulders to the right as far as possible. After this twist arms and shoulders to the right at the same time twisting hips and head to the left. Repeat six times.

Shapely calves are coveted by all womenkind as they set off the pretty embroidered stockings so fashionable just now. Maids and matrons who like pretty calves—and have them not—should practice the following exercise in the privacy of their bedrooms, just before going to bed.

Development Exercise for Calves

Take off your shoes and stockings and stand squarely on your bare feet. Now rise on tiptoe, hold this position for a few seconds, then lower your body to the ground. Do this, first with the left foot, then with the right, and finally with both at one and the same time.

This exercise not only develops the calves and renders supple the ankles and feet, but drives away insomnia. I speak from experience because, whenever I have seemed doomed to sleepless night, I have slipped out of bed and practiced standing on my tiptoes for a few moments, and the result has always been a good night's slumber.

Another way to develop the calves is to walk up and down a ladder twenty times, thrice a day, or oftener if you wish. Borrow the family stepladder and keep it in your room, and whenever you get a chance, walk up to the top and down again. Try and keep your back straight and head erect while climbing toward the ceiling, and be careful not to topple off, as a sprained ankle wouldn't be any fun.

Questions and Answers

Lady Jane, Anxious Pearl, An Oklahoma Widow, Susie, Half a Peach, H. M. B., A Grateful Reader, Little Nell, P. Victoria.—As your hair is falling so profusely, hurry and begin treatment. I would advise massaging scalp for twenty minutes daily with the following pomade, which does splendid work as it goes right to the roots, where it is needed.

Hair Ointment

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops. Hair should grow an inch a month.

Anxious.—I am glad that you wrote me and confided your worries about the Milk Diet and I will answer all your questions with pleasure. Milk does not make one flabby, does not cause a double chin, and does not cause liver trouble. While visiting, when living on this diet, stop the milk until you are home again. I would not advise much visiting while on this diet. It would be better to take it steadily. Once plump you will stay so. Your weight should be one hundred and forty-five pounds at least. As you are in an office you cannot take the complete milk diet, but you could drink a quart of milk for breakfast, a quart along with your lunch and two quarts in the evening. The quart of milk for lunch would have to be delivered at your office. Yesterday I walked into a law office and saw three quarts of milk sitting on the floor by the bookkeeper's desk. She said she was drinking milk all through the day. You could take one good meal a day, preferably in the evening after you get home. Thank you, my dear, for your pleasant words. They were surely appreciated. Do not use condensed milk.

Mrs. P. Nancy and others.—Every day steam your scarred nose for ten minutes over a kettle of boiling water and follow this up by a massaging with cow's cream for ten minutes. In a few days the tiny scars should go away.

Fatty, Pauline and others.—You are mistaken, my dear. I never printed any such formula as you mention. You found this formula in an advertisement written up to represent a beauty department. I don't know what the remedy is or anything about it.

A Subscriber, P. Victoria.—See my reply to Lady Jane. To cure the dandruff, massage scalp and hair with sweet almond oil the night before a shampoo. Better the head up in a towel so the bedclothes won't get soiled. Next morning wash hair and dry in sun. The following is said to restore hair to original color, but I cannot guarantee it. Anoint scalp with yellow of egg and take internally equal doses of iron and sulphur. Your druggist will tell you the size of dose and how often to take. This remedy is in the line of nature and should bring results as it consists of the two minerals upon which the color of hair depends.

Kentucky Girl, An Oklahoma Widow, Evelyn F., Florence B., Rosa Belle, The Age 40.—For your height you should weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds. To gain flesh you cannot do better than drink milk. Four quarts of sweet milk daily will cause a gain of about three or four pounds a week. Take only one meal a day while on this diet. Milk is a great food developer. Drink a glass of milk every three quarters of an hour. See reply to Lady Jane. Part your hair and put up in a mass of puffs just below the crown of the head. Do not wave it with curling tongs. Massage it if you want it to be all of one color.

Frederick's City, Bertha, G. Brothers.—If you want a dimple, make a thick paste of gum arabic and a drop of water. Apply a dab to cheek near corner of mouth. Now press the blunt end of a clean lead pencil in upon the gum arabic and hold in this position for fifteen minutes. By this time you will have a pretty temporary dimple. Cover the gum with a little wash and the dimple will not show.

Kitty.—I am not familiar with the formula you enclose. I would advise you not to try it.

A Happy Girl.—You could wear almost any color. Brown, dark and olive green, cinnamon and golden brown, dark and light blue, plum, purple, white, pink, blue and red. You should wear dresses to ankles. It is the fashion now to wear hair parted, braided, and the braid wound around head crossing part about an inch back from face. Braid must lie flat. Your measurements are good although I think you could stand about ten pounds more weight. You cannot prevent blue eyes from growing lighter. That is a mean little way they have. A reader of COMFORT told

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me that she removed superfluous hair by rubbing camphor on hairy spots every day for six months. I cannot guarantee this. Do not rub it on face. Wash face and hands once every day with old buttermilk or sour milk. This will whiten your skin beautifully.

Anxious Pearl.—You certainly are a girl regardless of the fact that you are married and have two babies. See reply to "A Happy Girl" as regards whitening face, arms and hands. Yes, I will help you all I can as I think you are right to want to look pretty and make home pleasant. Tell me just how you look, wear your hair, weight, height, color of eyes, etc. Sign the letter with the same name de plume (Anxious Pearl), and I will write you a lot of special beauty hints.

Sorrowful, An Oklahoma Widow, M. L., Gray-eyed Janetta, Mrs. A. V. R., Southern Girl, H. M. B., Discontented Edith, Little Nell, Isabella, Blue-eyed Louise, Sweet Pea and others.—Holding the hands in warm olive oil for twenty minutes daily will whiten and plumpen them. Apply warm sweet almond oil to brows and eyelid edges as this will promote a growth of hair but do not get any oil in the eyes. Following bleach can be applied to face at night after it has been bathed in hot water:

One dram ammonium chloride, four ounces distilled water.

Worried Brown Eyes, Nellie, Jennie, Mary and others.—I really do not know what to advise you to do about your hands. Can't you hold your first and third fingers straight so they won't fold over the middle finger? As to your thick lips you might try rubbing them with an astringent lotion. For this purpose melt an ounce of cold cream and add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips; let macerate for five hours then strain through cheesecloth. Why not wait until you are older, honey, before you begin trying to fuss about such things? At your age, thirteen, you should wear dresses to the shoe-tops. I think you are very bright to be starting into high school at your age.

Country Girl, Baltimore Girl and others.—A Comfort reader told me that camphor rubbed on hairy arms every day for several months would finally kill the hair roots. I cannot guarantee this. Do not apply it to face. You are not too old to do your hair in the coronet style. In fact it is the rage this winter and worn by all ages. Yes, I really think you are too young to go out with boys unless in a crowd. Also it is not considered ladylike at your age (fifteen) to wrestle with boys. If you do the right thing the boys will respect you for it.

Mrs. F. S., Katherine H., Sunshine, Pudding and others.—If you wish to reduce, live on a complete diet of skimmed milk. Drink as much of this as you wish. The average loss in weight per day would be one half pound. Riding on a bicycle swathed in rubber sheeting would not, I think, prove injurious if you were careful to bathe the body off with alcohol immediately after rubber garment was removed. I do not approve of the reducing remedy you mention.

Miss Pauline, Blue-eyed Mae.—After pulling out the few hairs around mouth touch spot immediately with camphor. This should kill hair root. Yellow vaseline is a good hair grower if massaged into the scalp for twenty minutes daily. Immassing the bust snugly every night will in time reduce it. Be sure not to bind so tight that the circulation is cut off.

Miss Amalie, Florida, Ill.—At night fill in the hollows under eyes with chunks of skin food, then go to bed, be sure and lie on your back. When lying down in the daytime, do the same. Also when reading in your room, fill the hollows full of nourishing skin food. This will cause flesh formation.

Sundowner and others.—Coat your hands at night with the following paste, draw on a loose pair of old kid gloves and go to bed. In a week the creases in your knuckles will disappear and your hands will become white and soft.

Hand Paste

Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rosewater, six ounces.

Ted.—You should wear dresses to shoe-tops. You are not too young to wear your hair rolled up under and pinned with a large bow. Your measurements are very good. It will be at least a month before you will notice a gain in bust measurement.

Marguerite.—Frankly I do not approve of dry shampoos. They prove injurious to the hair in the end. As regards the salt tonic for hair, a great many people have written me saying it was a good hair grower, but personally I do not know. I have never used the hair shampoo you mention so could not give any opinion about it. Yes, I know what "dobe" means. I lived out on the Pacific Coast three years and the climate spoiled my disposition. I am glad I have aided you to get pink cheeks. I always like to hear that you girls succeed with the treatments given. Following is a formula for a simple tooth-powder, although I do think you would prefer to buy one of the tooth-powders advertised.

Tooth Powder

Equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered orris root. To this add any flavoring essence that you desire.

Anxious Mollie, Baltimore Girl and others.—Hair on the face can be removed safely and permanently by means of the electric needle. Charge five dollars an hour, two dollars and fifty cents half an hour, one dollar.

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lar and twenty-five cents quarter of an hour. It is not painful and operators are found in every good beauty or hair store in cities like Chicago, St. Louis, etc. I do not know as to the remedies you mention. Edna, Troublesome, Gray-eyed Janetta, Democrat, Ark., and others.—Wrinkles should be massaged across for ten minutes daily using an abundance of skin food. Daily treatment will finally banish blackheads. To obtain this result, always wash your face at night. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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Wonderful Feats with Flying Machines

And How Our Publisher Saw King Edward's Funeral from a Balloon, and Made an Ascension in France

LAST November I told you about my first experience in ballooning, which consisted of a successful sky voyage from Pittsfield, Mass., to Springfield in the same state under the auspices of Mr. Charles J. Glidden of Boston, the well-known long-distance automobilist and aeronaut.

This year I made an ascension in France, the land where the balloon was invented and the first one ever made was sent up on June 5, 1783 by the Montgolfier brothers. Immediately ballooning became a popular sport with the French, who still lead the world in the art and practice of that form of sky-sailing.

Needing a complete rest and change of scene after a winter of unusually hard work and close application to the interests of COMFORT I took a trip of a few weeks in Europe last spring, and arrived in beautiful historic Paris early in May. My letter of introduction from Mr. Glidden, who is honored and respected abroad as in America, secured for me the privileges of the Aero Club of France and made possible the finest day's sport I ever enjoyed.

The club's membership of fifteen hundred includes many names known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Through the good offices of its secretary (to whom, as it happened, I presented my credentials on Friday, May 13th), I had the good fortune to obtain the services of M. Jacques Delbecq, a club member as pilot. He lives in a beautiful villa near the Aero-Parc at Saint Cloud, one of the charming environs of Paris, and besides being a skilled aeronaut with seventy safe ascensions to his credit M. Delbecq is a delightful, cultivated gentleman and speaks English fluently, all which contributed much to my enjoyment of the voyage and you will understand that conversation did not lag when I add that he took with him an English lady as the only passenger other than myself.

For seventeen successive days prior to my arrival, in spite of old Chanticleer, there had been no visible manifestation of the sun, and the weather man or the comet had furnished an incessant downpour of cold rain, sleet and snow, but on my lucky Friday, the 13th, as if by magic it suddenly cleared at noon, and by Monday, the day set for our ascension, the weather was perfect, a typical Glidden day, I said to myself as I remarked the bright sky and felt the balmy easterly breeze while I taxied through the Bois de Boulogne on my way to the Aero-Parc.

On my arrival I found everything in readiness, and we started on schedule time, 10:30 A. M. In the nine hundred cubic meter balloon Valtair. An easier getting-off-the-ground could not be imagined and as our great airship floated majestically over the historic hills of Saint Cloud and passed between the great forests of Marly and St. Germain at a height of about three thousand feet, in the panoramic view beneath the magnificent palaces and exquisite parks of Versailles and St. Germain although miles apart, blended with the intervening country to form a combination of rare beauty and grandeur, while looking back at Paris its great Eiffel Tower stood out as a giant sentinel as though to guard the city from hostile invasion by the world's airy navies that are building.

Although ours was the only balloon then ready for an ascension, I noticed that a dozen of these huge gas bags can be sent off at one time from the Aero-Parc.

We were destined to have company on part of our trip, for a much larger balloon than ours, floating high above us, came sailing at a faster clip through the eastern sky directly towards us. We felt safe however, for she carried the French flag only and appeared to have been an early riser well nigh her journey's end; for she immediately began experimenting with different air currents or testing new air lanes.

It was interesting from our elevation to watch her various manoeuvres and we finally decided she was about to land; but after descending close to the ground and making almost a complete circuit in the open space about a large mansion centered within a vast wooded estate, apparently as though guided by man, although of course at Nature's command, her pilot seemed satisfied with the reconnaissance or not discovering the sort of landing place he was seeking, he threw out ballast enough to quickly ascend to her former height.

Following above us for some miles she finally passed us, and then selecting a suitable location landed directly under us as easily and gracefully as you please in a convenient dooryard near the town of Maule. With our glasses we could see the people come from the house to assist in folding up the great gas bag which laid out on the green as smooth as a garment might be spread to dry on wash day.

Our greatest height was six thousand feet, when we ate our lunch over the town of Nantes at 12:30; we had just experienced what to us was a novel form of exercise and had a ravenous appetite. Our careful pilot in looking down had discovered what he thought to be a knot near the lower end of the long guide rope, so it was pulled into the basket hand over hand by us two novices, and the English lady and myself, had a great pull, for it seemed as though the two hundred and forty-foot rope reached to the earth a mile below. A piece of heavy string was found attached to the rope and might have caused trouble in dragging over the tree tops in making our landing.

We had followed the river Seine nearly all the way but later we drifted away from it as its course seemed to trend more to the north.

Only twice had we been above the thin clouds for a very short time yet a constant throwing out of ballast had depleted our supply, so we crossed the muddy water of the river Eure quite near the earth. Once we descended fifteen hundred feet at a rapid rate, although ballast was thrown out, and sailing along quite low we were entertained by bugle calls and the martial music of a drum corps apparently at a military outpost.

The extensive view of the great level farming

and drab roofed buildings enclosed within their high, green topped, plastered walls, gave the effect of big patchwork quilts spread over the earth.

We made a safe landing at 2 o'clock in a nice, soft spot on what proved to be the farm of Mr. Huet in the town of Piqueurrolles, two miles from the railroad station of Quettebeuf in Normandy, which is about eighty-five miles from Paris. This proved to be a very lucky and happily selected place to stop, for a bethrothal party was taking place and about twenty-five men, women and children rushed from the house to assist us not only in the landing, but in packing up the balloon, loading it on a wagon and transporting it to the railroad station.

Although being uninvited guests at the festivities which were going on all ceremony was thrown aside and we were invited in to partake of the feast which had been spread in the large dining-room; having just lunched in the sky we could only drink to the health of the party from a bowl of their famous Normandy cider and eat of the bethrothal cake. So England, France and America "chimed with Normandy" at this feast which happened to come on the holiday of their Pentecostal Monday.

It was a very picturesque family gathering, the older men sitting at the table with their hats on and the great broad fireplace in the kitchen with its immense crane on which the huge kettle hung filled with steaming hot and savory smelling pie.

Just before our train arrived to take us back to Paris a loud chorus of voices called "balloon!" "balloon!" and we had the further pleasure of witnessing the descent of another large airship, which landed very near the railroad station. They had ascended from the Aero Club Parc at just the time of our landing in Normandy, and what was quite remarkable had made the voyage through the same air lanes in about the same time—three hours and a half—coming down near the same spot where we had struck Mother Earth, and it was not much of a day for balloons in France either.

Of course they have all the facilities over here for conducting the sport in a safe, business-like manner, and my pilot informed me that out of thousands of ascensions that have taken place during the last few years not one accident has occurred, and that there are a hundred balloons owned by different members of the club who make ascensions during every month in the year. So many accidents to aerial craft are recorded in the papers now, it is quite gratifying to a novice to become acquainted with this fact.

What I refer to, of course, is the safe and



COMFORT'S PUBLISHER AND THE CROWD THAT CAME TO THE BALLOON LANDING ON THE ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

sane, good old-fashioned balloon, just a huge, round bag filled with gas so much lighter than air that it lifts its wicker car, passengers and ballast and floats and drifts along on the wings of the wind without any motor or other mechanism for propelling it or guiding its course.

Unfortunately the dirigible balloons and flying machines, which are inventions of the last ten years, cannot be recommended for safety, certainly not in their present state of development. In my article of a year ago I described the Zeppelin II, named for its inventor, the German Count Zeppelin, as the most advanced type of dirigible balloon. At that time he had made what seemed to be satisfactory tests of his new cigar-shaped balloon four hundred and forty-six feet in horizontal length by forty-four feet in diameter, having sufficient buoyancy to carry on the platform, which hangs below, a crew of nine men, two rapid-fire machine guns with ammunition and fuel enough to carry it six hundred miles without stopping, besides two engines of two hundred combined horse-power capable of driving it against any ordinary wind. The German government was so elated over the apparent success of this type of airship that it ordered a number of others like it, only much larger, to be built for war purposes, and a German syndicate assisted by government subsidy had commenced the construction of a fleet of enormous Zeppelins to engage in the business of regularly carrying passengers.

Since then the company has built two of its contemplated fleet of larger Zeppelins with the result that the first made one successful trip with passengers and then came to grief while the second was caught in a storm on its first trip with passengers, became unmanageable, was driven miles out of its course and totally wrecked by being dashed against the tree tops of a forest.

These and numerous other disasters to dirigible balloons in France satisfied the company and the German government that the dirigible balloon, or so-called airship is not a practical device and it has been abandoned after the expenditure of a vast amount of money in its development. Thus what was confidently relied on a year ago as a valuable medium of commerce and a terrible engine of war has utterly disappointed the expectations of its promoters.

Nevertheless, Walter Wellman, the newspaper correspondent and former arctic explorer, after two attempts at the north pole by airship, both of which ended in failure at the very start, still had faith and courage to start on Saturday morning, Oct. 15, from Atlantic City, N. J., with five companions to cross the Atlantic in the great dirigible balloon America, built especially for that purpose. With a fair wind he made good progress in a northeasterly course about three hundred miles until Sunday night when, being nearly abreast of the coast of Maine, the wind suddenly changed to the northwest and later to the northeast, and blowing with great violence, drove him out of his course about five hundred miles, nearly to the Bermuda Islands, where he and his five companions and the cat, which he had taken as mascot, were rescued in mid ocean, Tuesday morning, Oct. 18, by the British steamship Trent, bound for New York. The balloon had been damaged by the storm, one of the motors had become disabled, and the crew had been obliged to throw it overboard, as well as the most of their supply of gasoline and everything else they could spare in order to keep from settling down into the angry sea. They were in a desperate plight and completely exhausted when by good luck the Trent overtook them.

On the other hand the aeroplanes or true flying machines, which driven through the air at high speed depend, like the birds, on their wings and not on gas to keep them up, have made remarkable progress in the last year.

The operators of these machines are called aviators or bird-men because they actually fly by

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adopting precisely the same mechanical principles that the birds use.

Although on July 25, 1909, Louis Bleriot, a Frenchman, had flown from France to England, a distance of twenty-one miles across the English Channel in thirty-three minutes, none of the bird-men dared enter for the prize of \$10,000.00 which the New York World offered for a flight from Albany to New York during the Hudson-Fulton celebration the latter part of last September. Yet, only a little more than a month later on November 1, 1909, Henri Farman flew a greater distance in Europe, making 144 miles in 4 hours, 17 minutes and 53 seconds.

On May 29, 1910, Glenn H. Curtiss flew from Albany to New York in a machine of his own construction covering the distance of 137 miles in 4 hours and 32 minutes, and winning the \$10,000.00 prize.

The New York World now offers a prize of \$30,000.00 for the first flight from New York

to St. Louis, a distance of 1048 miles, and so rapid has been the progress of the bird-men that it is confidently predicted that this prize will be won before the close of 1910.

The greatest height attained by any bird-man in 1909 was 505 feet reached by Latham in France a year ago last August, and at that time was considered a wonderful feat. But on July 9 of the present year Walter Brookings, the daring American, at Atlantic City winged his way upward in graceful spirals to the unprecedented height of 6,275 feet, more than a mile, and only four feet lower than the top of Mount Washington.

On August 11, J. A. Drexel beat Brookings' record by soaring to an altitude of 6,750 feet.

A little later George Chavez, the dauntless young Peruvian bird-man made the World's record by attaining a height of 8,271 feet, and on September 23, he flew from Brig, Switzerland, over the snow-capped Alps to Domodassola, Italy, rising to a height of more than 8,000 feet and traversing a distance of about 75 miles successfully, but as he was about to land in apparent safety and had shut off his power at a height of only 30 feet above the ground, a sudden gust of wind upset his machine which fell heavily to earth, crushing him under its weight. He was taken unconscious from the wreck and died in the hospital two days later from the effects of his injuries.

About a dozen other brave scientists have sacrificed their lives during the last two years in developing the art of flying which, though making wonderful progress, is still in its infancy, and its practice is still attended with great danger.

At the same rate of progress the coming year will witness almost incredible achievements in flying.

At the great two-weeks aviation meet at Boston, Mass., in September under the auspices of Harvard University many wonderful feats were performed in all kinds of weather by flying machines from all over the world, and among the most daring and successful aviators was Claude Grahame-White from England.

Wm. B. Hearst, proprietor of the N. Y. American, has offered a prize of \$50,000.00 to the first aviator to fly from New York to San Francisco in 30 days, including stops.

As we go to press preparations are being made for the great international aviation meet which opens Oct. 22, at Belmont Park, N. Y. I had nearly forgotten to tell you how I saw the gorgeous pageant of King Edward's funeral from a balloon last May.

Long in advance I had arranged to make an ascent from London with an English aeronaut on May 20, and later when this date was selected for the funeral of King Edward VII. it was too late for me to change my program. The day was bright, clear and unusually warm for the season, and the millions of spectators that crowded the streets as well as the gayly uniformed dignitaries and troops which marched in the funeral procession headed by nine reigning monarchs, two emperors, six kings and one sultan, suffered much from the heat.

As we shot upward a panoramic view of the great metropolis was spread beneath us and the boom of distant minute guns came to us from across the green of Hyde Park and over the trees of Kensington Gardens, announcing that the wonderful cavalcade had started, and as we drifted along at the height of about a thousand feet we could see it in the distance wending its way slowly through Hyde Park toward the marble arch. The dark equipages, the waving plumes, the glistening helmets and brilliant uniforms of the soldiers marching through miles of streets crowded with mourners was an impressive spectacle never to be forgotten. As our aerial craft bore us over the line of march the solemn music of the band playing the dead march was wafted up to us with wonderful distinctness.

COMFORT'S Calendar was in such demand among our subscribers last year that I have had another, even more beautiful, designed for 1911. They are now ready for distribution, and while they last I shall send one with each new subscription and with each renewal. Those who have recently subscribed or renewed can obtain one by sending in a friend's subscription.

Thanking you for the cordial support which you have given COMFORT and its charitable undertakings, I promise you my best efforts to make COMFORT more interesting and helpful the coming year.

I wish you all a happy Thanksgiving,
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CITY HALL NEAR WHERE BALLOON LANDED IN NORMANDIE.

country passed over was entrancing. The diversity of shape of the various stretches of ground and the interchange of color now with green fields then brown earth, and all under careful cultivation, each farm having its red, purple

A Transplanted Thanksgiving

By Constance Beatrice Willard

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"A MAN must decide matters of moment in his own family, so cease your bickerings, and listen. We go to Alabama, and there, in Mobile county, we will find the peace not existing in the home of our forefathers," and Amos Congrieve folded his arms on his chest and his lips set in the stern lines his daughter Catherine knew meant unalterable decision, and yet she ventured to plead with him.

"But father, I am sorely afraid," she said earnestly, "to leave our sheltered home here in dear New England, and go forth into dangers of which we know nothing," but her words were wasted, for her father shook his head, and continued:

"With this unhappy country again at war with England a man of peace can find no rest. There, in the country laid out by Governor Winthrop Sargent, with whom I went to school, we can live out our lives without hearing constantly of battle, murder and violent and unwarranted death."

"But father, the Indians. Nowhere are they worse than among the Lower Creeks and they abound in Mobile County," Catherine persisted, but her father strode away, and like so many women before and after her, she could only follow his instructions, and shed her tears in secret. Not only did she grieve over leaving the old, New England homestead, nestled in the stately elms and oaks which were older than her father, but also because of her brother, with Commodore Perry, and Caleb Hutton, who was with General Harrison, for both young men, fast friends and former schoolmates, had volunteered their services upon the outbreak of the second war with England.

Catherine had let both go with difficulty. Lemuel her brother and she were twins, and the tie which bound them together was very strong. She and Caleb had grown up together, and insensibly the friendship between them had deepened into a lasting love. The young man had not told her what was in his heart; indeed he knew there was no necessity of doing so, for he realized that as he loved her, so did she him, but when he left to join his regiment, he drew her out into the garden, and on an old elm tree beneath which they had played as children, and wandered as young people, he carved their two names, "Kitty and Caleb," saying when he had finished:

"Some day, Kitty, I hope to come back and put a date beneath."

"What date do you want to put there?" Catherine asked although she knew full well.

"The date of our wedding day," he had answered, and then they had kissed, and the young soldier had gone forth, strengthened by her love, and she had remained at home to pray for him.

To her surprise, her father was not interested in the war. His own father had given eight years of his life fighting for the independence of the country, belonging to one of the "Green Mountain" regiments which have gone down into history as redoubtable for their courage and patriotism. In the years of his manhood, Amos Congrieve had grown to dread war. Deeply religious, he could not reconcile strife with his religious convictions, and did all he could to keep his son from volunteering. To him this war was but a political move, and he was not in sympathy with it. There were others at this time, who felt as he, and more than one moved with his family to Alabama, over which territory Winthrop Sargent had been appointed governor. Letters from New England farmers who had gone there, decided Amos, and he resolved to fare forth into what was then new land, and endeavor to found there a home that would be free from the conflicts waging about him.

It was early, as soon as his crops were harvested,—that he left the home where he and his had been born, as well as the little graveyard, in which reposed the ashes of his ancestors, as well as those of the young wife who had died in giving birth to Lem and Catherine, and in a big, covered wagon, drawn by four stout horses, began the long trip southward. Behind followed four cows, the pick of those on his old farm which he sold to strangers; while beneath the wagon Catherine had her coop of chickens. At night she held her pet cat in her arms, and many a hot tear fell on the glossy fur, from the eyes of the New England girl, homesick and worried over brother and lover. The trip consumed many weeks, and in the meanwhile the war raged. Before they harvested the fruits of their first summer's work, on September 14, 1813, Perry secured complete control of Lake Erie, and on October 5, of the same year, Harrison met and defeated the British and their Indian allies. In this engagement, the bloodthirsty chief met his well-deserved end. Both Caleb and Lem wrote long letters, for the one had been with Harrison, the other with Perry, but 1814 was well on its way before they were received.

In the meanwhile, Amos Congrieve finally guided his horses reduced to two by the hardships of the long trip, to the plantation he had secured, and the travel-worn daughter gladly set up her housekeeping in a more permanent manner than that afforded by their nightly camps by the roadside. She was cheerful, singing about her work the good, old hymns she and Caleb had sung from the same book, and her heart was full of him and her plans for the future when they could be together as long as life was given them.

To those accustomed to the rigors of the New England climate, the new land was delightful. The soil along the Alabama river was exceedingly fertile; the climate warm and balmy, and the vegetation so luxurious as to awaken pleasure in even Amos' disciplined heart.

The New Englander knew all the devices of the woodsman, and understood how to fell mighty trees, later putting them together into a rude shelter for himself and his daughter. Being used to comforts in his old home, he was not content with an earthen floor, but took time to split out puncheons for a floor, and furnished the primitive house with slab seats, and a table which was fastened to the trunk of one of the mighty forest trees. He had hewed it off at the proper height, built his house about it. In the months which followed, Catherine was kept busy cutting off the new growth about her table support. In adjacent corners he fastened rude beds, about which Catherine hung the curtains that had hung about the four posters in the old home. One window lighted up this house, and in addition to the rude shutter, there was oiled paper stretched over the opening. A big fireplace at one end, served for cooking purposes, but so mild was the climate that Catherine often did her cooking outside, baking in the Dutch oven they had brought with them.

Her spinning wheel occupied one corner, and at it she spent many hours. Her father promised to make her a loom as soon as he had put in his crop and she was fairly content, although her heart went out to her brother and lover. For reading matter, these two had the Bible. No papers reached them in this far-off place. Amos kept strict account of the Sundays as they came off and kept them religiously, not allowing Catherine to even light a fire on those days, but otherwise they knew nothing of the passage of time.

Judging as well as she could, however, Catherine believed it to be in August when one day as she was sitting at her wheel, a shadow fell across the floor, and looking up, she saw her first Indian. The sight was not a pleasant or reassuring one, but she had courage, this daughter of stern New England, and so kept right on, drawing out her thread without a knot.

The Indian whose principal article of attire, aside from a scant drapery about his loins,

seemed to be his war bonnet, stepped into the one room of the house, and said in excellent English:

"I am hungry."

Catherine rose and without a word put before him a plain, but hearty meal, of which he ate ravenously. He drained the earthenware pitcher of the herb tea she had given him, and finally held out his right arm to her, saying:

"I am wounded."

He was, and badly, the flesh being torn away from the under part of the forearm in a sickening manner. With compassion in her eyes, Catherine dressed the arm, applying a salve made by her from a recipe handed down through many generations of notable housewives, and the Indian grunted with relief as its cooling properties soothed the raw surface of the ugly wound, and then she bandaged it.

Having finished, Catherine stepped back, and asked:

"Is there anything else you want?"

The Indian shook his head then said briefly: "Paleface squaw has fed Indian," has dressed his wound. Indian is her friend," and then vanished as quietly as he had come. She remembered afterwards that he had been daubed with paint, which together with the fact that he wore his feather bonnet called a war bonnet, made her think he was on the war path, but she was not sure, and as he had not harmed her or the home, she did not tell her father of the incident, feeling it was better not to trouble him. Soon thereafter, however, a solitary horseman, riding through that section told them of the massacre at, and capture of Fort Mims near the Alabama river, by the Lower Creeks, led by Weathersford, the ferocious Indian chief, who never showed mercy. The horseman, a lean, sallow man, in whose cheek reposed a quid of tobacco large enough to distort his face, said drawlingly:

"You-all had better take some care of yourselves. It certainly ain't safe for you-all to live so mighty far from everyone. Better move into Mobile," but Amos shook his head, saying stubbornly:

"The Lord will protect His own," and the friendly stranger rode off.

Catherine was not as frightened as she might have been if it had not been for the visit from the Indian whom she had helped. He had looked savage enough to alarm anyone, but he had even thanked her, and promised her friendship. In the days which followed, though, when more than one rode past, telling frightful stories, she marveled that they were spared any annoyance, even, and that not only their lives, but their stock and crops seemed safe. She did not know that her kindly action with reference to the fugitive Indian was responsible.

Living away from the world as they did, these two knew nothing of the advance of Andrew Jackson upon these hostile Creeks, although they did hear of his famous victory towards the end of March, in the following year, when on the 27th, he met and defeated the Indians at Horse Shoe bend of the Tallapoosa, the battle going down in history as the Tohopeka conflict. It lasted five hours, and there were heavy losses on both sides. Not only was Jackson successful, but the direct result of this battle was a treaty with the Creeks, in which they were forced to give up the greater part of their territory in this fertile southern country.

While history was being made not only in Alabama, but throughout the country, Catherine was living out her peaceful life, performing the homely duties of each day. Her few chickens brought from the old home, multiplied until she had a large flock. The two calves born soon after their arrival, had grown into good stock. On

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one of his rare trips to Mobile, Amos had driven back two hogs, and Catherine was successful in raising them, as she was in all of her other work. About the little log cabin blossomed the garden flowers of her old home, for she had brought seed with her, and was delighted with their luxuriance. She learned to make use of the southern products, and cultivated the collard, cornfield pea as well as the great, luscious yams, and not only used, but relished cornmeal, which came to take the place of wheat flour.

As her home took on a semblance of comfort, she developed into greater beauty, of a wholesome type. Her browned arms, and capable hands showed the traces of her toil, but they were the kind to dream of when one was in trouble. Her eyes, clear, deep blue, reflected the serenity of her spirit, while her masses of sunny hair, neatly folded about her head, testified to her magnificent vitality. Yet, although she had bloomed in this Southern atmosphere, there was still a suggestion of New England clean living about her. No one would have ever mistaken her for anything but what she was, a loyal daughter of that section.

It had been months since they had received any letters from either Lemuel or Caleb, so Catherine did not know that Caleb had been near, fighting under General Jackson, having been transferred, or that Lem, wounded in a navel engagement, was on his way to the new home.

It was fall, and although Catherine did not know the day of the month, she felt a longing to express outwardly some of the thanksgiving which flooded her heart, as she looked over their

primitive barn, bursting with the fruits of the harvest. She counted her chickens, her stock, and laughed over the awkward antics of a brood of wild turkeys which she had caught and tamed.

"We are acting like heathens," she told herself, as she made the rounds of her little domain. "Here the Lord has been so good to us, preserving us from the attacks of savages, and multiplying our worldly goods, and we give Him no thanks. I don't know what day has been set apart in New England, but we will have a day of thanks all by ourselves."

She said nothing to her father about it, but selected the following Thursday for her day. She knew the days of the week, for her father had kept strict account of them. In a general way she knew it was towards the end of November and so she was inclined to think it might be the dear old home festival day itself.

"It's all in the spirit, anyway," she told her cat, with which she used to hold long conversations, because there was no one else.

He cat licked her chops, and Catherine hugged her, promising a feast of bones. Singing as usual, Catherine made her preparations, and the little log house was filled with appetizing odors, and she looked about her and saw that she was so well stocked with food, she could have fed a big party.

"Won't father be astonished?" she asked the cat, who sniffed the air, but naturally did not make any verbal reply.

She dusted the Bible, upon which no dust ever gathered, and placed it where her father could

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Suggestions That Will Help

By Geneva Gladding

What is Being Worn

DESIGNERS of the season's fashions certainly favor the home dressmaker, for nothing but simplicity in dress is seen on all sides, whether it be intended for street, afternoon or evening wear, or to be worn by children or grown-ups.

Early in the season we were threatened with the uncomfortably narrow skirt, but good sense seems to have come to our rescue and decided that all skirts shall take on the long straight lines giving us ample width, and models of unusual grace that are becoming to all figures. Plaids are extensively used, nearly every model designed for winter weight material having them introduced in one form or another.

Many of the coats are worn shorter, while others reach to the knees, and the long separate coat is a strong feature with all ages. A pretty novelty is found in the belted coat which promises to be much worn. The straight or military collar, so becoming to all faces, is again with us, and is seen in velvet to match suit or in a bright contrasting color, or it is braided in a severe pattern.

And right here let me speak of the touches of bright color which are fast becoming a fad.

Besides the bright-colored collars are seen small gay bows made flat and small and worn at the throat. Brighter colors are used in the waists as well as on the hats, a pretty change from the somber colors of several seasons back. A pretty fashion has been revived of wearing a narrow black velvet band high on the neck with the collarless waists. These are often ornamented with a bit of bright embroidery or beads and are usually becoming, making the neck appear whiter and shorter.

Many of the waist designs are cut with sleeve and body in one as shown in No. 6704; indeed they rather lead in the newer styles although many of the smart designs are made with separate sleeves.

The array of materials are as varied. Rough effects in blue, gray and black and white, as well as basket weaves, diagonals and broadcloths and broadcloths

make up handsomely in suits. The soft taffeta effects, cashmeres and foulards make up very richly in the more dressy gowns.

Special Designs

Nos. 6623 and 6796 illustrate two favorite models which in every detail are up to date. The over-blouse is cut in one piece and trimmed with bands of a contrasting color, edged with a narrow ruffle of thin silk material to match blouse. Three clusters of buttons trim the side front band. The skirt is the new two-piece model, having seams at the side and closing at the left. It is close at the top, but it widens sufficiently

to allow graceful walking. It is best adapted to heavy winter materials, especially those of a coarse weave. The skirt No. 6796 is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 waist, medium size requiring two and five eighths yards 44 inches wide, while the blouse No. 6623 is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 bust, medium size requiring one and one quarter yard of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6784 is a pretty waist for the miss or small woman that can be utilized for a great many different materials. In the illustration it is made of net with trimming of silk and yoke of lace, but it is just as well adapted to silk and thin wool materials. The waist is made with a fitted lining over which the various parts are arranged. The front is in one piece, tucked becomingly and the shaped trimming portion is arranged over the entire waist. Cut in three sizes, 14 to 18 years, medium size requiring one and three quarters yards 36 inches wide, with five eighths yard of all-over lace to make as illustrated.

No. 6704 represents a charming new blouse which serves so many practical uses that it is a well-deserved favorite. It can be closed at the back or at the left front as preferred. As there is trimming arranged over the left of the front the closing is concealed. Cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 bust, medium size requiring two and one eighth yards of material 44 inches wide with two and one half yards of banding.

An Attractive School Dress

No. 6800 for school or general wear is a very smart model. The blouse is cut on distinctly new lines. The front and back portions are overlapped allowing effective use of pipings, and the side portions extend a little over the armhole seams giving becoming breadth. Cut in three sizes, eight to 12 years, medium size requiring four and three quarter yards of material 36 inches wide.

For the Little Folks

No. 6560. Little girls are wearing a great many tucked coats, and although this one is extremely smart, it is perfectly simple and looks well made from velvet or corduroy, although any cloaking material is suitable. Cut in three sizes, two to six years, medium size requires two yards of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6799 is a simple bishop dress, a style every mother welcomes because it requires so little time for making and is always a suitable style for any occasion with the tiny folks. The dress can be made as shown on the little girl or as in one of the smaller views. In this case, the neck is round and under-faced, and there is an opening at the back, but when the high neck is used the shirtings can either be arranged over a yoke with an opening at the back, or the neck and sleeves can be stitched to form casings and ribbon or tape inserted by means of which the shirtings can be drawn up. Cut in three sizes, one to four years medium size requiring two yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 6792. Reefer coats suit the small boys so well that they are always favorite garments. The fronts are faced and the collar is made of velvet and the coat is rolled over to form lapels, but if liked the neck can be made high with the rolled-over collar indicated in the small view. Cut in three sizes two to six years, medium size requiring one and three eighths yards 44 inches wide.

How to Make Alterations in Skirt Patterns

The more time you give to studying the directions on envelope containing pattern, on measuring the figure and pattern, on correctly laying patterns on material the more successful and easier will be your work.

The importance of having the hip measure correct was fully explained in the June Comfort, and this article is to explain and the diagram to illustrate the best method of lengthening and shortening a skirt.

First ascertain the desired length of skirt by measuring the figure at the front, the back and the sides. Then measure the pattern at the same points, and it is a good plan to jot down the personal measurements before this is done that no error may occur. If the pattern is longer than is required (see diagram) lay a tuck in each piece just above the knees, then lay it on the cloth and proceed as directed on the envelope and all will be well, but if the pattern is shorter than required (see diagram) quite a different method will be necessary. Each gore or section must be lengthened separately but all at the same point. Cut the parts of the pattern apart above the knees just at the point where the tucks were laid for shortening, and insert in each one a piece of the necessary width. To do this correctly lay the pattern, one gore at a time over paper, then spread the two sections apart as far as necessary and baste carefully or paste to the under paper and trim this inserted portion off at the edges to preserve the perfect outline. The whole amount of labor involved will be very slight, yet you will find the skirt shapely and well hanging, whereas lengthening in any other way means loss of the true line on which depends the style and smartness of the garment.

Designs That Will Make Beautiful Gifts for Christmas

The gift that is useful and practical has each year come more and more into vogue, and among the most acceptable are the dainty, pretty articles of wearing apparel and the embroidered pieces that go so far toward making the home attractive.

Given in this number are a variety of patterns by which many handsome gifts may be fashioned.

For the girl between the ages of eight and 14 years what would be more pleasing than a pretty bertha collar (No. 6073) that may be made to match dress of silk or of wash materials. These stylish and becoming collars are much worn and lend a party appearance to a plain dress. The lines of trimming are indicated and the collars are extremely simple to make.

A pair of leggings (6184) is another suitable gift, and one that every girl and boy covets. They may be made from any heavy material, such as corduroy, fur cloth, kersey or Beaver, or to match coat. In making for a boy, less curve will be required at the back and this is easily adjusted by making a practically straight seam. These leggings are cut in three sizes, four, eight and 12 years, and will prove a very useful and comfortable gift for the cold winter days.

A pretty bonnet either embroidered, made plain or trimmed with fur or lace for a child between the age of two and six years is something that will please the mother as well as

child. No. 6551 is shown in four styles. The one cut in three sections is put together with a piping and at the corners where the ties are fastened the cap is ornamented by a ribbon rosette. For this same shaped bonnet, embroidery pattern No. 478 gives a lovely design for each section. The one with peplum is particularly designed for those requiring extra warmth about the neck and can be applied to either of the four styles.

Those who give embroidery to their friends will find something especially attractive in No. 490, designed for either a pillow-case, towel or scarf ends, or for a scalloped border. A pleasing style which is now in vogue is the making of "guest" towels. They are made short and from a narrow width of toweling, and the idea is to make it possible to have a greater number of fresh towels in the guest chamber without the added labor of more laundry work. Embroidering the ends of the pillow cases is a revival of an old style, and one that appeals to the lover of pretty things. This design is also adaptable for many other purposes and is simple and effective.

A pincushion with removable cover (No. 501) will be decorative and useful on any dresser. It is made from white linen of medium weight and the cover allows of a cushion that is five inches in diameter. The edges are scalloped, the center embroidered with eight graceful sprays, while a little over one inch from the edge eyelets are worked in upper and lower portions and through these eyelets the pincushion cover is laced together with narrow ribbon. To launder, simply draw out ribbon.

The stunning foot-ball pillow cover (537) is particularly attractive. The flag and ribbons may be outlined in any favorite colors using wood shade for the staff, Khaki color for the suit and a leather shade for the ball, while the head may be done as fancy dictates.

I want to add one word more about Christmas presents, and that is to keep in mind that for those we want to remember at a very small cost that a year's subscription to COMFORT is sure to find favor and be invaluable for twelve months to come.

Questions Answered

TO CLEANSE NET WAIST WITH SATIN FOLDS.—Let waist stand one hour in gasoline enough to wet cover, then gently squeeze (not rub) until the dirt is removed. Mrs. ELMER KYLE. Rinse in fresh gasoline and hang out of doors to dry, selecting a bright clear day in which to do the cleansing. Use gasoline out of doors.

TO MAKE EMBROIDERED HAT.—MRS. WILLIAM RIGGEE. I would make hat of either white linen of a fairly heavy quality, or of gingham to match dresses, doing the embroidery in white. In either case, use double material for crown, and three ply of the same material for the brim. Carefully baste the parts together so they will not slip, and with a fine stitch, run around each scallop before beginning to embroider. The material will hold starch enough to keep it in shape until soiled, and it is a simple matter to launder then by unbuttoning the crown and ironing flat. REMODELING DRESS.—Black messaline or other soft finished silk that best matches the stripe in your material will make your waist pretty. ADELINE MULLER. You can gain a broad-shouldered effect by either using the yoke as shown in No. 6719 (September), or the shoulder pieces in No. 6259 (July), letting your pointed yoke remain. Use your capped net sleeves.

HANGING SKIRT.—First put your skirt into the belt Miss MAYNARD. Then put it on and have your sister make a chalk mark around the bottom just where it reaches the floor. Cut off at this mark and try on again to see if it touches the floor evenly. You now turn your three-inch hem and you cannot fail to have an even hanging skirt. Stand perfectly still while skirt is being marked as any movement will vary the chalk line.



New Designs including many suitable ones for Christmas gifts.

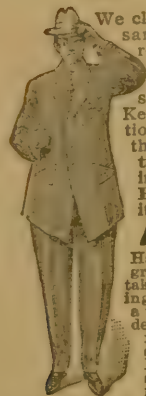
6680—NORFOLK JACKET, 14, 16, 18 years of age.
6570—EVENING SKIRT, 14 to 16 years of age.
6774—SHORT SLEEVED DRESS, 32 to 42 bust.
6602—EMBROIDERED DRESS, 32 to 40 bust.
6775—GIRL'S APRON, eight to 14 years of age.
6704—EMBROIDERED OVER BLOUSE, 32 to 40 bust.
6214—MILITARY COAT, 34 to 42 bust.
6600—GIRL'S TUCKED COAT, 2 to 6 years of age.
6792—BOY'S REEFER COAT, 2 to 6 years of age.
6725—GIRL'S DRESS WITH BLOUSERS, four to eight years of age.
6323—BOY'S PAJAMAS, six to 14 years.
5904—WORK APRON, 32 to 42 bust.
6739—FLOUNCE SKIRT, 14, 16, 18 years of age.
6799—CHILD'S BISHOP DRESS, six months to four years of age.
6379—MISSES' DRAWERS, 12, 14 and 16 years.
6184—PATTERN FOR LEGGINGS, 4, 6 and 12 years.

Special Offers.—Solicit and send one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 15 cents, and one 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 15 cents, and one 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 15 cents. These are the popular non-cream-allowing patterns.

6790—STRAIGHT PLAIRED SKIRT, 14 to 18 years of age.
6792—SIX-GORED SKIRT, 22 to 32 waist.
6793—CHILD'S UNDER SKIRT, one to four years.
6777—BONNET for driving, one size.
6480—FANCY APRONS, one size.
6073—GIRL'S BERTHA COLLAR, eight to 14 years.
6801—YORK QUILT, 32 to 42 bust.
503—TRANSFER embroidery design for belt.
501—TRANSFER embroidery design for pillow-case, towels, etc.
537—TRANSFER embroidery design for foot-ball pillow.
612—TRANSFER embroidery design for Dutch collar.
6551—TRANSFER embroidery design for No. 6551.
478—TRANSFER embroidery design for No. 478.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Sample Suit to Our Agents



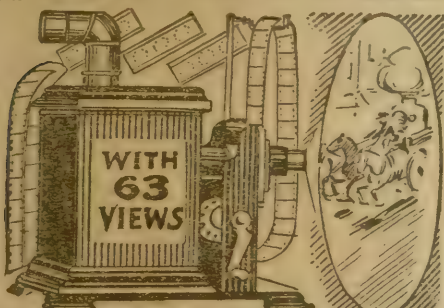
We clothe our agents handsomely in sample suits. That's one of the reasons for their tremendous success. They attract such attention and admiration that people shower them with business. Keeps them busy answering questions, booking orders and pocketing the profits. Absolutely no competition, as we undersell everybody in our line. Suits \$7.50 up. Pants \$2.25 up. Style, fit, quality and satisfaction guaranteed.

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American Woolen Mills Co.
Dept. 453 (6) Chicago, Illinois

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We give FREE this genuine and marvelous Moving Picture Machine, with 2 films with 63 views, for selling only 24 pkgs. of BLUINE at 10c each. THIS IS A GREAT OFFER. You can easily earn good money with this splendid outfit. Write today for the BLUINE. When sold return the \$2.40 and we will send this Moving Picture Machine, and films with 63 views. Blaine Mfg. Co., 907 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

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For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am treating catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, and Ear troubles, with a remarkable new treatment. I want to send a course of this treatment with two instruments to every sufferer, by mail, all charges prepaid, for 15 days. Send no money. Write for my free trial treatment today, giving full description of your case.

Dr. W. C. COFFEY, Dept. 333, Des Moines, Iowa.

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IT'S EASY! POSITIONS WAITING. The OLD MASTER now supplanted by the MOLER GRADUATE who is as carefully prepared as a Doctor. Good wages after few weeks. Our manual for home study. Established in 1893. 33 branches all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. M.

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The most beautiful and best lot ever offered for the money. A general assortment of subjects, such as Santa Claus, Reindeer, Christmas Bells, Pretty Children, Candles with Holly and Mistletoe, etc. In different designs and colorings. 25 of THEM all for 10 CENTS to introduce. MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Medical authorities and the only system known to permanently cure the disease. Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHITZEL, M.D.** Dept. L, American Express Building, Chicago.

LADIES OR GENTS WATCH FREE

We positively give a beautiful STEM WIND and STEM SET Watch, LADIES or GENTS style, elegant chain and bracelet with a brilliant gem for getting our High Grade Art Post Cards. Order 20 plus in sell the two place. When sold send us \$2.00 and we will promptly send you, prepaid, the 5 year guaranteed watch and chain as per our premium list. FREEBEE WATCH CO. 1124 E. 63rd St. Chicago

22 CAL. HUNTING RIFLE FREE

Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blued-black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold, return \$3.00 and we send Rifle. **EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 805, EAST BOSTON, MASS.**

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Hunters to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made \$65 in 47 hrs., another \$21 in 8 hrs., another \$22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. **E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 1466 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

\$3 a Day Sure

furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the territory where you live. Send us your address and we will return the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1609, Detroit, Mich.**

25 Elegant Post Cards 10c

Birthday, Thanksgiving, Christmas Flowers, Red roses, Pink Roses, excellent values, Gold and Silver backgrounds. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. **Hebard Supply House, 423 Monroe St., Dept. 44, Chicago**

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Send us your Song poems for examination and offer. **H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 153, Washington, D. C.**

25 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FLOWERS, LANDSCAPE.

Beautiful, elegant, with artist's colorings and Golden Name Cards, premium Catalogue. All for 10c. **RAY PTCO., Box 100, North Haven, Conn.**

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

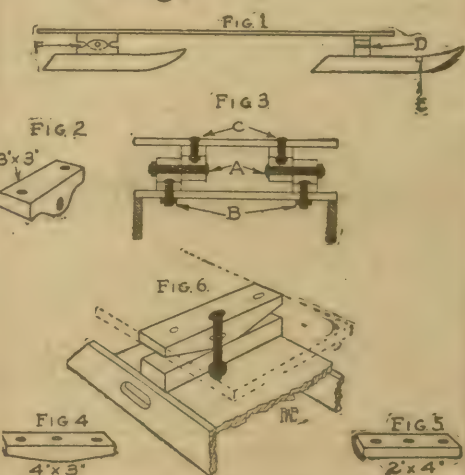
THE chill is in the air. No sun, no rain, no snow, no flowers, November. But we will find plenty to do from the columns of COMFORT. If you have a few tools you should get busy on some of those fine plans. There is variety enough to please all and each one has been thoroughly tested to prove that it is all right. I want every boy who likes this mechanical stuff to write and tell me so.

A November Anniversary

Can you tell without referring to a history what great event in our history took place on November 25, 1783? It was a day of great joy in all the thirteen colonies and all business was suspended to celebrate it. In the offing below Ft. George, which is now Battery park, lay a fleet of British warships. The area around the fort was full of red coats. Hundreds of small boats were busy conveying the soldiers from shore to ship. As the last boat load left the shore in the distance was heard the sound of marching feet and strains of martial music. It was the Continental army marching in to occupy the vacated city. Once more the glorious Star Spangled Banner floated proudly from the flag pole at Ft. George and as the sun went down the curtain had fallen on the last act of the Revolution.

A Coaster for Boys

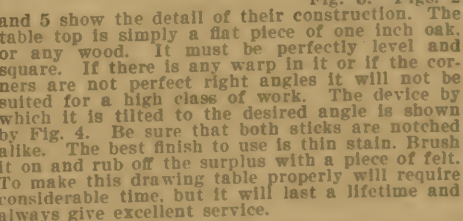
From the thousands of letters I get I know that the great majority of my readers live in regions where snow abounds in the winter season. I know also that they greatly enjoy snow sports chief among which is coasting. For those reasons I set about to design a bob sled that would be simple, easy to make and at the same time superior to the common type. Fig. 1 shows a side view. At "F" you will notice the arrangement of two curved blocks that permit the rear sled to rock up and down without the long plank rocking with them. It is very clearly and effectively shown by Fig. 3. In this cut note that the blocks on the under side of the big plank fit inside those on the top of the rear sled. "A" is the pivot bolts that make the rocking possible. "B" and "C" are the fastening bolts. Fig. 2



FOR SUNNY DAYS AND MOONLIGHT NIGHTS. shows the shape, size and boring of the block used. At the fore end of the coaster a block like Fig. 4 is fitted crosswise to the under side of the plank and one like Fig. 5 is screwed to the top of the front sled. If one of the fore runners hits a bump it will rise without the whole plank being tilted. A cross bar is nailed across the top of the front sled to make the steering easy. The advantages possessed by this coaster will not be fully realized unless you make one and use it. You can easily remodel your old one after this plan. A bright red color with white stripes would be a suitable way to finish it.

A Drawing Table

I know that many of the larger boys who read this column are fond of drawing and to them I recommend this design. It has every advantage possessed by the costly tables used by professional draftsmen, and the work of making it is really a pleasure. You must be careful however and exercise a good deal of patience for cutting the slots that receive the flat pegs is slow and tedious work. The supports of the table are shown in Fig. 1. Two triangular trusses like the one pictured are required. The crosspieces that connect them are shown by Fig. 3. Figs. 2 and 5 show the detail of their construction. The table top is simply a flat piece of one inch oak, or any wood. It must be perfectly level and square. If there is any warp in it or if the corners are not perfect right angles it will not be suited for a high class of work. The device by which it is tilted to the desired angle is shown by Fig. 4. Be sure that both sticks are notched alike. The best finish to use is thin stain. Brush it on and rub off the surplus with a piece of felt. To make this drawing table properly will require considerable time, but it will last a lifetime and always give excellent service.



Winter Flowers

The drawings herewith are intended to suggest to you a means of building a conservatory for indoor flowers in regions where it is too cold for them outside at this season. Select a window that faces the south or west and build around it a stout frame of two by four scantling. The construction of this is clearly shown in Fig. 1 and needs no comment. The roof should be put on to look like the roof of the house, that is using shingles and painting them the

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\$11.45 Buys This 17-Jewel Elgin
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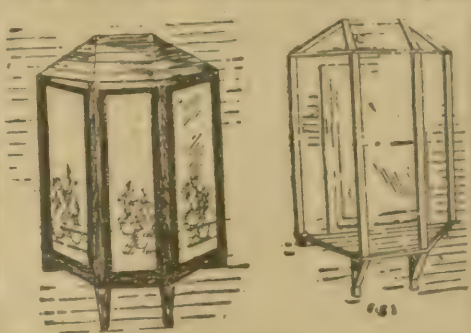
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Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages **WE WILL TRUST YOU**, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High-Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-Year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. **WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG.** It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send Elgin 19-Jewel, B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit. Positively Guaranteed to pass any Railroad Inspection.

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The House that Sells More Elgin Watches than Any Other Firm in the World

same color as the house roof or not painting at all as the case may be. The sides of the shelter is then inclosed by frames into which glass



EASILY CONSTRUCTED.

has been fitted. These frames are screwed in, in such a way that they can be readily lifted out. You can arrange any number of shelves on the inside. This would be a great convenience to mother in tending her plants. The flower house is heated through the open window of the room.

A Verse of the Days

This little specimen of verse is perhaps the cleverest thing of its class that has ever been written.

The year had gloomily begun,
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's **SUN.**

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little **MON.**

"This cash," he cries, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing left but ones and **TUES.**"

A bright thought struck him and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldbags, I will **WED.**"

But when he paid his court to her,
She hissed but firmly said, "No **THUR.**"

"Alas," said he, "then I must die,"
His soul went where they say souls **FRI.**

They found his coat, his gloves, his hat,
The coroner upon them **SAT.**

Problems for November

The problems this month will keep you guessing for some time. The answers always appear in the following number of COMFORT. Watch for them and if you do not then thoroughly understand the solution, I will upon request send full analysis. The one condition is that you inclose postage. I will welcome your letters.

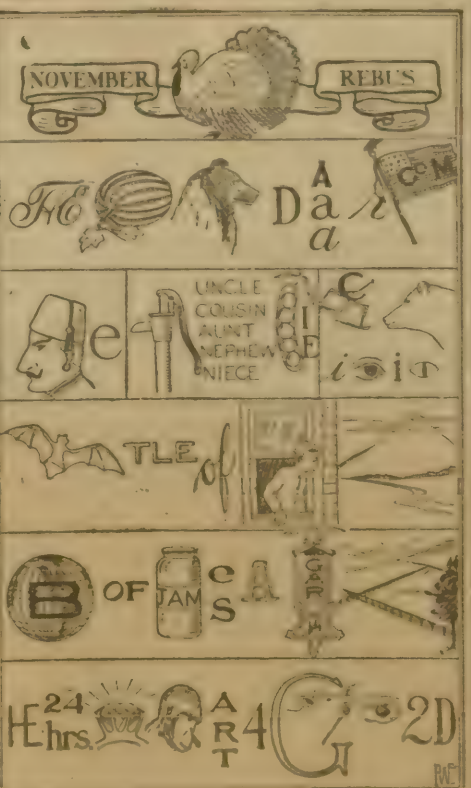
1. The time of day is between 4 and 5 o'clock, and the hour and minute hands are exactly together. What is the time?
2. James is 20 years old and John is 4 years old; in how many years will James, who is now 6 times as old be only twice as old as John?
3. A bought a number of apples at 2 for a cent and as many more at 3 for a cent. He sold them at the rate of 5 for 2 cents and by so doing lost 4 cents. How many of each kind did he buy?

Answers to October Problems

1. C can do it in 40 days, A 80 days and B 80 days. 2. Fish is 32 inches long. 3. He bought 5 cows, 90 pigs and 5 sheep.

November Puzzle

The five lines of pictures appearing below represent various familiar facts in the following order:



1. A reasonable extract from a great American poem.
2. Three good things to eat on Thanksgiving.

3. A unique Civil War engagement that occurred in November.
4. Important event in the career of a November born American statesman.
5. Concerning a certain holiday of this month.

Answers to Hen Puzzle

The answers to the questions about the chicken in last month's COMFORT are as follow: Tail, wing, clause (claws), eye, comb, head, legs, feet, bill, feather, claw, breast (breast), gill, mouth.

October Answers

The correct solutions of the puzzles last month are here given in the order in which they were published:

1. Arkansas, Colorado, Pennsylvania
2. Defeat of Cornwallis.
3. Ducking for apples.
4. Death of Daniel Webster.
5. Columbus lands safely.

There are many good things on this page and they are all designed for you. If you wish to show your appreciation of the liberal policy of COMFORT which takes such an interest in you, keep your subscription paid up and get as many other friends to take the paper as you can. You are really doing a boy a great favor when you introduce him to the many unequalled plans made for boys exclusively. I hope you enjoy them and I stand ready at all times to offer you more detailed information if you wish it.

UNCLE JOHN.

EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY.

THAT THE EYES can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." Write for FREE TRIAL OFFER and FREE BOOK. Actina Appliance Co., 624 N. Curtice Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SEND US COON, MINK, POSSUM, SKUNK

and other furs, hides, roots, etc. No commissions. We pay express charges on fur shipments amounting to \$10 or more. Write for free tags, price list, etc.

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Write for 10 pieces of jewelry in mail at 10c each. Send \$1.00 and we will send this beautiful, locket and ring FREE.

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MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make \$20 per week and \$3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.

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1911 CALENDAR FREE

We will send 5 lovely colored Thanksgiving Post Cards and a beautiful New Year Calendar printed in colors and gold for 2 cent stamp to pay postage. This remarkable offer made to introduce our post cards in your vicinity. Write today. **A. Porter, 107 Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. 206.**

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with our gold plated plates and feel your friends. Great fun, reasonable dentures worn. Ships over 100 each, neatly adjusted, returned as well. Over five million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each for 50c or 15c for 100. **C. B. FARGO, Dept. L, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.**

NEW 1911 PATTERN

Signet Rings, just like illustration, warranted to wear. Initial engraved FREE. One sample ring by mail, postpaid, 10c. **BEST RING CO., Dept. R. C., 83 Chambers St., New York City**

AGENTS

New invention; never before sold in your territory; horse owners wild about them; automatic home fastener sells at sight; coin money; a fortune in your territory; free sample to workers; write at once. **Automatic Fastener Co., G 1151, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

5 Christmas Cards FREE

Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very finest Gold Embossed Christmas Post Cards FREE, to introduce post card offer. **CAPITAL CARD CO., DEPT. 68, TOPEKA, KAN.**

IPAY \$1.00 EACH FOR NAMES!

To correspondents by my new plan. WORK AT YOUR HOME; NO PEDDLING! W. F. BLYE, Dept. 12, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

BE A DETECTIVE; Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 453 SCARLETT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

25 Xmas, Birthday & Floral Post Cards

Elegant, Gold Embossed—No Trash. For this **COUPON No. 391** & 10c. **Orleans Post Card Co., Orleans, Vt.**

SPANISH

Needles, Rods & Hooks, for locating Gold, Silver and Hidden Treasures. Fully Guaranteed. Booklet Free. Address: **P. & M. AGENCY, 10 New St., Palmyra, Pa.**

SONG WRITERS Send stamp for liberal plan. KETH'S MUSIC HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, N. J.

WANTED—Buyers for nice, new, 40-pound Feather Beds at \$10.00. The Stokes Furniture Co., BURLINGTON, N. C.

10 Perfumed postcards with your name in gold. C. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. **10c**

SONG POEMS wanted, with or without music. Enton, Box 9, 1370 14th, New York.

AGENTS wanted to sell Native Herbs, \$1 box, 250 tablets for 60c. Write C. Melrose, Columbus, O.

10 LOVELY POSTALS 10c. SILK PERFORMED FLORAL, CHRISTMAS, LOVE SCENES. American Art Co., New Haven, Conn.

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FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. (Don't risk death by delay.)



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the month, cousins dear, when we are to give thanks whether we have had just as much to be thankful for, or think so, as though we had not. And it is right for us to give thanks even though we do have some doubts, for there is no doubt that if most of us got what we deserved—however, I shall not cast any reflections upon anybody. November is the last of the cheery months and it is not as cheery as it might be, but that is all the reason why all of us should be more so in order to make it come out even. Let us all then brighten up and make sunshine in ourselves and I'm going to begin by turning right in to work.

The first cousin to hear from is Doubtful Bessie of Arthur, Ill., and she wants to know if she should write again to the young man who stopped writing without warning and after a wait of weeks wrote again apologizing and asking her to renew the correspondence. Well, it is a risk to write to that kind, but if he had a satisfactory explanation to offer and would promise not to do so again, I think I would give him one more trial. She also wants to know if she should write to more than one man at a time. Of course, but she must not write love letters. Correspondence is only conversation by mail, and she may write to as many as she might talk to.

G. A. K., Northwood, N. Dak.—Don't worry about the beaux, my dear. Let them worry about you. You'll never get one by worrying for him.

Blonde, Kenley, N. C.—Leave the matter to the young man. If he is the kind who will give up his sweetheart in deference to the prejudices of his sister, you are very much better off without him. Otherwise, fight the sister to a finish.

Troubled Cousin, Enid, Okla.—You are too young to marry any one yet, and to marry a widower with three children is a task that no eighteen-year-old girl should undertake. Life at home may not be all that you would like it, but, my dear, I think a home with a husband sixteen years older than you and three stepchildren to look after would, not be a great improvement.

Beloved, Fairfield, Ill.—If he takes to drink to drown his troubles in not getting his parents' consent to marry you do you think he would become a sober man if he did get you? My dear, you run a great risk to marry a man who goes to the bottle for relief in time of trouble, and unless your love is such that it can stand that sort of strain, I would give him up before it is too late.

True Lover, Elcampe, Texas.—Being as undecided as you are and as heart-whole and fancy free, I should advise you to continue these beaux of yours as friends and come to no decision for three years. By that time you will be of age and better qualified to determine what you want in the husband line.

Ethel, Watonsville, Cal.—Ethel, dear, you are a silly girl who shouldn't have a bean until she knows how to act. Now that you have made up again see if you can't act sensibly and not have any more quarrels. Nice kind of a wife you'd make, wouldn't you?

R. T., Atlanta, Ind.—He is just like the other young fellows, my dear, who think all girls have no other object in life but to have a good time and he was merely extending the courtesies of his kind. He would probably buy ice cream and soda water for you, take you buggy riding and to picture shows and maybe to a restaurant to dinner. That is about what the young fellows do to make the girls think they are perfect gentlemen and the girls usually think they are. And it is usually all right for the girls tell their mothers all about it and the mothers get acquainted with the young fellows.

Three Girls, Blodgett, Mo.—Forget that there are any beaux in the whole world until you are twenty-one years of age and then don't be in any hurry to remember it.

Pebelan, Snohomish, Wash.—Don't play the kissing games, my dear, and don't permit familiarities from the young man, no matter how much you may be

When Women Suffer

The trouble may arise from a variety of causes. The bodily organs are so sympathetic, that an injury to one may effect them all.

The debilitating effects of indigestion or the trouble caused by a torpid liver may bring about a general breakdown in health.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

offer a safe and satisfactory remedy for women's ailments. They not only purge the body of its impurities, but by regulating the bowels, kidneys and liver, tone up the entire system and ward off debility and illness. They

Act Promptly and Thoroughly

Women who value good health should read special instructions in every box.

Sold everywhere in boxes, 10c. and 25c.

laughed at. Your ideas are good and clean and womanly and you will never regret keeping them as they now are always.

Francis and Annie, Caddo Gap, Ark.—Do as he does and when he makes engagements with you, break them and let him fix it up to suit himself. You won't lose much if you lose him entirely.

There, dears, all your questions are answered and I have been just as sunshiny as if it were June instead of November, haven't I? And I didn't try very hard either because most of you were a bit sunshiny yourselves and I just responded. Some I didn't answer because they asked simply to be asking, and others I had to send to other departments. Now, by, by till we meet again and may all the blessings that are coming to you come in good time. By, by.

Cousin Marion.

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Black, French, Melon-Shaped Hat Selected Black Coney, oval crown, trimmings of head and two tails, wire frame, satin lined. Our Genuine Fur Scarfs are made from real Belgium Coney, latest style, 42 inches long, six long tabs. Our Genuine Fur Muffs are large and comfortable, made of real Belgium Coney. Handsome and Stylish, matching Hat and Scarf. Choice of Hat, Scarf, or Muff, given for distributing twelve packages colored art Gold Embossed Post Cards at 15c on our Special Offer (10 cards to package). We trust you with Cards. When sold send us \$1.80. Premium selected sent promptly.

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FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off, nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, arduous trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Won't last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk



and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight. We have arranged to give these dolls (except raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Remember. We send this magazine free to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 Dolls for securing 3 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each. 4 sets Dolls for a club of 6 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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our big, bright December number full of Christmas cheer, with Christmas stories and seasonable attractions besides the regular departments, all of which you will regret if you miss them by not subscribing at once.

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that amusing, fascinating masterpiece of modern fiction, the second installment of which is printed in this paper. This great story, replete with thrilling, pathetic incidents and funny jokes, with the beautiful romance of two young lovers charmingly woven through it, gains in interest to the very end. We paid a high price for the exclusive serial right, and it will be run as a continued story in COMFORT only. The LAUGHABLE OPENING CHAPTERS in which David describes in his own droll way his famous horse trade with the deacon, the funniest thing you ever read, appeared in October COMFORT which will be SENT YOU FREE, if you request it, provided you subscribe at once, before our extra October copies are gone; use the coupon below.

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FILL OUT the subscription blank below and send with it 25 cents for 15 months. (35 cents a year in Canada.) Ask for October Comfort if you want first part of David Harum.

Publisher of COMFORT Augusta, Maine. November 1910. I am sending 25 cents for 15 months subscription to COMFORT.

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FOR SELLING OUR JEWELRY. This handsome AMERICAN MADE STEEL WIND, STEM SET WATCH, engraved and proper size GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS. Also silver ring ready for your initial and a watch chain free to boys, girls or anyone selling 24 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send name and address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us 10c, 20c and we will send the watch, ring, and chain FREE. JAMES JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 8, CHICAGO.

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20 Christmas Post Cards 10c

NO TWO ALIKE — LATEST DESIGNS. Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10c. If you answer this ad immediately J. H. Seymour, 159 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

SEND 10c. silver for list of over 100 boys and girls

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RODS

SPANISH NEEDLES, GOLDMETERS for Treasure Seekers. Book of Free P & M. AGENCY, 14 Bay St., PALMYRA, PA.

Children's Jolly Hour

By Uncle John

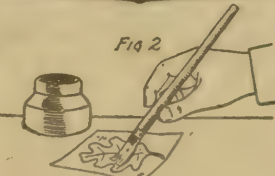
WELL, my little dears, I have come again for another frolic, and I hope I find you all well and happy and with a big appetite for the nice Thanksgiving dinner that is due all good little girls and boys.

Two Little Girls

I know two little girls of the same size. They live next door to each. They are not very rich and not very poor. Sometimes they play together. And strange to say they do not fight. But they are not just alike. No indeed there is quite a difference. One of them is always dressed up and out wheeling her biggest doll in her new go-cart. She has pretty yellow leggings and a red coat. But she hates to work. When she wants anything she says, "Ma get me this or ma get me that." She never helps with the dishes, or puts her own clothes away. The other one is always working. Her mother will say, "Run out dear and play." But she always answers, "Yes, when I wipe those dishes or sweep this corner." The other girl said one day, "Oh, you never have any fun," but the busy one only said, "Indeed I do, it's the best fun in the world to help mamma."

Preserving Leaves

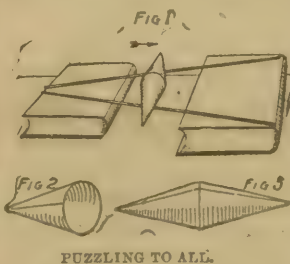
The most beautiful season of the year is when the autumn leaves are turning and beginning to fall. Every little school child who loves nature should welcome this plan of preserving the leaves. Get a large book and mark the pages into squares as the picture shows. Now hunt around until you get a perfect and beautiful leaf of any kind and give it a coat of varnish or shellac. Your papa or big brother will get it for you. When the leaf has dried paste it in the book, using the white of raw egg for paste. In the corner of the square write the name of the leaf and the date you secured it on. Soon you will have an interesting collection and will learn much from it. When you find a leaf that you cannot name ask the teacher to help you.



NATURE STUDY.

The Magic Cone

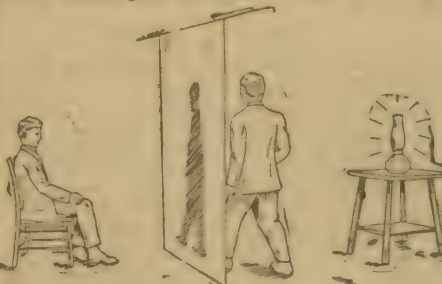
You can make this double pointed cone run up a hill as easy as a marble will run down one. But you must follow directions closely as much depends on getting things arranged just as the picture shows. First make a cone by twisting a sheet of stiff paper like Fig. 2, then make another like it, fill them with scraps of cloth or sawdust and fasten both together like Fig. 3. Place a small thin book and a large thick one on the table about two feet apart and lay on small sticks as shown. Place the cone on the lower end of the sticks and it will run up the hill and finally come to rest on top of the large book. It is a very puzzling trick and you will have the old folks guessing if you try it on them.



PUZZLING TO ALL.

Shadow Game

This game is a good one for a child's birthday party. The next time you give one or go to one you ought to play it and see what great fun it is. The idea is to hang a white sheet in front of a doorway, say for instance over a bedroom door, and put out all lights except one lamp in the big room. One player is admitted to the bedroom and while he is in there one of the others walks past the sheet trying at the same

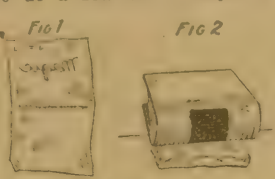


SKILL IN GUESSING.

time to make himself look as different as possible. The one looking through the sheet sees only a dark shadow and tries to guess who it is. If he calls the right name, the one called will have to go in and take his place and so the game goes on. It is great fun and soon has everybody laughing.

A Trick

A simple amusing trick is always good at a party and the little boy or girl who knows how to do a few will always be in demand. This is easy enough for anyone to learn in one minute but it will puzzle the company and cause them to think that you are very smart and clever. All you need is a big book, a newspaper and a slate.



What you purpose doing is to wrap up a clean slate in the paper, place the book on so it cannot move and then by waving your hand, cause the word "Magic" to be written on it. First with chalk write the word in reverse on the paper as in Fig. 1. Place this in contact with the slate as you wrap it up and the heavy book will print it on neatly. The chalk marks cannot be seen very well on the paper but will show up very clearly on the slate. Practice it secretly before attempting to do it in public.

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FULL JEWEL WALTHAM \$10.65
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SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID.
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Picking Out the Toys

On this table you will see quite a few toys. Some are for the little girl and quite a few for the boy. Can you tell which is which? Write down the

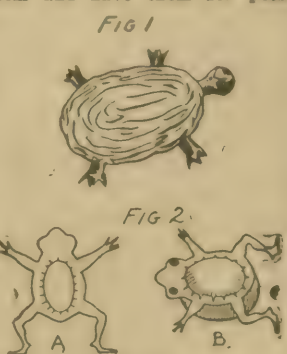


FOR THE LITTLE BOY AND GIRL.

ones you want and let a little girl write the ones she wants and see if there is not at least one that both of you want. It is hard to choose from so many nice things but you should be able to do so.

Animals

How you children do love to watch animals and play with them and have them for pets. And so it should be, for God made all the other creatures for you. But He does not want you to tease or torment or hurt them in any way. Perhaps you would like to make some little play animals. Let us take the turtle for instance. Get a nice prune or raisin and flatten it down. Now stick four cloves in it for the legs and one for the head. It looks



MAKE BELIEVE.

like a turtle and may be pulled along by a thread. The frog is made by cutting the shape from green or grayish paper and pasting to an egg shell. The slightest breath of air will make it wiggle in a life-like manner.

Gourds

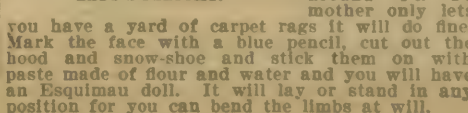
Gourds grow nearly everywhere so I suppose you have some near your home. They are nice to plant flowers in. First you cut off the top and scoop them out and then your punch a few holes to let the water out. Fill them with rich earth and plant any kind of a small house plant. When you have a party you can hang the gourds from the doorways or ceiling and they look very pretty. They grow in every different shape and it is great fun cutting them out to resemble different objects. I know a little girl and boy who have no other toys only gourds and yet they have plenty of fun and do not seem to long for any other playthings.

Rhyme

Run right up, run right down,
Run right out and all around,
Down the cellar, up the stairs,
Run ker-bump against the chairs,
Run out the door and through the yard,
Never stop but run real hard,
Keep running till you reach the shed,
And never stop till you run to bed.

A North Pole Doll

The smallest girl in the land can make a doll like this if she will look over the pictures and have someone explain them to her. First make the head by twisting a small piece of cloth around a marble or anything round. The body is a little round stick or piece of pencil. One hairpin fastened as shown, will serve as arms, another will do for the legs. You now build the dolly up to a more natural looking size by wrapping small strips of cloth around it. If mother only lets you have a yard of carpet rags it will do fine. Mark the face with a blue pencil, cut out the hood and snow-shoe and stick them on with paste made of flour and water and you will have an Esquimau doll. It will lay or stand in any position for you can bend the limbs at will.



BABY'S DELIGHT.

Little children can have great fun cutting out animals and birds and people or anything out of paper. The best way to do it is to have five or six or more if you can sitting at a table, and then give each one a sheet of white paper and a small pair of scissors. Each one must try to cut the shape of some certain thing, say for instance a Teddy bear, out of the paper. Some older person must look at them and say which is the best. Then try it again, taking some other

Safe-Swift-Sure

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ARE FREE FOR CATALOGUE

18

object, like a shed or house, for the second attempt. Ten trials should be given and the winning cut-outs are then pinned to a dark curtain. They are left there until the party is over and just before going home the winner is presented with a prize. A pencil, or tablet, or pretty note book would do nicely for the prize.

Riddles

What is that which is of no use to a wagon and yet a wagon cannot go without it? Ans. Noise.

What is it that points every direction no matter what way you throw it? Ans. A pineapple. As high as a house as low as a mouse, as bitter as gall and sweet after all? Ans. A walnut.

What is that that cannot go up a chimney up or down a chimney up but can down a chimney down or up a chimney down? Ans. An umbrella. Why is your clothes like molasses? Ans. Because they are thick in winter and thin in summer.

If a person swallowed a thermometer what would happen to him? Ans. He would die by degrees.

I hope you have all enjoyed the "Hour" as much as I have; and now, wishing you a happy Thanksgiving, good by until we meet next month for a Christmas talk. UNCLE JOHN.

Personal to Consumptives.

I possess information which cost me a fortune, and feel that I should let every consumptive know about my experience. Mrs. O. M. Reynolds, Central National Bank, Columbus, O.

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\$100 PRIZE

A weather beaten old stone marker of which this is a picture was lately found near Washington. See if you are smart enough to tell what it says. \$100 in cash is to be given for correct answers. This is a sample of the many original and instructive competitions the Pathfinder publishes. Our contests are not of the silly sort, but are made to interest people of brains, such as would appreciate the Pathfinder—which is everywhere called the original and best family weekly there is. Published at the Nation's Capital; gives you of world's news and everything you want to know all in a nutshell; no partisan, reliable, entertaining—THE paper for the home. Send your answer to the publisher at "fig 25" for the "13 weeks" subscription and you will win it the best investment of your life. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1910; prize awarded promptly and fairly. To the person who correctly describes this inscription we will pay \$100 in cash. If there should be more than one correct answer we will divide the prize equally among the trying contestants. You must not miss this chance Pathfinder 13 weeks \$2.50 and Cash Prize if reading is correct. Address: The Pathfinder, Box 41, Washington, D. C.

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An Unwilling Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

accompany Clemence home, and in an hour they were ready, and set forth.

"You may tell Dolor, if he asks after me, that I am gone home with Clemence to Beach cottage and that I am not certain whether I shall return tonight or not," said Elva to Mrs. Rock.

And Clemence, guarding her happy secret, entered the cottage to make preparations for keeping her appointment with Ernest.

Meanwhile, at Elmslea, Dr. Dolor kept his room until late in the afternoon. Then, descending the stairs, and meeting the maid Betty, he asked:

"Where is Mrs. Dolor?"

"Lord sir!" cried the girl, half paralyzed by the sound of his sepulchral voice, "she's gone home with Miss Clemence."

"When will she be back—do you know?"

"Lord sir!" cried Betty, shuddering, "I heard her tell missus how she didn't think she'd be back tonight."

And Betty, unconscious of the fatal effect of her words, fled up-stairs, and never paused until she had found refuge in Mrs. Lambert's room.

One hour after that, Professor Dolor, closely enveloped in an ample cloak, left Elmslea, and took the road to the beach.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The heavens were growing very dark, yet Clemence hurried fearlessly over the slippery stones. A rapid walk of fifteen minutes brought her down to the water's edge.

She wondered that Ernest had not been there ready to receive her. A heavy drop of rain struck Clemence in the face. The storm would soon burst forth—where was Ernest? She peered through the darkness up and down the beach.

She turned, and, under cover of the darkness, moved swiftly and silently from the locality. The storm was coming on very fast. She pulled her hood closely about her face, and wrapped her shawl tightly about her as she met the blast.

She had just turned to go, when the sound of a man's heavy, measured footsteps, approaching from the opposite direction, fell upon her ear. As the man drew near—she had no doubt of the identity. She hastened to meet him, exclaiming, in a low, eager tone:

"Ernest! dear Ernest!"

The man paused, and stood perfectly still.

"Ernest, dear Ernest!" she exclaimed once more, under her breath, as she pressed towards him.

"Not yet—not yet!" And his whole frame shook with an inward storm.

She started forward and put her arms around his neck, and whispered in suppressed tones:

"Dearest Ernest, what is the matter? Tell me for I love you more than life."

The man clasped his left arm fiercely around her waist—lifted his right hand, and hissing sharply through his clenched teeth:

"You have drawn on your own doom—die, wretched girl," plunged a dagger in her bosom, and pushed her from him.

One sudden, piercing shriek, and she dropped at his feet, grasping at the ground, and writhing in agony. The blood followed, and with the life-stream her strength flowed away.

Suddenly he dropped upon his knees by her side, put his arm under head and shoulders, and raised her up. He laid her down gently, groaning in a tone of unspeakable anguish:

"Miss Moore! Oh, God! what have I done?"

And with an awful cry, between a shriek and a groan, the wretched man cast himself upon the ground by the side of the fallen body.

At length the sound of footsteps was heard approaching. In the very anguish of remorse the instinct of self-preservation seized the wretched man, and he started up and fled as from the face of the avenger of blood.

In the meantime Elva had reached home. It was dark and the rain was beginning to fall as she sprang from the carriage and darted into the house.

Mrs. Rock met her in the hall took her hand, and said:

"I'm so glad that you have come back; the professor gives me a great deal of anxiety, and if you had stayed away tonight I could not have been answerable for the consequences."

"Very well, aunty! But—is Dolor in the house?"

"I don't know, my love. You make haste."

Elva tripped up the stairs to her own room, which she found lighted, warmed, and attended by her maid Betty. When she had arranged her dress, she went down-stairs and passed into the dining-room, where the supper-table was set.

They all sat down and amid the captain's growls, the meal passed. And when it was over, the captain, leaning on Mrs. Rock's arm, went in the back parlor; and Elva danced on to the front parlor, where she found no one but the maid, who was mending the fire.

"Say! did you see anything of the professor while I was gone?" she inquired.

"Why, ma'am just before sundown, as I was a-carrying coals up-stairs to Mrs. Lambert's room, I met the professor coming down. I like to a' screamed! I like to a' let the wood drop! I like to a' dropped right down myself! It made my heart beat in the back o' my head! he looked so awful, horrid, gashtly. After speaking in a voice hollow as an empty coffin, and skering me out of my seventeen senses, asking after you, he just took himself off somewhere, and I ain't seen him since."

"What did he ask you? What did you tell him?"

"He asked where you was. I told him you were gone home long o' Miss Moore; and he asked when you were coming back; I told him I believed not till tomorrow morning; then his face turned all sorts of awful dark colors, and seemed like it crushed right in, and he nodded and said, 'Ah!' but it sounded just like a hollow groan; and took himself off, and I ain't seen him since."

The hall-door was thrown violently open, hurried and irregular steps were heard, and Dr. Dolor staggered forward and paused before her!

Elva saw at a glance that some fatal and irreparable misfortune had happened. There was blood upon his hands and wristbands.

His fingers, talon-like, clutched his breast, as if to tear some mortal anguish from there, and his glassy eyes were fixed in unutterable reproach upon her face! Thrice he assayed to speak but a gurgling noise in his throat was the only result. With a last great effort to articulate, the blood suddenly filled his throat and gushed from his mouth! His hand dropped powerless to his side, he reeled and fell upon the door!

Elva's screams of terror filled the house!

The family came rushing in. Foremost entered the captain.

"What the d—! is all this? What's broke loose now? What are you raising all this row for, you infernal little imp?"

"Oh, uncle! aunt! mother! look! look!" exclaimed Elva, pointing to the fallen man.

The sight arrested all eyes.

Mrs. Rock and Mrs. Lambert hastened to stoop and raise the sufferer. The captain drew near, half stupefied, as he always was in a crisis.

"What—what's all this? Who did it? how did it happen?" he asked, with a look of cool amazement.

"Give me a cushion Betty, to place under his head. Professor Dolor is dying."

"Dying? eh! what! what did you say, Martha?" inquired the captain for he was unable to comprehend what had happened. "What is the matter? what ails Darius, my boy?"

"He has ruptured an artery," said Mrs. Rock, gravely.

"Ruptured an artery! How did it happen? Da-

rius! my boy! speak to me—how do you feel? Oh, Heaven, he doesn't speak! he doesn't hear me! Oh, Martha, he is very ill! he must be put to bed at once, and the doctor sent for! Come here, Betty! help me to lift your young master," said the old man, waking up to anxiety.

"Stay! the doctor has been sent for; but he must not be moved, it would be fatal to him; indeed, I fear that he is beyond human help," whispered Mrs. Rock, as she wiped the gushing stream from the lips of the dying man.

"Dying! no, no, Darius! Darius! speak to me, lad! you're not dying! Darius! speak to your old—speak, Darius!" cried time to the captain, stooping down and raising the sufferer in his arms.

Mrs. Rock came and laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder. He looked up in hopeless, helpless trouble, and cried out:

"Oh, Martha, he was my son, my poor, un-owned boy! Oh, Martha, is he dead? are you sure?"

"He is gone; come away to your room," said Mrs. Rock, gently taking his hand.

Elva, white with horror, was kneeling with clasped hands and dilated eyes, gazing on the ruin. The old man's glance fell upon her there, and his passion changed from grief to fury—fiercely he broke forth:

"It was you! You are the murderess—you! Heaven's vengeance light upon you!"

"Oh I never meant it! I never meant it!" cried Elva, wringing her pale fingers.

"Out of my sight! and may Heaven's wrath pursue you!" thundered the captain, shaking with grief and rage.

Meanwhile where was Ernest Brent? and why had he not kept his appointment with Clemence?

On hurrying home after his interview with Hawk, Ernest Brent had been met with the news of his grandfather's extreme illness. To leave his death-bed even to keep the appointment with Clemence was impossible. But Ernest dispatched a confidential servant with a note to inform Clemence of what had happened. The man reached the sands only in time to see Hawk and the dismayed crew of the little vessel gathered around the dead body of Clemence. They stated that they had been witnesses of the assassination—but not in time to prevent it; that they were hurrying forward to arrest the murderer, when he was lost in the darkness of the night and storm.

The body of the martyred girl was taken to the nearest fisherman's cottage, and the servant returned to his master with the dreadful intelligence.

Ernest Brent just released from the solemn duty of closing the eyes of his deceased relative,

was met by this overwhelming shock. A long and dangerous illness ensued.

The next day the coroner's inquest sat upon the bodies of the victim and her destroyer. In the first case they found that Clemence had come to her death through a wound inflicted by Darius Dolor, while the latter was laboring under an attack of madness.

In the second instance their verdict was that Darius Dolor had died by a visitation of God.

From the moment that Elva learned the fact of Clemence Moore's fate she never spoke, or eat, or slept—for four days, at the end of which she expired.

All this so subdued the unfortunate captain, that he scarcely ever held up his head again; though he lived many years longer, attended by his faithful wife.

Ernest recovered from his long and severe illness to live a life of deep repentance and active good works. He never again thought of marriage but adopted his half brother, Robert Stuart, as his heir.

After years had softened the memory of his boyish love and its tragic termination, Gusto Summers, having attained the rank of post captain married Ethelind Howard.

Isa Brook, as the nearest of kin to Clemence Moore, inherited her large fortune. When time had assuaged her grief and matured her person, she became the bride of Robert Stuart.

The mother and daughter were not, however, separated. They all lived together with Ernest Brent, at Mount Pleasant, forming one family.

And in the society of those who had been dearest to Clemence Moore, Ernest Brent found consolation.

THE END.

The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

before going to bed, with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. When face is clean, rinse off lather, dry, and rub in a quantity of boracic powder, and if this smart the skin, massage in a tiny bit of cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else your skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

P. J. B. M. B. W. N.—To fill out sunken cheeks; soak cloths in warm rich creamy milk and after washing the face in hot water, lay these milk wet cloths over the cheeks. As soon as they cool, dip them into the warm milk and apply again. Do this for thirty minutes every day and your cheeks should soon fill out. Better lie down while applying cloths.

Mrs. A. V. R.—Yes, I think it would be a good idea

to have your little daughter practice physical culture exercises, only don't let her practice too long at a time.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of white soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Always in the daytime, when face is being washed in hot water, finish by dashing on cold water. After the blackheads are gone, rub this astringent on the skin three times a day.

Coarse Pore Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange flower water, one ounce.

An Oklahoma Widow, Green-eyed, Little Girl, Nella and others.—No, glycerine is not a hair grower. Following is a remedy for removing moth patches:

Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces. Mop on spots night and morning. Make applications carefully.

Hazel Eyes, Sweet Pea.—No do not begin treatment until baby is weaned. Use cocoa-butter, but warm it as you use it. Try rubbing warm olive oil into the arms for twenty minutes daily but first bathe them for several minutes in very hot water. This treatment should plump them slowly.

Florence B., Troublesome, Susie, Blue-eyed Louise, Evelyn E., and others.—An excellent lotion for pimples is as follows:

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rosewater, four ounces.

This may be applied to spots several times a day. Drink two quarts of water daily, take a daily bath, keep bowels active and stop eating pie, cake, candy and fried foods.

B. E., Hunt, N. C.—You should drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before meals and before going to bed. Take a bath every day and do not eat pie, cake, candy, gravies, or pickles. Do not drink much tea and coffee. This should help your yellow spots. See reply to an Oklahoma Widow about moth or liver patches. At this time you naturally would have a bad complexion. See reply to Kentucky Girl.

Pattie, Kremfing Beauty, Democrat, Ark., and others.—Cabbages and turnips contain almost no nourishment. Can't you take two tablespoonfuls of olive oil after meals? Also try your best to drink milk. Eat heartily of what you do eat and don't forget bread and butter. Chew everything well and you will digest better. I do not care for the cream you mention. Wash face in old buttermilk or sour milk if you want to bleach it.

V. M. P., Frieda.—Just lump starch, that you starch clothes with.

Black-eyed Bessie.—Sew large, heavy dress shields in every dress, then the perspiration can't spoil them.

Once Bright Eyes.—I did not get your former letter. What was the question? If you begin the milk again, you should take it until you feel well or are plump enough.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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I Believe I Have Prepared a Book That Will Benefit Any Sufferer Who Accepts This Opportunity to Know Its Contents.

Each part of the ear is illustrated with good pictures, and described so that anybody will understand. The causes and forms of deafness are clearly explained and remedies suggested. You will find a chapter instructing you how to test the hearing, how to know whether you are suffering with any trouble from the ear, or may be threatened from such trouble. Thus you will find instructions in the use of a series of tests which will enable you, if you have ear troubles, to decide the amount and location of the defect in your hearing, and can therefore take proper measures for relief and cure.

Help a Friend—If You Are Well and Strong

If You Know of a Friend or Relative Afflicted With Eye or Ear Troubles, Send for My Book for Them, So They May Be Benefited by the Information It Contains.

Space here will not permit me to say all this great book contains for those who would be benefited by knowing its contents. I can only say that I have tried to write a book—a treatise that would be valuable as a reference book, that the doctor could refer to for information or the sufferer for advice. The facts which I present are the result of personal contact with thousands of the most complex derangements of the eye, ear, nose and throat. If you know of a friend or relative who is afflicted with eye, ear, nose or throat trouble, recommend my book. It is not to be supposed that the well can fully sympathize with the sick. They would have to feel every pain of mind and body which the sick endure, but the well can and should do their part in aiding those who are afflicted. Send for my book today for yourself or a friend.

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Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Brown Eyes, Hendrickson, Mo.—You may say thank you to the person who says he is glad to have met you and you may say that you are also glad to have met the person.

Harry McC., Des Moines, Ia.—Etiquette utterly fails to apply in such a case and you will have to work the problem out on your own hook. It seems to us to be quite easy of solution, though we do not know the customs of Des Moines.

G. O. C., Minot, N. Dak.—Introduce your husband to your brother by saying, "Husband, this is Brother." If they don't know each other's names it is for you to inform them. In introducing him to ladies you mention the ladies' names and say, "This is my husband." (2) You may wear the engagement ring on any finger after the wedding ring has taken its place on the third finger.

E. W., Forkville, Pa.—If all young men were as sensible and square as you are your suggestion would work all right, but they are not, and to handle some of them a girl must use a club.

Pauline Mae, Tekamah, Neb.—Why should you give him a graduation present because he extends an invitation to his graduation? Do you suppose he invited you in order to get a present? Your presence there is enough. (2) You may do as you please about sending cards for all you receive in the birthday shower.

A. E., Bridgeton, Ind.—You are not compelled to answer a card which has been sent to you. You do exactly as you please about it. This is a free country.

Minnesota Girl, Stewart, Minn.—A girl is of legal age in Minnesota at twenty-one, and may then marry without the consent of her parents.

Broken-hearted, Fremont, Neb.—Either party to an engagement of marriage may break it whenever they see fit and the other has no recourse except a suit for breach of promise. We are sorry for you, but yours is only one of thousands and they are happening all the time. We sometimes think the supply of broken hearts far exceeds the demand, but it continues just the same.

Canyon Girl, Condon, Ore.—When there is more than one woman of the same surname, in a company of people, either the women's first names or that of their husbands must be used to distinguish them. For example you might say Mrs. Jessie Brown or Mrs. Henry Brown.

Nester Boy, Monument, N. M.—Don't worry about the two little fourteen-year-olds being in love with you, even if they are eighteen and much wiser than they. Let them go on loving you and let them quarrel over you if they want to. That is the natural thing to do and they begin early. If you don't want to cause any trouble of that sort you will have to become a hermit.

Undecided, Spurger, Texas.—Ask your mother what she thinks about your cousin making love to you and marrying you. It is illegal in some states for cousins to marry, but Texas is not yet civilized up to that point. (2) It is just as "becoming" for a girl to make her living teaching as it is to marry. More so if she marries simply for a living.

Anxious, Sayville, Conn.—What you want to know socially can hardly be told to you in print so you can understand it properly. We advise that you ask some lady of your acquaintance to tell you what to say and do and to give you such other instructions as will be necessary.

E., Wales, Mass.—It is very generally the custom for a widow to use her given name not only in signing it, but on her cards. Instead of her late husband's name. For example when Mrs. John Jones becomes a widow, she changes her name to Mrs. Elizabeth Jones. Then everybody knows she is a widow. Some widows, however, still retain their husband's names, though there is no good reason for it.

Madge, Oakland, Cal.—A girl may marry without her parents' consent in California at eighteen. (2) If you can get the third finger of the left hand anywhere else than next to the little finger, let us know, please. (3) The ring can hardly be considered an engagement ring seeing that he has never said anything to you about being engaged. Aren't you rather crowding the young man? We advise you not to be over anxious, or you will lose him altogether.

Branded Hand, Georgeville, Minn.—You don't love him very much or you would not be asking what was the proper thing to do about marrying him. When a girl wants to marry a man who wants her she usually doesn't ask anybody but herself, and she doesn't care, more's the pity, whether it is the right thing to do or not. (2) When a young woman has a "steady company" it is his duty to go to places with her, or stand back and let her get somebody else. (3) A farmer girl who loves town life runs considerable risk in marrying a farmer who must stay on the farm to make a living. Unless she is more in love with him than she is with herself, she hadn't better marry him.

Greenhorn, Gonzales, Cal.—When the stranger after his introduction and talk says he is very glad to have met you, you should say something quite as pleasant to him and not be formal about it. If you were saying it by rote. Express your feelings that is all. (2) If your fiancé does not object to your sending the other man a post card, it will be all right. Why not both of you sign the card?

Nedra, Keats, Kans.—Girl: one of age in Kansas at twenty-one.

Farmer Girl, Melberry, N. Dak.—If it is necessary for the young man to help the young lady from the dancing hall to the buggy by taking her hand, he may do so. Usually he takes her by the arm. (2) If she goes to town with the man she should accept his invitation to supper and decline that of her relatives who did not invite him. We don't think they were very polite. (3) Etiquette does not say who should ring up first on the phone when the ring-up is merely for pleasure. We should say at a venture that the one should ring up first who wanted most to talk. That's the rule, anyhow, outside of etiquette.

Dixie Girl, Vermillion, Kans.—Decline to go to church with him until he returns your brooch. It seems to us that he has a deal of nerve to keep your property and still expect to keep your company.

Flora, Kewanee, Ill.—If the bride wears her hat to the church she keeps it on during the ceremony. She does not take her glove off to have the ring put on because the finger of the glove is split so the ring may be put on. Have you never been to a wedding? (2) It is not necessary for the lady to rise to an introduction whether she be at the dinner table or elsewhere. She very rarely rises if she is at the table. (3) If the host finishes his meal first and wishes to leave the table, it is not necessary for anyone to respond to his request to be excused, though anyone may do so who wishes to. It is enough for the hostess to say it.

Grieved, Leland, Ill.—Make yourself popular by being cordial and cheerful with everybody you meet and always trying to be interested in what interests others. There is no rule for such conduct, and you will have to work out your own plan by observing the conduct of those who are popular.

Brown Eyes, Shelt, W. Va.—You are of very good size and should be satisfied as you are. You are of the queenly type and most women want to be that.

Brown Eyes, Pulaski, Texas.—We think you would be justified in not being the young lady's best man any longer. She doesn't appreciate you and besides



Fig 1

Fig. 1.—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD—DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the sphenoidal sinus (D); etc. TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

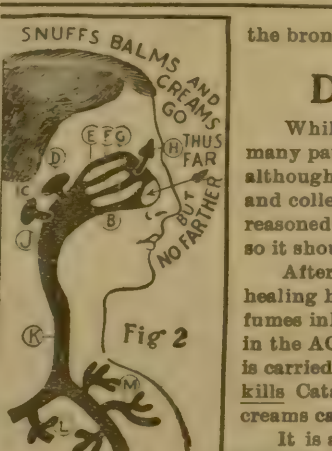


Fig 2

Fig. 2.—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the Parts that are reached.

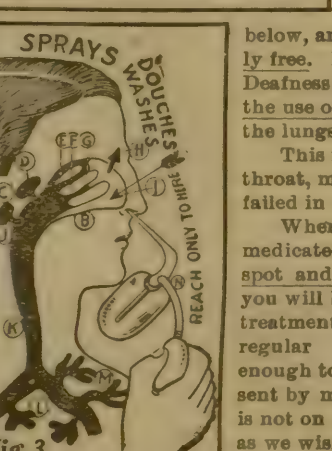


Fig 3

Fig. 3.—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS. By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease. WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

seems to be of the cranky kind of girls that make a fellow tired. Let her keep the rings if she wants to, but take them if she returns them. Don't ask her for them.

Fernly, Aureal, N. Y.—The Y. W. C. A. would be the best place through which to secure a proper boarding place. Failing that, ask the people where you are going to work to recommend a suitable place.

Puzzled, Green Bay, Wis.—You will either have to accept his attentions or be sensible and frank enough to tell him why you cannot. You say you have a good reason, and if you have, you owe it to him to set fairly with him and tell him so that he will understand. At present you are not acting fair either with him or yourself.

Blue Eyes, Long Beach, Cal.—Why ask us if you should kiss him good night and you not engaged? You know we will say you should not. But what difference will that make to you? Suppose you ask your mother what she thinks about it, and if she says you may, we will withdraw our objections.

Lonely, Crooksville, Ohio.—We do not see why the deserted wife should not get a divorce and marry again if the second husband is all right. She certainly owes nothing to the man who treated her badly and left her with two children.

Cousin Betsy, Hagerstown, Ind.—"Ain't it awful, Mabel?" is a line from a rag-time verse and doesn't mean anything much. (2) It is more than womanly to speak to your schoolmates in passing, though if they do not speak, it looks like wasted manners. (3) Certainly if he can't start the conversation, she ought to. Both of you shouldn't be gawks, should you?

Doris, Albany, N. Y.—Whether it is proper or not it seems to be the custom for the gentleman to kiss summer girls and we haven't a word to say. (2) Winking is not a good form of behavior. On the contrary it is very common and vulgar and no lady will recognize a winker. (3) Don't write him letters in response to post cards. Get a letter from him first.

Brown Eyes, Schaller, Ia.—Anybody may start sending post cards. They are superior to all etiquette. (2) We can't tell you what to do to draw the attention of the nice boys. If like draws like, perhaps if you were very nice indeed that would draw them.

Westerner, Wichita Falls, Texas.—To departing guests who tell you they have had a pleasant time, say that you are very glad they did and hope that you may be able to make it as pleasant for them again, or something like that.

Anxious, Williamstown, Ky.—The form of a wedding invitation to the home or to the church is practically the same, and as you stated it. Sorry not to be able to answer as promptly as you wish, but as we have said over and over again, prompt answers must not be expected.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

25 LOVERS' POST CARDS and NAME CARDS. Each set contains 25 cards. (No two alike). For the names of the 25 lovers, see the list of names on the back of the cards. Send 10 cents to the publisher, Union Card Co., P. O. Box 72, Columbus, Ohio.

If You Have You Are In Danger of

Read the Story Told in These Pictures. A Story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK Area Shows the EXTENT of the Disease—The WHITE Shows the Area Reached by Different Remedies.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat.

It usually begins with a cold in the head.

Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs.

The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

DR. BLOSSER'S DISCOVERY.

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm, medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled, would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATIONS the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy fights and kills Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves, and medicated creams cannot possibly go.

It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.

FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL.

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail, a liberal trial treatment entirely free. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this grand remedy. Catarrh, if neglected, will extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption.

This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor goes to every spot and gives immediate relief, you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail postpaid for \$1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember, a postal card or the coupon, with your name and address, will bring you this free trial treatment. It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

Cut This Out, Fill in and Mail at Once.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
439 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail [free of cost], your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name.....

Town.....

Street or R. F. D..... State.....

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

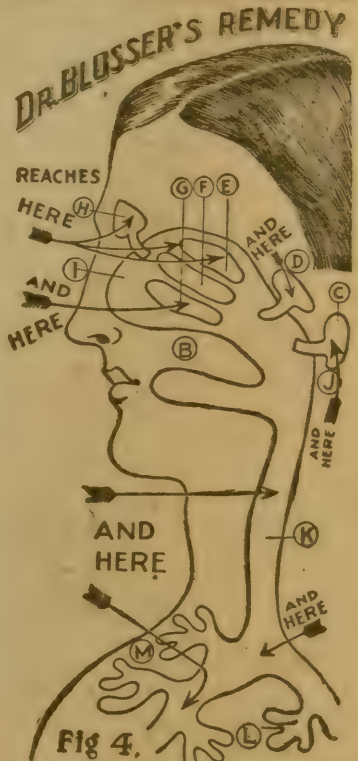


Fig. 4.—THE WHITE representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fully illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (O), into every sinus and cell (D & H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F & G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M) and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

Any Honest Woman

Can join me and establish a business in which she can make an independent living. Without One Dollar To Start With. Write and learn all about my plan. I pay everything.
Mrs. Sarah Furman, 232 Athenaeum Building, Chicago.

CAMERA & PHOTO FRAME FREE

We give Camera, 2 plates, plates, developing outfit, instructions, & handsome photo brooch frame free for selling 12 pieces of our goods at 10c each. You can earn money making photo brooches with this. Write for details.
FRIEND SOAP CO., DEPT. 720, BOSTON, MASS.

FREE This ELEGANT LADY'S INITIAL WATCH

Any Lady or Girl Can Have One if She Writes at Once. This is the handsomest little watch ever offered by any premium house. High-grade American stem wind and stem set, a perfect timepiece, lady's size, fully warranted. Your own initial in gold. Staying. A beautiful chain with each watch. All we ask of you is to send your name at once. We then send you, all charges paid, 12 packages of our beautifully colored and artistic Post Cards, all different, to distribute among your friends, who will be eager to take them at the reduced price of 25 cents. Return us the \$3.00 and you will receive watch immediately. **SEND NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.** We trust you with cards until distributed and take them back if they are not taken. You receive both premiums without one cent of cost. You can have man's size watch and chain if you prefer. Address at once WATCH HEADQUARTERS, 383 Jackson St., TOPEKA, KAN.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER. Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhea, your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

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How Japanese Keep Off Fat

World's Brains Outdone by Sturdy Islanders. A Wonderful Treatment For Fat Reduction.

Tokino Treatment Has Done Marvels. Send Coupon Below for A Free 50c Package.

For the first time in America a trial package of the Tokino Treatment, undoubtedly the most unique and powerful fat reducer ever compounded by human brains, is being offered free to every fat man and woman who has tried almost everything known in this country for fat reduction, and who has failed to be reduced satisfactorily.

The knowledge of the Japanese in scientific matters pertaining to body development has been con-



ceded, and is almost as remarkable as their almost unbelievable physical endurance and strength. The sleek, trim, elegant figures of Japanese men and women are proverbial. Japan is an island of Venuses and Apollos.

The Tokino Treatment solves the problem for every fat man and woman in America. The wonder of it is that it was not sooner introduced here. It has remarkable fat-reducing powers, coupled with the giving of great strength and the moulding of the human form to perfect lines. It is wonderfully satisfying to desperate fat men and women. Its results often surpass the understanding. Not a cent is asked to try it, so you can judge for yourself. For this reason, a 50c package of this Tokino Treatment in the unique and beautiful, original box, is sent absolutely free to anyone who will merely send name and address on the coupon below. Send for it today.

無代價

Good for Free 50c Box

Fill in your name and address on lines below, and mail it today. You will get by return mail a free 50c beautiful and original box of the Tokino Treatment with full instructions and other information all prepaid, to prove its wonderful powers.

Address: TOKINO COMPANY, Albion, Mich.

77 Main Street,

Name

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A Thanksgiving Call

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"You shall stay with me," she said; and the child danced for joy. "What's your name?" the little guest inquired familiarly when hand in hand, they started on the journey to the great dining-room where the table was laid for only one. "Constance, like yours," was the reply. "I'm your aunt."

"My real auntie?" With all the ready credulity of childhood she accepted the fact unquestioningly deriving unbounded confidence and comfort. "Am I doing to eat my Thanksgiving dinner here with you?" she asked. "Oh my!—won't that be nice?" "I'll try—to make it nice for you." She went over to the wide china closet, where there was stored the treasures of a lifetime—never before in all her life had Constance realized the utter loneliness of her condition as she selected a small plate, knife, fork and spoon of a diminutive pattern. "These were Amy's," she said, as she laid them carefully opposite her own plate in a high-backed chair, the child immediately made herself at home, delighted as each savory viand was brought to the table. Merrily the meal passed. And for the time Constance relegated to the oblivion they deserved the years that had passed, and was again the kindly elder sister, whose every thought was for the frail little child committed to her care. As she listened to the childish prattle of home, papa, and mamma, little brother, and drawing in turn upon her fund of long-dormant knowledge of fairies, elms, hobgoblins, and gnomes, for the delectation of the wide-eyed guest opposite. When the last delicious morsel had been eaten, a sudden chilling, humiliating memory of her responsibility for the welfare of her uninvited guest made itself apparent. The fierce contest between her better impulse and the justness of her long-cherished resentment brought a hot flush to her brow. There was only a moment to decide. Already the child must be missed, and the cheer of Thanksgiving day was being spoiled for her anxious parents. What could she do? Could she humiliate herself? A swift resolution, born of her dire need, cleared her brow; and she rose in obedience to its behest, lifting the child down from her high seat.

"Where are you going now auntie?" With a merry little laugh, from a full soul, punctuated the question.

"Home." The cold shade of determination had settled over the hard lines of Constance's face, and the child's merriment turned to a chilling reserve as she was led back to the room again, for Constance had to be put carefully on. Wordlessly Constance took the little hand and turned toward the unaccustomed path, untrodden by her in years. How often in years passed had the patient feet of the little mother bent and worn, followed the path to this door, but never once since Miss Constance's one romance had reached so disastrous a culmination, had the return journey been made. With grim set smile and eyes that were almost unseeing, she led the child through scurrying snowflakes, fast falling now, past stalling old farmhouses where already twinkling lights showed that the evening's festivities had begun. The little child, with quick intuition, divined that the errand of her guardian was an unwelcome one; and though her hands ached with cold and the tiny feet could hardly keep pace with the rapid strides of her companion, she was silent—remiss—perhaps of the delightful tales she had listened to while eating. Presently they halted. Through the swirling madly careening snowflakes, Constance had discerned the outlines of a large old stone farmhouse. Her heart's tumultuous beating had well-nigh choked her utterance, when at last she leaned down and spoke to the silent child.

"There—that's Grandpa's house; you can go from here alone."

"Ain't you coming in, too?" And the child clasped a fold of her gown, but she pulled it free.

"No, I can't," she gasped to herself; for long years of lonely dwelling had taught her thus to address herself to her own consciousness. "Go in there? Never! Then turning to the child, 'I'll wait here while you go in. You can see the way quite well. Now run along,' she urged her.

As she huddled herself into the shelter of a tall tree and pushed the child gently toward the house. Suddenly, as a great pain at the parting smote her heart, she stooped and kissed the little one softly, shamefacedly. The child broke from her clasp impulsively, and with a backward glance and a "good by, auntie" sped away through the gathering gloom, soon lost to her view in the snowy downfall. A great tear dropped on Constance's hand. Choking sobs convulsed her throat as she turned around to begin the homeward journey. Then from somewhere in the clustering gloom a pair of arms reached out imploringly; and the outline of a face with eyes full of pleading confronted her and a well-remembered voice found her hearing.

"Sister! Oh! Sister! Forgive me!"

For a moment she regarded her with cold scorn. Then, love conquered all pride and removed its barriers from the soul of the elder; love and forgiveness shone from her eyes as she reached out her arms and sought the younger hungrily.

"Amy—little sister!" she murmured brokenly. With those words, ten long years of wrong and separation were as if they had never existed; and Constance's face was turned in the direction of the old gray stone farmhouse, toward the first real Thanksgiving she would know in all that time.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Mrs. Ada Kent, Redcloud, R. R. 2, Nebr., remedy for chronic bronchitis.

Mrs. Chas. C. Humphreys, Prairie City, Ill., correspond with sisters living near New Orleans, La.

Miss Irene McDowell, Santa Ana, R. R. 5, Box 28, Cal., song, "Daisy Dean," sent direct to her.

Mrs. Abram Bailey, Centerville Station, Ill., correspond with sisters in Arkansas regarding land and timber.

Mayme E. Burgess, Leesburg, R. R. 2, Ohio, correspond with sisters of own age, sixteen years.

Mrs. Fannie Wilson, Lawrence, Ark., how to make sour kraut and apple vinegar.

T. Bertha Sellen, Catawba, Wis., letters.

Mrs. M. E. Skelton, Auburn, R. R. 1, Mich., books, "The Life of Frederick Douglass."

Slie Klegg and Life of Frederick Douglass.

Mrs. Reba Hand, Belmont, N. J., sixteen years old, correspond with sisters of same age.

Mrs. N. Salter, Parita, Texas, song, "The Ship that Never Returned."

Before It Is Too Late

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

If you have a gray-haired mother

In the old home far away,

Sit you down and write the letter

You put off from day to day.

Don't wait until her weary steps

Reach Heaven's pearly gate,

But show her that you think of her

Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,

Or a loving word to say,

Don't wait till you forget it,

But whisper it today.

Who knows what bitter memories

May haunt you if you wait?

So make your loved ones happy

Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,

The letter never sent,

The long forgotten messages,

The wealth of love unspent;

For these some hearts are breaking.

For these some loved ones wait;

Show them that you care for them

Before it is too late.

We are indebted to Mrs. E. M. Kimmel, Falls City, Nebr. for sending in the above poem.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

PROF. SAMUELS ORIGINATES PECULIAR METHOD OF TREATMENT

HIS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS CAUSES ENMITY OF DOCTORS

ARRESTED MANY TIMES

Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever and Many Other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

WICHITA, Kas.—The almost miraculous cure of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels, of Wichita, Kas. have been of such a startling character that they have aroused widespread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to health in a most phenomenal manner.

Professor Samuels came into note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of "Blind Joe," of Topeka, Kas., who was well known in that city having sold peanuts and popcorn on the streets there for years. He had been blind for ten years and had exhausted all the means in his power to be cured, but had given up in despair until he fell into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. On being interviewed a few days ago relative to his many arrests, Professor Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession is jealous of my success, and are fighting me most of the time, but how are they going to convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when my patients come into court, as they did at Alva, Okla., Newkirk, Okla., Ponca City, Okla., and other towns, and tell how they have been cured of all manner of trouble, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what has been accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Jesse J. Dunn, who is now chief justice of the state of Oklahoma; after hearing the evidence for and against me I was acquitted."

The professor here showed a reprint from the court records showing the proof of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish. I can only say that my results are obtained treating diseases by dropping a colorless liquid, which I prepare, into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are treated in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but here are the proofs."

Thereupon the professor placed before his interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits and letters in great numbers, many of them from responsible and well-known people, all bearing out his statements.

This proved that Mr. Frank Hoff, now in business at 249 North Main street, Wichita, Kas., had been given up to die of consumption. He had been treated by the greatest specialist in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was some seven years ago and when he had tried everything else without avail, that he came to Professor Samuels and was cured. He is a large, strong man and weighs 240 pounds now, and when called upon by the interviewer, stated that he owed his life to Professor Samuels.

Mrs. Minnie B. Tarver, living at Hesterville, Kas., had what was pronounced to be a very bad case of tuberculosis. A large number of her family had died from the same disease, among them her mother, two sisters, one brother and one brother-in-law. She had practically given up hopes when hearing of Professor Samuels and began taking his treatment. She was having fever, a cough and night sweats, and now and then a hemorrhage. She weighed only 120 pounds. After beginning treatment, she noticed an improvement the very first day. She gained in weight until she weighed 150 pounds, her usual weight.

Mr. Geo. Hartman who lives at 211 North Meridian St., Wichita, Kas., had what some physicians pronounced Bright's Disease and others called Diabetes. Various doctors, among them his family physician had given him up to die. He was so weak he could hardly walk. About this time he heard of Prof. Samuels and placed himself in Prof. Samuels care and showed a change for the better in a few weeks. At the end of ten months he felt just as well as he ever did and claims he is absolutely cured. It is now more than a year since he took the treatment and he has never had a recurrence of the trouble.

Mrs. J. T. Williamson, who resides at 200 B. St., West, Hutchinson, Kas., was almost on the verge of the grave with consumption and nervous trouble. For nearly 22 years Mrs. Williamson was seriously afflicted and the doctors said she had St. Vitus Dance in addition to tuberculosis. Many leading physicians had pronounced her incurable and stated in the spring of 1900 that she would be buried with the falling of the leaves

in autumn. She turned as a last resort to Prof. Samuels and after starting his treatment, Mrs. Williamson had only one hemorrhage of the lungs and began to improve at once. In a short time she was able to do her own housework. She recently had her lungs examined by a doctor who pronounced them absolutely sound and well, in addition to this, the old standing nervous trouble had disappeared.

Mrs. H. J. Burroughs, living at Collins, Ia., and who had a serious case of heart trouble, in a recent letter to Prof. Samuels states: "I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began your treatment. Before that I had to take from one to four heart tablets a day. I had dizzy blind spells and my heart did not beat regularly at all, but just flutter; now it beats regularly and does not bother me a bit. I tell everyone I talk with about your treatment and what it has done for me."

Mr. C. W. Neel, living at Broken Arrow, Okla., had a very bad case of Rheumatism; writing Prof. Samuels in a recent letter states as follows: "Thank you, Professor, ten thousand times for your assistance in curing me of that awful rheumatism. I am still hard at work and feeling fine."

Mr. C. C. Miller, living near Hutchinson, Kas., had been given up to die by the best physicians in that section of the country with what they termed kidney trouble. After all else had failed he began to treat with Prof. Samuels. He took the treatment for six months after which all symptoms disappeared and he has never had a recurrence.

Miss Daisy Hubbard, living at Elva, Okla., in a recent letter wrote: "For fifteen years I have been subject to Epilepsy and have received treatment from several noted doctors and have failed to receive permanent good." As a last resort, she began treatment from Prof. Samuels and now she has no symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Mary Symms, a trained nurse living at Newton, Kans., brought her sister, Mrs. Rice who resides at Dempster, S. Dak., to Wichita to be treated by Prof. Samuels. Her sister had what the best doctors called paralysis of the optic nerve, and said that nothing could be done to bring back her eye sight and she had resigned herself to go through life totally blind. She began treatment under Prof. Samuels and now Mrs. Symms writes as follows: "She can now see with the eye that was entirely blind. Your remedy is certainly a wonder, and what I positively know to be a fact is that it cures those who have been given up as hopeless cases."

Mrs. Louisa Lockhart living at Washington, Kans., had a very bad case of kidney and bladder trouble. She had reached the point where her kidneys and bladder were in an awful condition. In a recent letter to Prof. Samuels, she states: "After taking your treatment two weeks, I was able to do my own housework, which I had not done for months. I took the treatment one month and now I am well in every respect, thanks to your wonderful treatment."

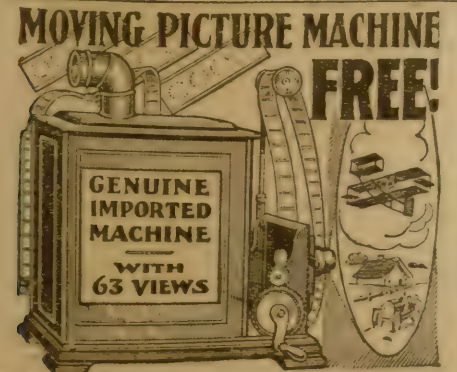
Mr. Jacob Bitteridge, Pilot Butte, Sask. Can., who had a bad case of heart trouble, in a recent letter to Prof. Samuels, states as follows: "I guess you will think I have forgotten you, but that will never be. I will never forget the man who saved my life. Last year at this time I was not able to feed myself and now I can shoulder 160 pounds."

"Is it necessary for your patients to come to see you to be treated?" was asked. "No, my treatment can be sent by mail. Many of my patients come to see me but it is not always necessary. My treatment is sent to hundreds, and, in fact, I am as successful in treating that way as though the patients were right here. To people from a distance who write me, an information blank is sent to fill out. In this way I am enabled to send them the treatment with full directions for its use."

"I should think with your ability to cure you would be in a position to demand big money from your patients," remarked the interviewer. "No, I do not do that now. My charges, when the patients used to call on me in person, used to be pretty high. I am getting old, and I feel that it is my duty in my last years to place my treatment in the hands of the poor as well as the rich. I believe that I owe a duty to mankind, and that as many people as possible no matter what race or nationality, nor where located, should be benefited by my life's work. On this account, I have reduced my charges so they are within reach of all."

"My greatest aim in life from now on will be to relieve the ills of humanity, and when death shall claim me, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be known, so that men in all ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their troubles may be, should write Professor Samuels, room 7, Samuels Bldg., Wichita, Kas., for his "Message of Facts," and they will find something in it of interest to them.



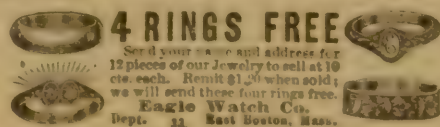
Wonderful Moving Picture Machine with 2 films with 63 views, ALL GIVEN FREE for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Get this fine outfit and earn lots of money. Write for Jewelry. When sold return \$2.40 and we send Moving Picture Machine and films with 63 views. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 330, East Boston, Mass.



TOBACCO HABIT CURED Mrs. J. Kay, Room W. 161 W. Madison St., Chicago Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

MAGIC NEEDLES RODS, Goldsmiths, Chronometers, etc., for close of watch under your feet. Guaranteed to be the best made. Interesting booklet for 2c stamp. P. M. AGENCY, 24 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

20 HANDSOME HIGH-CLASS POST CARDS Floral, Silk, Birthdays, Animals, Birthstones, Landscapes, Views, Motions, with Wholesale Catalogue. Helene Hfg. Co., Dept. H. N., Newark, N.J.



LADY SEWERS to make shields at home; \$10 per work sent prepaid. Send reply envelope for full information to UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 20, PHILA., PA.

X RAY WONDER With it you can see the bones in your hand, the lens in a pencil, or through any opaque material. Send for full information. Price paid 10 Cents each, 5 for 50 Cents, 60 Cents a Doz. CENTRAL TRADING CO., McKimly Park, Dept. 7, CHICAGO, ILL.



LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and right now, free of charge.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean)

All readers who have sick friends suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble will be interested.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, discovers remarkable remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

Arrangements have been made by which Dr. Lynott offers readers of this paper a free treatment. Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure-all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once, both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

We feel that with such a free offer, anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

We know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER. And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See Free certificate at bottom of this page and get relief right now.

JUST Your Name

And ADDRESS and the SYMPTOMS of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligation whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Write for the Free Treatment

REMEMBER—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free proof treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 3984 Occidental Bldg. CHICAGO

If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

STOP!

Stop that back-breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible, unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wracking pain—stop that pain RIGHT NOW!

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment—

a REAL Free Proof Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week,—not tomorrow but relief AT ONCE—immediately after starting the treatment. It is so simple, so mild, yet so scientific and so sure—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Certificate below—sign it and send it today. No money—no obligation. At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine free treatment by America's and Europe's leading specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free to convince the public.

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains), then it's your loss if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it's "up to you," whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. Send the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

WATCH These Symptoms!

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer, gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of uric acid disease:

The Symptoms

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1—Pain in the back. | 10—Swelling in any part of the body. |
| 2—Too frequent desire to urinate. | 11—Palpitation or pain around the heart. |
| 3—Burning or obstruction of urine. | 12—Pain in the hip joint. |
| 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder. | 13—Pain in the neck or head. |
| 5—Prostatic trouble. | 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys. |
| 6—Gas or pain in the stomach. | 15—Pain or soreness in the joints. |
| 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness. | 16—Pain or swelling of the muscles. |
| 8—Constipation or liver trouble. | 17—Pain and soreness in nerves. |
| 9—Pain or soreness under right ribs. | 18—Acute or chronic rheumatism. |

NOW THEN, This Certificate is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. Instant relief for those terrorizing pains.

Send no money—read the certificate—note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get free treatment.

Free Certificate

What is Your Name?..... State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?.....

What Symptoms Have You?..... Give numbers from table above—that is all

What is Your Age?..... Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE proof treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally.

Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT

3984 Occidental Building

CHICAGO, ILL.

PILES

Untold Suffering Needless—Simple Remedy So Certain That the Makers Send Complete

\$1 Package to TRY FREE

Patience, if you have Piles, is not virtue, but neglect. Don't suffer in silence—try to get cured—for piles lead to life-long misery and to the dread fistula and cancer. Don't delay longer but write to-day and get Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Pro-lapse, Constipation and other rectal troubles; TO TRY FREE. Use this simple, harmless remedy as directed, and then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, tell us so, and we make no charge. You decide. Dr. Van Vleck's Absorption Cure is 3-fold—Plasma to relieve immediate distress; Nutritive Cones to restore the Mucous Tissues and Pellets to remove systematic causes and make the cure permanent.

Its cures in all stages of this cruel disease, including cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, are marvelous. You can see that we couldn't send the treatment on approval unless it nearly always cured. May we send a treatment to you? Just write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail it to us. Valuable booklet on Causes of Piles comes with Trial Treatment, prepaid, in plain wrapper. Write to-day.

FREE \$1 COUPON
Good for a \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to
Name.....
Address.....
Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

Good for a \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to
Name.....
Address.....

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

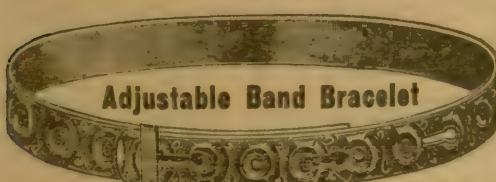
Ladies Don't Submit! TO AN OPERATION UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED Magnolia Blossom



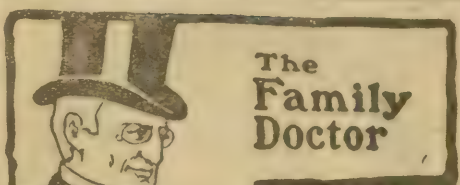
Let Us Send You 10 Days Treatment Free

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box C, South Bend, Indiana



for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these Club Offer. beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us.
Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Blue Eyes, Lawrence, Kans.—The bad breath is due to indigestion and so indirectly the dark circles under the eyes, showing poor circulation. Put yourself on a diet of simple food, such as gives you no discomfort, and drink no tea or coffee. In the morning when you get up take a quarter teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in glass of hot water. Several times daily gently massage the skin under the eyes with the fingers, rubbing outward and downward. Rub gently so as not to abrade or reddens the skin. Better see a doctor about the goiter and at the same time ask him about the dark circles. There is no apparent reason why a fifteen-year-old girl should not be in prime health, but she must eat good food and eat it properly, and be of regular habits.

A. J. Cadiz, Ill.—Rest is the best thing for tired, strained eyes. Perhaps you need glasses. Have you ever had your eyes tested to see what they need in that line? Go to an oculist. It may cost you something, but it will be money in your pocket, by and by.

F. C. Livermore Falls, Maine.—An eruption of any sort not of the known kinds should be submitted to the personal inspection of a physician. It may be something very serious and you should go to a physician at once.

Western Girl, Parkston, S. Dak.—When a person has had a bad cough, deep seated, for several years as you have, it is something that calls for careful attention and you should not try to cure yourself or submit your case to any except a physician who could examine you personally. Very likely a change of climate, to the warm, dry air of Arizona, for example, would be of the greatest benefit to you, and we would recommend that, whatever local treatment a physician may prescribe. At the same time we would suggest that you diet yourself and improve your digestion, which seems to be in need of attention. "A stitch in time saves nine" and you should take it now.

J. D. B. Pettit, Miss.—There is nothing the matter with you except the Mississippi climate. If you got out of the low country and went to a farm in Colorado or Arizona, you would get over your ague and be well the whole twelve months instead of losing three months every year. And you can't put it off any longer, either, or your system will get into such a condition that nothing on earth will make you right. You can make just as good a living on a Western farm, as where you now are, and feel a whole lot better. Wherever you go go where it is dry—the dampness is what knocks you out.

T. C. R. Tate, Ga.—A red nose may be caused by a natural condition of the circulatory ducts taking too much blood to it; it may be caused by too much drink; it may be caused by indigestion, poor circulation; it may be caused by eruption of some sort or other, and there are other causes which can scarcely be defined. Treatment in each is different, and until we know what causes yours we can advise nothing further than that you go to a physician and find out what the matter is.

Fatty, Rochester, N. Y.—It is a patent medicine and like many patent medicines may be of much benefit, but we have no knowledge of what it can do. You will have to try it, and we feel safe in saying that if it will not do you don't get it. It will do no harm to make a trial of it.

A. J. C. Rice, Minn.—If the growth causes no pain or inconvenience, and is not disfiguring we believe we would not disturb it. From your description it is a cyst of some kind and a physician could remove it with the knife without any danger.

Louisa B., Pine River, Minn.—Don't worry about cancer. You have no cancer, but you should have a dentist to look after your teeth. The other case is entirely beyond us. You must have personal attention and for a woman in your condition not to have it is simply barbarous.

Rosalie, Milwaukee, Wis.—Typhoid fever leaves its traces for a long time on some patients and they are of various types. Your trouble comes we think from your stomach and you should diet very carefully, eating only such food as is easily digested and drinking no coffee or tea, but taking plenty of hot milk, drinking it only in spoonfuls and holding it in the mouth sometime before swallowing it. Don't lose courage because you don't get well and strong right away, but eat carefully and resolve that you will come around all right and you will.

Brown Eyes, Marquette, Wis.—Christian Science can do much in cases of nervousness, but scarcely we think for a case of a musician who is so nervous she cannot play before an audience when called on. Still you might apply to a healer and find out definitely. (2) Sure cures are not to be had because no two people to be cured are alike. The ordinary drug store cures are about as good for the troubles you suggest, as any we could prescribe.

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE
FOR SELLING POST CARDS
We positively give away a watch, ring or chain to anyone who sells 100 post cards. The watch is a beautiful gold watch, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful ring set with an emerald, for selling 200 post cards. The chain is a beautiful gold chain, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 300 post cards. All post cards are sold at 10c a package. Under 20 packages, and when sold, send us 25c. We will positively send you the watch, ring or chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. 1155 CHICAGO

PILES
If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of **Infalible Pile Tablets**, and you will ever bless the day you read this.
Infalible Tablet Co., Dept. 73 Marshall, Mich.

GALL STONES
or any **LIVER DISEASE**
Write me **ALL** about it. Will tell of a cure **FREE**.
Address **ED. C. COVEY, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.**

GOLD
ometers, Magic Needles, Chronometers, etc., etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Interesting booklet free. P. & M. AGENCY, 28 Ada St., Palmyra, Pa.

COINS
I pay from 1 to 500 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly.
VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C F., Boston, Mass.

LADY or GIRL
wanted each town, good pay spare time, copy names for advertising, cash weekly. Stamp for particulars.
A.M. ADV. BUREAU, Sanbornville, N. H.

LADIES
I have made your life, complaints and weaknesses my life's study. My **Home Treatment** by mail is honest, cheapest and best. My valuable sealed "BOOKLET FOR LADIES" FREE. Write today. Address **Dr. A. B. R. Southington Co., Kansas City, Mo.**

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS
Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years**; meaning, the gold finish is durable for five years; meaning, the gold finish is durable for five years; meaning, the gold finish is durable for five years.

Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these Club Offer. beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 6-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 6-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 6-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Millard A. Atkins, age forty-two, fair complexion, blue eyes, weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds, last heard of in 1902 in Boston, Cal. Anyone knowing his whereabouts write his sister, Isabella Misenheimer, Mt. Pleasant, N. C.

Please send all information of Henry Covington, deceased, of England, or of his large estate to Mary A. Kilpatrick, Melvin Hill, N. C.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Edward C. Walker, who is about five feet five inches tall, light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, write Lovena Walker, 1036 Lee Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange list it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent six-months subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

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"FACTS ABOUT CANCER."

A booklet published by the Leach Sanatorium, of Indianapolis, Indiana, contains interesting information about the cause of cancer. It tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc., and advises how to care for the patient. The booklet is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

If You Have C-A-T-A-R-R-H

I Will Send You, Free, A Bottle of My Catarrh Elixir and A Box of My Catarrh Balm to Try. This Offer is Made Without the Slightest Reserve. All You Have to Do Is Fill out and Mail The Free Coupon Below.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat, and consumption. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poisonous germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. Gauss, Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. GAUSS, 9558 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

C. E. GAUSS

Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was having hemorrhages very bad, and fever 103 every day.

I heard of Lung-Germine and began its use. At the end of two months my cough was all gone and I was gaining very fast. I sent another sample of my sputum to be analyzed and the reply came back that there were no germs whatever. When I began Lung-Germine treatment I weighed 85 pounds. I used the treatment four months in all and to-day I am well and strong. I weigh 115 pounds, and can truthfully say that I am completely cured of consumption by Lung-Germine.

Yours very truly,
MRS. LUCY BUNDY,
1403 E. 33d Ave., Denver, Colo.

Cured of Chronic Consumption

Dr. C. R. Wendt,
Jackson, Mich.,
c/o Lung-Germine Co.

Dear Doctor:—

It is with pleasure that I write to you to let you know that after taking two months' treatment of Lung-Germine, I am completely cured of Chronic Consumption. My case was diagnosed before taking your medicine by several local physicians, and they pronounced my case Chronic Consumption. They also told me that my right lung was so nearly closed up that not a particle of air entered it, and so to speak, was of no good to me whatever.

I called on my regular physician the 10th of this month again, and he tested my lungs. After doing so, he told me my lungs were sound as those of any healthy person. He was greatly surprised to find them in this condition. I must, of course, give Lung-Germine absolute credit for the condition my lungs are in today.

I have increased in weight from 109 to 120 lbs., and so far as I can see, my cure is complete. I assure you that I will recommend your Lung-Germine to anyone whom I may run across with weak lungs.

With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA HAYWOOD
Ogden, Utah.

P.S.—Please address all correspondence to me in my husband's name, Mr. Jas. W. Haywood, Ogden, Utah. Gen. Del.

Cured of Consumption Five Years Ago; Not a Single Symptom Has Appeared Since.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Gentlemen: In response to your inquiry I can say that Lung-Germine cured me completely and permanently of what was pronounced by my attending physicians, GENUINE TUBERCULOSIS. I used only two bottles of your Lung-Germine, and this I took in March, 1902, so you see it is over five years since I was cured, and there is not the slightest indication of a relapse, and not a single symptom has returned.

Before using Lung-Germine I was losing flesh very rapidly, had night sweats, and I had two hemorrhages. I assure you that I appreciate beyond expression what your medicine has done for me, and I hereby give you permission to publish my letter if you wish.

Yours sincerely,
WM. BERLEMAN
1943 Herbert St., St. Louis, Mo.

Chronic Bronchitis and Lung Trouble Cured Three Years Ago, and Patient Remains in Perfect Health to This Day.

Following are a few extracts from a letter which we received recently from Mrs. H. C. Boldt, of Cuero, Tex.: "I was permanently cured of lung and throat trouble by your Lung-Germine three years ago, and I am glad to say that I am feeling fine as silk, and I have not even suffered with a cold to amount to anything since I was cured. Before using Lung-Germine I had tried almost every known remedy and several of our best doctors, without relief, and I had lost all hopes of ever getting well. I recommend Lung-Germine as the only medicine in the world that gives permanent relief."

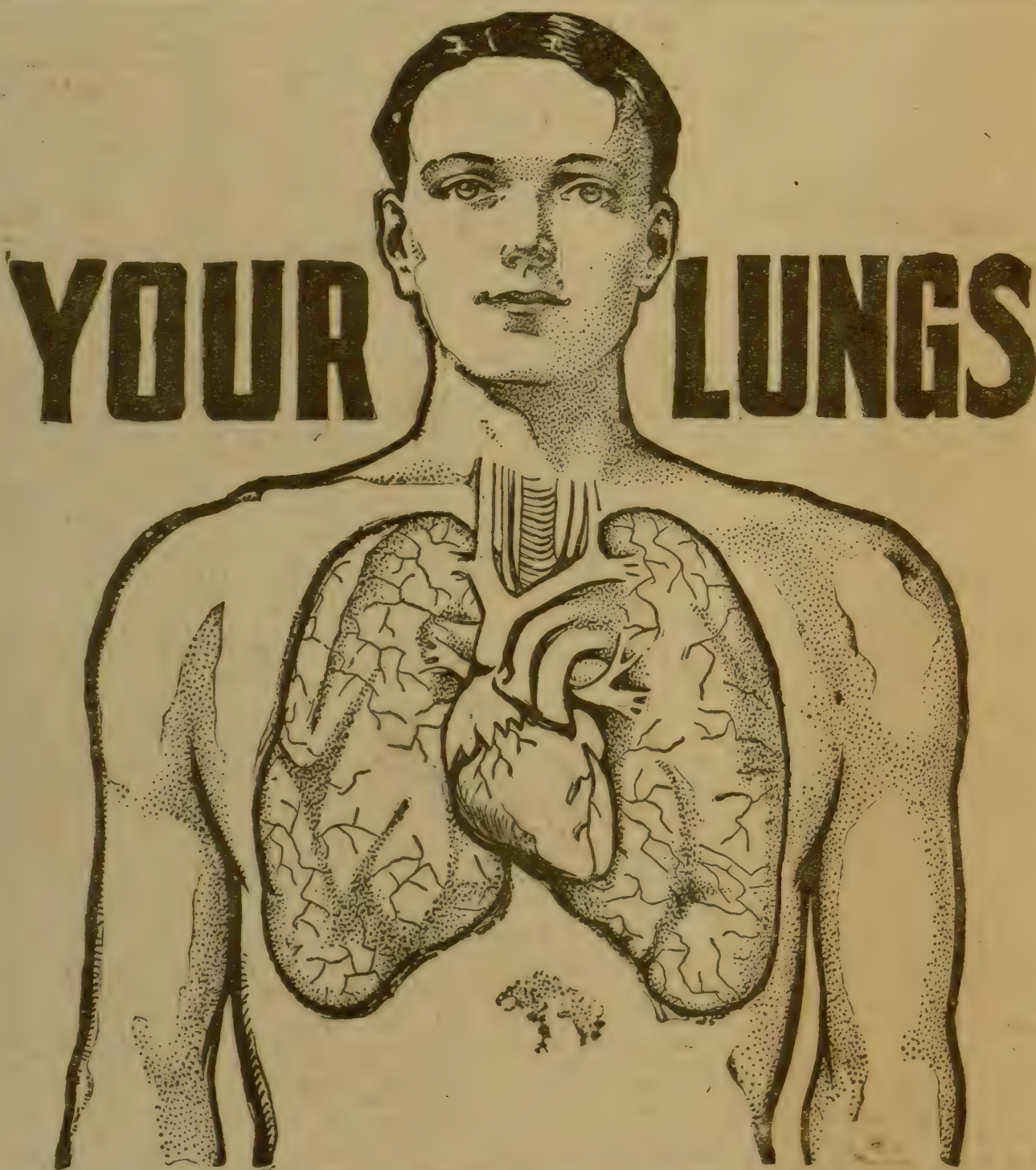
Mother and Son Cured Five Years Ago, Perfectly Well Today.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: As to the condition of myself and mother, I can say that we are both in normal health. In the year 1902 we were cured of genuine consumption by your Lung-Germine. Before using Lung-Germine we were treating with the best physicians in Jackson, but seemed to get no relief, to say nothing of a cure. One physician told my father that nothing more could be done for my mother, she being in the last stage of consumption. I was in the second stage. Soon after getting this information Lung-Germine was recommended to us, and we both began its use. The result was that we were both cured, completely and permanently. No trouble of this kind has been noticed since we were cured, which is now just about five years ago.

I shall ever be enthusiastic over Lung-Germine and recommend it to anyone who has lung trouble in any form. No matter how far the disease is advanced, I believe it is never too late to give this medicine a fair trial, for it certainly has been successful in our cases, one of which was a most advanced one.

Yours very truly,
ALONZO BECKER,
R. F. D., Jackson, Mich.



Are Your Lungs Weak or Painful

Do Your Lungs Ever Bleed?
Do You Have Night Sweats?
Have You Pains in Chest and Sides?
Do You Spit Yellow and Black Matter?
Are You Continually Coughing and Hawking?
Do You Have Pains Under the Shoulder Blades?

These Are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You

absolutely, that Lung-Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Diseases.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption, but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

We Will Send You Proof Positive—Proof That Will Convince Any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you proof of many remarkable cures; also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG-GERMINE CO., 813 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY,
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of sailing
For little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess),
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
And hates and loathes a liquor
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be—
I pray for John the most of all—
Then GOLDEN REMEDY.

Home Treatment For Drunkards

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can
Give It Secretly at Home in Tea,
Coffee or Food.

Costs Nothing to Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or
friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do
is send your name and address on the coupon
below. You may be thankful as long as you live
that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
64 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail,
in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what
it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy
to prove that what you claim for it is true in
every respect.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE YOUR GUESTS

Book containing 200 jokes and riddles; 75
tricks; 12 tricks with cards; 40 amusing ex-
periments in magic; 16 parlor magic; 11
parlor pastimes; 8 fortune telling secrets; 10
funny readings; 62 money-making secrets.
Containing of tricks and entertaining books, all for 10¢ postpaid.
WALTER B. LEE, Books and Music, 513 Englewood Avenue, Chicago

RUPTURE CURED

By STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS means permanent
cure, and you do away with the
painful, irritating truss altogether,
because process of recovery is nat-
ural. Being made self-adhesive,
they adhere closely to the body,
purpose to hold the rupture in
place without straps, buckles or
springs—cannot slip, so cannot
chafe or compress and thus the
most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the
home. Thousands have successfully treated them-
selves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet
easy to apply— inexpensive. Write
today for FREE Trial of Plapao.

Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 24, St. Louis, Mo.

FITS

BIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.
Let Us Prove It.

\$2.50 WORTH FREE

If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you
\$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test.
Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and you
have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, you should
give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test
treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peckles
Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich. 70 Madison Street.

20 Finest Christmas Cards 10¢

Very Choicest Gold Embossed



This grand assortment of 20 most beautiful Christ-
mas Post Cards, in lovely colors and exquisite gold
embossed designs, all different, extra fine quality,
most beautiful and most attractive collection ever of-
fered. To introduce our cards quickly we send these
cards and latest price list prepaid for only 10¢.
Seymour Card Co., Dept. 22, Topeka, Kan.

How John Was Converted

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

out much," and with that he walked off and con-
tinued his chores.
That same evening at the supper table John
remarked to his wife, "last time I was in town
Mr. Trenton asked me to join the Farmers'
Union, and I told him I would find out more
about it, before I joined. I wonder how and where
it was organized?"

Here again comes Bob to his father's rescue,
and says:

"Well, father, COMFORT tells all about it in
the July issue, same number, you know, that
helped old Bess. In COMFORT's Information
Bureau where all manner of inquiries are an-
swered, there is a full answer to your very ques-
tion. The Farmers' Union was first organized
in Texas in 1904, by the late Newton Gresham,
and now has a membership of three millions.
Here, father in July COMFORT, read it yourself;
you can write to the secretary in Texas, and he
will tell you all about it."

"Hump!" grunted John, "seems though you
know more than your elders."

"Well, if I do, father, it's all due to COMFORT,
there are so very many different subjects in the
one paper."

"Hump!" grunted John, this time to himself,
"appears to me there is more than women's
stories in this here COMFORT, COMFORT, hump!
what a name for a paper. Bless me, when I
come to think of it it has helped me out several
times lately, for which one would call it a com-
fort;" and talking and musing to himself, John
slowly turned COMFORT's pages. Nan and Kate
were busy in the kitchen washing the supper
dishes, and heard nothing of John's mumbled
praise of COMFORT to himself.

Kate was telling her mother how she would
miss the October number if they could not re-
new, and that she could scarcely now wait till
the August Short Story COMFORT arrived. She
went on saying:

"Just think mother, father actually paid me a
compliment today on my rosy cheeks and long
hair. He said, he guessed if my hair kept on get-
ting longer I'd resemble a mermaid. I was so
surprised and also pleased. I believe there must
be a decided change in my appearance that
caused father to notice it. I told him it was
all due to the 'Pretty Girls' Club' in COMFORT
and that I was taking the Milk Diet, and had
never felt so well before; no sick headaches for
several months now. But, mother, as soon as I
said COMFORT, father said 'hump!' in such a
funny tone, and turned away. How I wish he
would consent to read COMFORT all through; any-
way I felt very proud of Bob, tonight, when he
spoke of COMFORT, and he really got father to
look at it. I suppose he has laid the paper aside
by this time, and we will not be able to coax
him to look at it again for a month. Oh, dear!
I wish mother—"

When just then from the dining-room came,
"Nan, say, Nan! Come here! did you ever see the
like? Right here in this precious COMFORT of
yours is a question answered that I supposed I
would have to go see a lawyer and give him five
dollars for answering it. You know how Jones
has been cutting up about that ditch business
and claims he can come right over my land with
it, just where and when he chooses; he will be
on the line tomorrow and says he will dig right
across my land. Ha! ha! guess he won't when I
show him this; he will have to stop first and
let us come to some agreement. I shall have it
recorded too just as it states in here in answer
to Mrs. E. C. Oregon."

Nan stood in the center of the room, too sur-
prised, to say a word, she felt she must be
dreaming, but no, she heard her husband saying:
"Nan, I hope you will forgive me my harsh
words to you a few days ago when you wanted
to renew your subscription; it was wrong in me
to pass judgment on COMFORT before reading it
all. There is a great deal more to it than I ever
imagined. There, Nan, is money for a two years'
renewal of your subscription and I am going to
get five new subscriptions among our neighbors
and send them in to help the COMFORT Wheel-
Chair Club; it's a noble work and Uncle Charlie
is the prince of good fellows. Why, COMFORT
is worth ten times the subscription price, that
that July number is to me."

John still went on in praise of COMFORT and
said, "That editorial talk of COMFORT's editor is
the sanest and finest article I have read for
months; no wonder Nan, that you like COMFORT
with such a sensible editor back of it."

Bob, on first hearing his father accept COM-
FORT made a dash for Kate, and away they
danced into the kitchen, Kate singing, "Every-
thing Comes to Those Who Wait." Bob whistling,
"A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Back
and forth across the long kitchen they hopped,
when again from the dining-room came "Bob!
Kate! where are you?"

"Here we are father," and dancing into the
room, they stood before him with smiling flushed
faces and bright eyes.

"Well by the noise you two were making, I
supposed you had gone crazy. What is the mat-
ter with you two tonight? What are you pranc-
ing around like a couple of wild colts for?"

"Oh! father, we were just trying to have a
little celebration of our own, in honor of your
conversion to COMFORT," said Bob.

"Ho! ho! that's it, is it; well Bob, what do
you say to my adding the finishing touch to your
celebration by helping you build that raft in a
few days that you have wanted so bad. I believe
you said it was explained in the June COM-
FORT?"

"Why! father, I shall be simply De-lighted as
Teddy Roosevelt says, and here's three cheers
for father and COMFORT. Long live both!"

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to
Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely
Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of
childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye
has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of
women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth
may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell
you how it may be done absolutely free of charge.
Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107
Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you,
postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to
give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely
without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not
delay but write today.

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By a
reliable physician of thirty years experi-
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cured? If so, write him your symptoms and he will
send you a course of medicine that will do you good and
the prescription, so at any time you want more of the
treatment you can get it from the druggist and the medi-
cine will not cost you over twenty-five cents a month.
This is an offer every afflicted person should avail them-
selves of. Address, J. W. MERRROW, M. D.,
50 N. STREET.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of
testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores
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A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence.
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Ulcers, Mercantile Ulcers, White Ulcers, Milk Ulcers,
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AGENTS

Write for territory today. Biggest
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necessary. Edw. McGough, O., says:
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Easiest thing in the world. Every-
body buys." E. J. Ditt, Michigan,
No trick at all—just
show and take the order."
New Chemical Fire Extinguisher. Absolutely guaranteed. Always ready. Acts instantly.
Even a child can use it. Death to any fire. A marvel of science. Sells itself. No talking neces-
sary. We want you to be our agent in your territory. You can make \$4000.00 this year.
But don't delay. Investigate.

AMAZING INVENTION

F. J. Baughman, O., says: "Sold 15 first day. Colony line, time, PINE, ship 25¢ at once. Hurrah
for more business." I. C. Gordon, Ind., telegraph: "Ship 150 today. All sold out. Everybody
wants to buy." G. J. Hoyt, Pa., called up by telephone and ordered 100. He said: "The fast-
est seller in the world. My boy, 14 years old, sold six yesterday afternoon." O. R. Joy,
Ill., says: "Started out 10 a. m. sold 14 by 3 o'clock." Hundreds are getting rich. We want a
good man in every territory to work on 100-2-3 percent profit. No risk. Free samples to agents.
SEND NO MONEY. Only your name and address on a postal card for complete informa-
tion, offer and valuable statistics on fire losses FREE. Write at once. Give name of county.

THE UNITED MFG. CO.,

[Reference: The Bank of Leipsic]
Capital: \$1,000,000.00

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drawn from
Life

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fully do this work. All we
require is honesty and
industry. No experi-
ence necessary. We
teach you how to make one-minute
demonstrations that simply amaze
everybody. You will demonstrate to
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churches, public buildings, fire de-
partments, city councils, etc. Every-
body is interested. Everybody a
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spare time at the start, if necessary.
Women successful the same as men.

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SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and
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12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 10 inches
long, no 2 alike, (stereo charge \$1.00 each for
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You sell the Cloverine at the per box and give
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we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can
keep cash commission. Be first in your town.
Every one buys two to three boxes after you
show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine.
Millions use it. Agents earn \$3.00 a day sure.
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All Free

NOT ONE BUT
ALL SIX ARTICLES
GIVEN AWAY NOW

If you have a little girl who wants a beautiful Doll, imported from Germany, and the other five presents,
now is your opportunity. Our Bisque Doll is nearly two feet high, jointed legs and arms, curly brown
hair, trimmed hat, with large plumes, ribbons and lace, opens and closes her eyes, stylish satcen dress
with yoke. Complete underwear, stockings and slippers with buckles. The Go-Cart is just right for
Dollie to sit in and runs smoothly. Dollie's fur set is a dream of delight—three pieces: cap, muff, stole.
The little imitation chateleine watch is also very pretty. Think of the good times a girl can have dressing
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Six different Presents—completely dressed Life-Size Doll, Doll's Push Cart, Fur Muff, Fur Cap, Fur
Stole and Doll's Chateleine Watch. Will make any little girl speechless with delight.

If you want these six presents just send us your name and address
and we will send you by return mail 12 beautiful Gold Em-
bossed Art Pictures in 12 colors, size 10x20 inches. You distribute
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3-piece Fur Set and Doll's Chateleine Watch. Just send us your name. If you do not care to distribute
our pictures after receiving them, all well and good. We will send you postage for their return. Our
capitalization is \$2,500,000.00, and we will show you when you reply that we do just as we agree.

EXTRA FREE

This beautiful Cap,
Muff and Fur free
extra to those who
write at once a special
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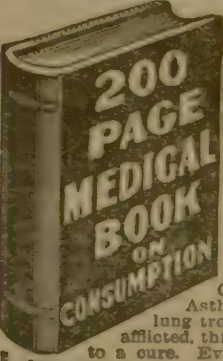
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Consumption Book



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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4377 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

True Cure Drunkenness In 72 Hours!

Science triumphs and I now guarantee that by my Safe, Reliable, Perfected Method, the disease of Alcoholism can be positively cured if the drinker will take my Remedies for only 3 days—no longer!



I Was a Heavy Drinker

I drank heavily for many years; averaged over a quart daily of whisky and many "chasers" of beer, also cocktails, etc. After wasting money and time on many ineffective treatments, some of which were absolutely worthless, I found at last a genuine 3 days' cure. I was myself cured—made into a new man, strong, healthy, with clear brain. I possess the true and reliable Method. It has cured legions of others. Also an effective Secret Method which is to begin without drinker's knowledge.

Wives! Mothers!

Read about what is being accomplished and learn that no matter what you have tried in the past, you can now positively succeed with my gentle, safe, guaranteed Method.

Mrs. W. E. Garman, Echo, N. Y., writes: "My husband drank heavily for over 20 years, lost positions, was in awful condition. In 3 days he was completely cured by the Woods' Home Treatment. We have been very happy ever since."

Edw. F. Colgrove, 31 Lake St., Worcester, Mass., writes: "My wife gave me your treatment. I had not been sober in many years, now all craving is gone and it is a positive cure; health wonderfully improved. Your Method is safe, mild and sure."

Mrs. Sarah Meek, Frederic, Ia., writes: "My husband did not want to stop drinking, although it was killing him and also me. Tried other remedies in vain. I gave him Mr. Woods' 3 Treatment secretly. He soon began to detest liquor and thought a miracle had happened. In a few days he was completely cured; has never touched a drop since and is wonderfully changed for the better."

Mrs. Marie N. Lane, Spotswood, N. J., writes: "I cannot find words to express my joy. Your treatment worked wonders with Mr. Lane; he is completely free from all craving."

Mrs. Wm. Fring, 50 Williams Ave., Hyde Park, Mass., writes: "I started giving your remedies to Mr. Fring on a Friday night and by Sunday he was completely cured. That was long ago. He has never had any craving since. Was a hard drinker many years."

John L. Corliss, M. D., 50 Herbert St., Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies: "To my personal knowledge, the Woods' Method for curing alcoholism is perfectly safe and reliable. It cures in 3 days. I know many successful cases."

Fred A. Giddings, Gorham, Me., writes: "I drank liquor over 40 years, could find no cure until I got Woods' Set of Remedies. Am completely free from craving."

Mrs. G. Millie, Box 6, Palmer, N. Y., writes: "I first drank gin as a medicine, got the habit and could not stop until your mild, pleasant Treatment did it in 3 days."

Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph. D., F. A. S., writes: "I certify having advised the Woods' Treatment. The remedies are perfectly harmless yet exceedingly effective; eminently adapted to banish permanently the craving for alcohol."

W. E. Klade, New Freedom, Pa., writes: "I have not been in such good health for 10 years as I am now. Peaceful sleep, clear brain. Used to average a quart of liquor daily. Was completely cured in 72 hours by your Treatment."

J. P. Eckenroth, Chester, Pa., writes: "Had been a drinker many years, heavily; health was nearly ruined. Could never stop until I took your Remedies; completely cured now."

Hundreds of References that you can write to, will be sent with my Free Book in Plain Wrapper.

Drunkards Can Be Secretly Cured

I appeal to everyone who wants to cure a drinker, to obtain my Free Book, "Confessions of An Alcohol Slave." It tells how every person (male or female) who drinks can be cured with or without his knowledge in own home. No tedious, expensive and doubtful institute or sanitarium treatment. Very low cost. Absolute guarantee given. My Treatment is saving lives and making homes happy. Do not confuse it with fake pills, powders, etc., that do no good. Mine is medically endorsed. Write frankly, stating who you want to cure and give some particulars. No more unhappiness. I prove all I say by voluntary testimonials given me with privilege to publish. Don't delay in writing—hasten your joy!

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. Explains why will-power, pledges and pleadings do no good and how my Method actually succeeds. No other book like it. I personally appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or practices which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad you wrote. I am personally and voluntarily endorsing it. Cut this out if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Av., 359F, New York, N.Y.

A Transplanted Thanksgiving

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

reach it, for she wasn't content with providing for their bodily wants alone. She also planned to give her stock a double feeding on that Thanksgiving day, and then on Wednesday night lay down in her rude little bed, and was lulled to sleep with the sound of the wind in the trees about her.

The following morning, she was up before the sun. The day dawned radiantly clear, but she felt homesick for the crisp twang of the New England fall air.

"Perhaps there is snow on the ground," she told herself, her lungs longing for some of the clear, clean air, instead of the close, hot winds of the Southland.

"Still, this is no way to commence the day," she told herself sternly, as she carried in her milk, and set it out in the rude trough fashioned by her father where the stream that furnished their water, could run and keep the milk sweet and cool. "This is a day of thanksgiving, not of repining," and she broke into song, and her: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," roused her father.

His stern face was somewhat relaxed as he sat down to the smoking breakfast she provided for him, and when she broached her plan, he folded his arms on his chest and looked at her with a kindly admiration in his eyes:

"You are right daughter. I have strayed far from the customs of my forefathers to forget to give thanks for the mercies accorded to me. We will give thanks this day," and then rising heavily he went out, but not into the fields, for he returned an hour before noon, washed himself carefully in the stream, and having polished his face and hands until they shone, took up the Bible, seated himself on one of the slab seats, inserted his finger in its leaves, and opening where his fingers touched, began to read.

Scarcely had he begun, however, when three horsemen dashed up to the door, and two dismounting, helped the third off his horse. He was not on the ground, however before Catherine's arms were about him, and she was crying:

"Oh, Lem, dear Lem, father, father, here's Lem!" and not until Lem was helped into the house, and comfortably laid on her own bed, did she give heed to the others, although she had sensed Caleb before she had seen Lem.

"You are welcome," she said shyly to Caleb, holding out her hand, which the bronzed young soldier clung to although all he said was:

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

Address: **MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A21, Joliet, Ill.**



WATCH, RING FREE

AND CHAIN
American Movement Watch, engraved case, warranted time keeper, chain and Ring with Sparkling Gem, free for sending 20 jewelry Novelties at 10c. ea. Write for them.
When sold return \$2.00 and we send Watch, Ring and Chain.
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Dept. 283, East Boston, Mass.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and

arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.



Develop Your Bust 50c. Package Free

For 10c. stamps or silver we will send you a 50c. package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm, also our booklet "The Perfect Figure." She used this treatment herself and it increased her bust and her patients from four to seven inches. Write today.
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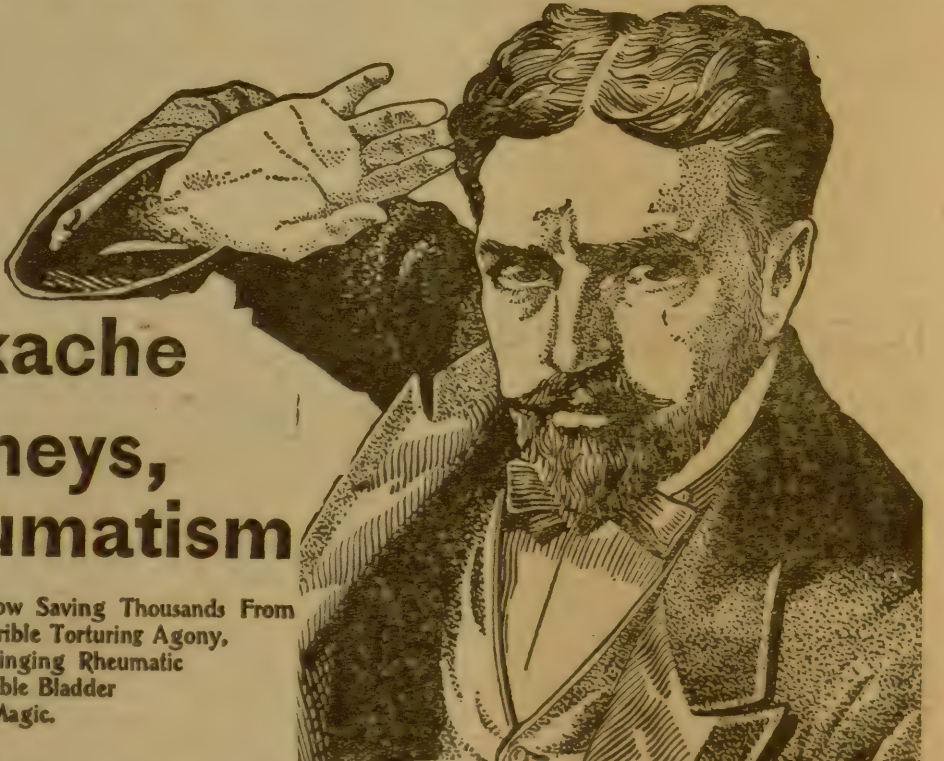


Try This FREE

I will send you a Regular Full Complete Course Treatment, but Not a Sample Not a Trial Not a Test Not a Proof Treatment, but A Full, Complete Course

Stops Backache Cures Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

My New Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment is Now Saving Thousands From That Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets Those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, and Soothes Those Unbearable Bladder Troubles at Once, As if By Magic.



Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my regular, full, complete, Three-Fold Lexoid, Combined Course of Treatment—Free To Try. I don't mean a small, worthless sample, or a trial test treatment that you can't tell anything about. I mean a regular, full treatment, and when I say a can commence your cure at once. I will send it to you complete—charges paid—delivered to your door—ready for you to use—so you

You may not believe my offer, because you do not know me personally, and you do not know my word is good as gold. You may have seen ads before, offering full treatments, and then when you answered them, found out that in each case you got a small trial treatment, lasting a few days or a week, and fool you—No—I don't do that kind of business. Don't think there is a string to this offer—there are no strings to this offer—no indeed. I said I would send you a full, complete treatment, and I will do so. You won't be fooled. I will send you a regular, full treatment, just as I say I will. I will send it charges paid, as soon as I hear from you—the same day—by return mail. There are no promises to make—no papers to sign—no references to give—no charges or C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obligated to spend a penny.

I have helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and I have made them well, the most chronic, severe, long standing obstinate cases, after all else had failed to cure them. Hundreds using my treatment in despair, have gone their way rejoicing. They were hopeless, and it made them well. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now, I offer my wonderful treatment to you—free to try—take it, use it—and get well. If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smart and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, you need my treatment without a minute's delay.

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else has failed. I am successful in my life work, because I love it. I love my profession. My whole mind and soul is wrapped up in it, and I am happy. You would be happy, too, if you were bringing happiness to thousands of suffering people right along, as I am now. I love to feel I am helping people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life, and enjoy every minute of true health and happiness.

I want to help you to get well, and be strong again, so you can work and walk, and run, and jump without pain, so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, chord, and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to have my regular full complete treatment. My new scientific course, of the best remedies in the world for such diseases. Harmless, soothing, healing, penetrating remedies, that reach the spot, drives away uric acid, cleanses, purifies, strengthens, invigorates, and encourages the kidneys to properly filter the blood. That stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly without loss of time.

MY UNEQUALED OFFER

Now here is my offer—I will send you a regular, full, complete Three-Fold Lexoid Course of Treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—free to try. I don't mean a sample, or a trial, or a test, such as others call proof treatments. I mean a regular, full, complete course of remedies—so you can start your cure at once.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, and see just what it does. Then when you know it has helped you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part and send me some money, when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me. It will help you quickly. It will not fail. But you are to pay nothing until it does. Use it first, pay afterwards when you know. Not before. When you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left, and pay nothing. It don't cost you a penny to try my treatment—I will send it to you charges paid, take it, try it free, and find out.

I am the only one today making this offer, sending a full treatment, for such diseases, free to try. I could not afford to do it, if I was not sure it would help you—if I did not know it would cure—if I wasn't sure. That's why I can afford to send it first—but you are the one to decide, you are the one to be the judge. It must help you, it must satisfy you—before you send a penny. And you are the one to say. I will take your word. It's all left right with you yourself. What you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny until it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving everyone a square deal—in being honest—it's my religion—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the broadest, most straight-forward, fairest, most liberal one sided offer, ever made. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you'll be willing to try it free. Don't send a penny in your letter. Not even a postage stamp. Just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this:

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH, 146 Wade Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

NOTE. Every suffering reader should write at once for Dr. DeWorth's wonderful treatment. The remedies he sends have cured thousands. His treatment is different from others, as Lexoid is a new scientific course of treatment; he alone is its only possessor. The fact that he sends a full treatment, free to try, not only shows his confidence in the treatment, but also, that he is a fair, just, broad, liberal, honest man as well, and worthy of the utmost confidence. It seems now that any one who continues to suffer with this wonderful treatment within their reach, has no right to complain.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY—JUST SEND THIS COUPON.

Doctor H. Michell DeWorth,
146 Wade Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me your Regular, Full, Complete Three-Fold Lexoid Course of Treatment as you promise above, all charges paid FREE TO TRY. Also your FREE book about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My Name is

Town

State

St. or R. P. O.

RHEUMATISM

To Get You to Try My Drafts
NOW I'll Send Them on
Free Trial—Just

Sign and Mail My Coupon

Don't take medicine—write me. Return mail will bring you, prepaid, a pair of the famous **Magic Foot Drafts**, the great Michigan Cure for Rheumatism of every kind, Chronic or Acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago or Gout, no matter where located or how severe. The cures these Drafts are working upon thousands seem so wonderful to me that I do not ask you to believe what I say, but simply to send in my coupon and try the Drafts for yourself. Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. If they can cure all stages of this cruel disease at all ages of life, surely you can expect quick relief. Don't delay—but act at once. Send no money—just this coupon. Do it now,

This \$1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

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Address

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 1156 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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Handy Hame Fastener
A new invention to take the place of the old-time strap. Fastens instantly with gloves on. Works automatically. Don't freeze your fingers on cold days. Every horse owner wild about them. Fits any hame. No straps or buckles. Snap in place instantly. Outwears the harness. Money back to any customer not pleased.

Write today for **FREE SAMPLE**. You will make more money than ever before. Agents say stock sold out before fairly got started. Thomas Mfg. Co., 530 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

New Rupture Cure

Don't Wear A Truss.
Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 19, '01.

Catalogue Free.
C. E. BROOKS, 3204 Brooks Building, Marshall, Mich.



Are You Troubled
with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

SIGNET BRACELET AND RING FREE

Gold plated adjustable Bracelet, finely chased, fits any wrist, and a handsome Ring, both given for sending 20 pieces of our jewelry at 10c. ea. Write for our goods today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., East Boston, Mass.

SUGAR Fine Gran. lb. 2½c
We save you about one HALF on Groceries and general Merchandise and pay freight. Send no money but write at once for Free Catalogue 133
CENTRAL MERCANTILE COMPANY, 409-417 Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Sell our Box \$1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Compares with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 39 Lake St., Chicago

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

PARALYSIS.—My sow lost the use of her hind legs about the middle of last July. She farrowed the latter part of the month and lost eleven pigs. She is still down and can't move her hind legs. I fed her on corn, oats, cut grass and weeds. Mrs. W. B. J.

A.—If you discontinue feeding corn to pregnant and nursing hogs there will be less cases of paralysis such as you describe. The cause is overfeeding of fattening and constipating food and lack of exercise. We do not believe she can be cured; but if in good flesh she may be slaughtered for meat. In some cases puncture-firing of the muscles of the loins has made the animal able to get up. It seems cruel treatment and should only be done by a veterinarian.

TUMOR.—I have a work horse seven years old, and about one year ago I noticed a lump or knot just behind his right ear.

A.—Let the lump alone. Were it polli evil it would break open and constantly discharge pus. There may be a callosity or tumor, but so long as it does not cause pain or discharge it should not be treated as interference might do more harm than good.

INJURED EYE.—(1) I have a young mare. Two years ago she hurt her eye; there is a white scum growing over her eye. Would it affect her other eye if I used calomel and boric acid equal parts? Do you think this would stop it, if not what would? (2) Is there any cure for reducing swelling in horse's leg? It was cut with barbed wire.

A.—(1) Use salicylate. It should do good and will not in any way affect the other eye. If the milkiness does not subside paint eye once daily with a solution of two grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water to be kept in a blue glass bottle. It may prove an incurable condition. (2) Hand rub the leg thoroughly three times a day and then put on a bandage from foot to knee or hock. Rub in druggist's soap liniment once daily.

APOPLEXY.—I had a pig die. At night he was all right; in the morning he could not stand on his feet and at noon was dead. I fed milk and ground corn.

A.—Death no doubt was due to apoplexy caused by overfeeding and lack of exercise. Do not feed corn to young growing pigs. Give them nitrogenous food and let them have free range on grass.

GROWTH.—I have a kitten that has some sort of growth on nose, near to closing the nostril.

A.—Have the growth cleanly removed by dissection with the scalpel. Applications of medicine will do no good.

WEAK MARE.—I have a mare about three years old; she eats and drinks heartily, but does not appear able to work. She has a foul breath and goes with her head down. When she works her eyes sink in her head. I feed her corn, bran and hay, when not at work she runs on the prairie.

A.—Have her teeth examined. The fact that the breath is foul indicates that a molar tooth may be split or decayed and food lodged about it and becoming decomposed. Such conditions are common, but mostly in adult horses. The veterinary dentist may find molar teeth, or gums needing lancing. After the mouth has been attended to give her twice daily in water fifteen drops each of fluid extracts of sassafras, cinchona and gentian and if necessary increase the dose slightly after it has been taken for some days.

STIFFNESS.—I have a mare nineteen years old, weighing one thousand pounds. She grows stiff in hind legs and when she turns she falls down. She was in good flesh and had good appetite till she died. She lived three months after I first noticed her trouble.

A.—Apparently there was a disease of the spine which possibly was induced by moldy food. It would be impossible for anyone to give a confident opinion, however, without having an opportunity to make a careful examination. A post-mortem examination might have thrown light on the cause of death.

HEAVES.—I have a horse about eight years old that has broken answers as to treatment for heaves. The disease is incurable. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning to relieve distress. Wet all food. In summer allow grass and in winter wet out straw in preference to hay. Do not feed bulky food at noon or work horse soon after a meal.

RUPTURE.—I have a calf three months old that is ruptured at the navel.

A.—Such ruptures tend to disappear in time without treatment as the calf grows. If it increases in size it should be treated by pulling up slack skin and sac of hernia and inclosing these between wooden clamps to cause sloughing of the parts inclosed. The bowel must first be pressed back out of the way.

LAMENESS.—(1) I have a young horse that several years ago had the grease in her foot. Now she has a growth in her foot which sometimes makes her lame.

(2) Can the lump from ring bone, in a horse's foot be gotten rid of?

A.—(1) Keep the skin of the affected part soft with Castor oil. We take it to be on the fetlock at the seat of grease. (2) The lump cannot be removed. It is a bony growth.

THUMPS.—Can you tell me what to do for my shoats? They are not fat; they will commence to thump and their sides will go in and out; they do that a few weeks, and get poor, then they will begin to pant and froth at the mouth and die. I give them very little corn and for a while quit feeding them any.

A.—Feed light slop of milk, middlings and flaxseed meal adding one ounce of linseed oil per quart. Make the pigs live an outdoor life on grass. "Thumps" is induced by overfeeding and lack of exercise. Where free range is allowed and light laxative ration given the disease is unknown.

LAME MULE.—I have a mule over twenty years old lame in his right fore leg. The lameness seems to be general. One cannot tell whether the lameness is in the foot, shoulder or knee. Part of the time he holds the affected foot up. There is no soreness about the leg at all. All the parts of the leg can be pressed, pulled or squeezed and he does not flinch.

A.—Have him shod with a flat shoe put on over a rubber sole. It may be rheumatism. Try effect of half an ounce of salicylate of soda given twice daily in water at times of attack. As he is twenty years old, however, there is little hope of any permanent relief.

SCOURING.—I have a horse about nine years old. He has had diarrhoea over one year. It is worse in winter. He also has a place on upper part of eyelid caused from an accident. It does not heal and pus forms.

A.—Give the horse a box stall in stable. Allow the drinking water before feeding. If the scouring wood charcoal in the feed as required. Avoid moldy feeds. There is a foreign body such as a silver or broken bone in the wounded eyelid and this will have to be removed before the wound will heal.

RHEUMATISM.—I have a horse about ten years old, stiff in his back and hips. In lifting up his hind legs I can hear a popping noise in the joints. He does not flinch from pressing on him except on his hips. His neck is in the same condition as his legs and he does not like to put his head down or raise it up; it seems to hurt him.

A.—The symptoms indicate rheumatism and we would advise giving the horse half an ounce of salicylate of soda three times a day in any way found most convenient. In ten days a no improvement take place, change to a dram of iodine of potassium twenty drops of fluid extract of muskum in water three times a day. There is a possibility that the horse has tetanus (lockjaw) if the attack has come on suddenly. If that disease is present the jaws

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LAMENESS.—I have a horse seven years old. A year ago he began to get stiff in the front part. A little swelling or bunch appears on the right leg when you take hold of it with your finger and squeeze. His left foot seems to be sore. He always puts that foot out and stands on the toe of the hoof.

A.—Clip the hair from not only the back part of the leg (cords or tendons) but also from the hoof-head all around on the right fore leg. Then rub in an ounce of cerate of cantharides for fifteen minutes to blister both parts denuded of hair. Repeat the blister in two or three weeks if found necessary. We suspect that most of the lameness is in the foot. A blister should be washed off in forty-eight hours and then a little lard should be applied once daily to the blistered surface.

CLUBFOOTED HORSE.—I have a colt five years old; his front feet or hoofs are entirely straight and turn under at points when not kept trimmed. It does not seem to bother him traveling.

A.—There is no cure for this condition. All that can be done will be to keep the hoofs trimmed as you suggest and then put on suitable shoes which the smith will devise.

INDIGESTION.—I have a calf five months old; when it was about two months old it was out in a cold rain taking cold. In a few days it began to lick out its tongue while standing up; when it is lying down it chews its cud like other cattle.

A.—We have seen many cases of this sort and lack of some needed ingredient in the food is the probable cause. Try adding different kinds of food until calf quits tongue lolling and slobbering. Try mixing powdered charcoal and bicarbonate of soda in the feed or give limewater freely in milk.

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Three Wheel Chairs in October 62 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Dear Friends:

Again I am drawing somewhat on the future in order to bless the shut-ins with three wheel chairs in October. The season is advancing and I want as many as possible to receive wheel chairs before it is too cold for them to enjoy the benefit of getting out in the sunshine and fresh air, even if I have to wait for the subscriptions to catch up with me.

You will remember that, as announced in October COMFORT, I borrowed from the future to make it two wheel chairs in September. Since then you have sent subscriptions enough to square that account and lap over two of the three October chairs, for which I thank you most heartily.

I am sure there is scarcely one of you that has not cause to be glad at this Thanksgiving season and to be thankful for the goodness of Divine Providence during the past year. If you have health and a whole body you are enjoying the greatest of all blessings. Manifest your gratitude, not by lip service only, but by helping the unfortunate. Because you may not be richly endowed with worldly goods is no excuse for not doing your part, since COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club affords the grandest opportunity to make an effective contribution to charity without costing you any expenditure of money—just a little of your time in getting subscriptions among your friends.

Everybody, if you can't do more, send in at least one new subscription for the Wheel-Chair Club this month and make it the greatest Thanksgiving to the poor, destitute shut-ins that ever was.

The October wheel chairs go to Mrs. C. L. Eastwood, Stem, N. C., Miss Rocenia Warden (72 years old), Fountain Creek, Tenn., and Mrs. Mary Poulik, Graceville, Fla.

You will be interested in the touching letters of thanks from two of the recipients of your charity and in the October Roll of Honor which are printed below. Wishing you all a happy Thanksgiving.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS ITALIAN WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, but it is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Happy as a Child Over Her Wheel Chair
SPRING GARDEN, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair yesterday, and was oh, so glad to get it! I wish I could express all the gratitude I feel to you and Mr. Gannett for sending me that lovely chair. It seems all too good to be true. More like a dream than a reality, for such things seldom occur in this cold, old world. Since I've had the chair I've been like a child, nearly able to go to sleep for thinking about it. All through my years of affliction I have been longing for one, but I should never have gotten one if it had not been for you and COMFORT readers. I just can't find words to express my thanks, so won't you please tell them all how thankful I am?

With a heart full of love and gratitude to you all, and trusting God may bless you all, I am,
Your grateful friend,
MRS. JANIE DEWELL.

Will Feel So Good to Get Out Doors Again in COMFORT'S Wheel Chair
ORISKANY, R. R. 1, Box 4, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Before I got my wheel chair, the mail carrier brought me word that it had already arrived, and said it was a dandy, and it certainly is. I am delighted with it, and it will feel so good to be able to get out of doors again. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett from the bottom of my heart. I am unable to express my gratitude as I would like to, and can only say once again that I thank you both, and all COMFORT's kind readers from the bottom of my heart. Your grateful friend,
MART LATTERELL.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Name	No. of Subs.
ANNA M. BONTON, Me.	13
EDYTHE RALSTON III.	5
MRS. HARRY RHODES, Colo.	9
MRS. GEORGE HARPER, Pa.	5
MRS. MAY WILKINS, Colo.	5
MRS. MARY A. MINNICK, Md.	20
RUTH MCLEAN, Wash.	5
BLANCH BACON, Minn.	5
MISS CHRISTINE GABRIEL, Me.	5
MRS. NORA MCKEE, Mo.	5
MRS. C. J. MCCARTHER, N. C.	6
MRS. FANNIE BARDWELL, Idaho.	6
MRS. ANNA JACKSON III.	5
MRS. DELLA MILLS, Ohio.	5
MRS. MARY VANOSDALL, Nebr.	5
A FRIEND, Fla.	5
MRS. J. C. TAYLOR, N. Mex.	11
MISS HAGG PENDERGAST, Pa.	11
MRS. R. B. SWATZ, La.	11
MRS. F. M. JOHNSON, Mo.	5
MRS. WM. GLASS, N. Y.	10
MRS. J. T. KENNETT, Mo.	7
MRS. WYATTE GREGORY, Kans.	10
MRS. L. H. WIERNANN, S. C.	16
KARL SHAFER, Nebr.	5
LYDIA J. HIGH, Nebr.	5
MISS ANNIE WISEMAN, Texas.	5
MISS ELIZA GRAMBS, Mich.	5
MISS F. J. SCOTT, Calif.	5
MISS ANNA WEST, Ky.	5
MISS LEILA SHAWALTER, Colo.	5
LAURA V. LOGAN, Nebr.	5
MISS M. F. INCHEROLL, Colo.	5
MISS ISABELLA BURN, Colo.	5
MRS. NETTIE A. KIENAN, Iowa	5

WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

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The proofs of the hundreds of really remarkable results are too strong to be doubted or denied. Yet she makes no charge for her help, (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. She only requests that you are personally interested in saving one who drinks. Send your letter with confidence to her home. Here is her address:

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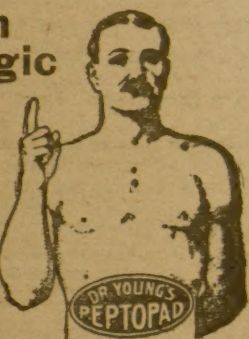
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A Subscriber, Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that under the laws of Maryland minors should have the consent of their parents to marry. (2) We think the clergyman or officer performing the ceremony should file his certificate within a short time thereafter. (3) Possibly an annulment of the marriage, or a proceeding brought against the man for abduction, or some similar proceeding.

W. S. Wisconsin.—We think you are entitled to an accounting from your brother and should take some legal steps to enforce it, or come to some agreement in writing, or compel the sale of the property and a division thereof before you lose your rights through neglect on your part. We assume you both occupy the property.

G. W. Michigan.—(1) We think such an officer as you mention has the general supervision of highways and that if he ground you mention was on the highway he was acting within his right. (2) We think that if B. has any right of action it would be an action for damages.

Miss I. F. Louisiana.—We think that if the mortgages are regular in every way the holder can foreclose any or all of them upon any default. If the property was bought subject to some of these mortgages, they would still hold against the land.

J. C. Missouri.—We do not think B. can recover any part of the wheat you mention unless there is some agreement in writing or reservation in the deed covering the matter.

Mrs. R. A. K. Arkansas.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the transfer of the property could be set aside in the proper action, but that it would be necessary for the brother to substantiate upon the trial the facts as submitted to us. We think the action should be brought against both the brother and his wife, although some way might be found to make the action against the brother unnecessary.

Mrs. R. T. K. Oklahoma.—We know of no way to locate the property you mention without further information than you now possess. To locate it from the records, it would be necessary for you to find out where the property is in order to know where to search the records.

D. A. S. Indiana.—(1) We think O. has a cause of action against whoever employed him to do the work. (2) From your statements we see no reason why A. and B. cannot dispose of their respective interests in the property.

W. R. E. Colorado.—Our opinion as to your questions is as follows: that this note held by this man, against whom you have the judgment but who is out of your state, against this other man, is simply an evidence of the indebtedness of this second man to this first man; that you might bring some sort of a proceeding, or action, as a judgment creditor of this first man, to whom this second man owes this money, and impound this money due upon this note and have it applied to the payment of your judgment; proceedings of this kind vary in the different states; for example, in some states the proceeding would be to get an order from the court to examine this man, who owes this money on this note, and restraining him from paying it over, and then, if he swore that he did owe the money, to get another order that it be paid over on account of your judgment; we think that officials are liable for damages arising out of their own carelessness or neglect, but that you might have a hard job to hold this justice of the peace liable in this case, as he would quite likely claim that he did all you directed him to, and set up various other defenses to any action you might bring against him; your matter is complicated and it is difficult to advise you fully without having all the details, which it is practically impossible to give by letter, and we, therefore, think that the best thing for you to do is to employ a local attorney, and we so advise you.

Mrs. J. A. Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that, upon the statements made by you to us, in the absence of a will the widow would not receive all the real property of the husband left a parent, brother or sister or their descendants, but that he could draw and execute a will legally giving her the entire estate. (2) If the tax sale you mention was regular, we doubt if the same could now be set aside if the purchaser has complied with all the previous and the subsequent requirements to complete his title, assuming that the time for redemption has expired.

C. W. C. Washington.—We do not think a license is necessary for the purpose you state.

M. J. B. D. California.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the man you mention is not liable for the support of the little girl until the decree of divorce is modified by some court of competent jurisdiction. We think you should cause the man to be committed to prison for contempt of court. We are very strong that his former wife will not go to the expense of such an undertaking, the outcome of which would be very doubtful in any event, from her standpoint.

Mrs. J. W. D. Illinois.—Upon your statements we are of the opinion, that the man you mention is liable for the support of his wife.

R. G. Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that the tax on personal property in the state you mention is higher than the rate you mention; we think it is assessed by the assessor appointed in each town in the various counties of the state and varies according to locality.

Miss M. M. Illinois.—We think the validity of the remarriage of the man you mention would be affected by his non-compliance with the laws of the state where the divorce was granted.

C. M. A. Florida.—We think the contest of the will you mention should have been brought at the time of the probate of the same.

C. M. Iowa.—We do not think a special license is required for such an entertainment as you mention; the legal difficulty, we think, of such an entertainment arises as a rule from other causes than a lack of license.

Fern, Nebraska.—We do not think the facts as you state them to us would constitute grounds for divorce in your state, although we think that under the laws of your state a wife may obtain a divorce when her husband, being of sufficient ability to suitably maintain her, grossly or wantonly and cruelly refuses or neglects so to do.

F. C. D. Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that: (1) Under some circumstances you would; (2) you should; (3) In some places, although this depends somewhat on ingredients and manner of sale.

Sunnyside, Washington.—We think that, if supported by enough evidence, the Postal Authorities would investigate a complaint of the misconduct of a postmaster or mail carrier and that the postmaster or mail carrier is liable to dismissal for misconduct. We think the postal authorities will endeavor to trace lost mail matter, even though it is not registered, when there is any chance of locating same. We do not think there is any liability or fine for the act you state, as you state it.

WAR

Yes, War on the WATCH TRUST

The public is aroused over the high handed methods of trusts. War is declared! Unfair trust methods have been pitted against fair treatment and honest values. In the watch trade, our superb Independent line is being marketed right in the face of the most powerful opposition. Read our smashing anti-trust offer on the highest grade watch that it is possible to manufacture.

Prices Smashed!

No Trust Profits
No Dealers Profits

The genuine Burlington Special—Admitted to be the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture, now offered direct at exactly the same price that even the wholesaler must pay. Rock Bottom prices DIRECT TO YOU while this trust crushing offer lasts.

Here Is OUR Offer

The genuine Burlington Special—your choice of either ladies' or men's size—shipped to you on approval—no money down—for an absolutely free examination. Returnable to us at our expense after free examination if you prefer. a month now buys the Burlington Special. The easiest possible payments, and at a price within the reach of all—our anti-trust price.

The starting Burlington Watch Book sent absolutely free if you write at once. Post yourself on this great Anti-Trust Fight right away. Read about our \$1000.00 Challenge to our giant competitors. Get the inside history of the startling conditions as they actually exist in the watch business. Every man or woman in the entire country who expects to own a high grade watch should get this book and our great offer right away. Your name and address will bring it.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 2078, Millard Station, Chicago, Ill.

PILES CURED FREE

F. J. CHENEY & CO., 1228 ADAMS STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO.

We want the name of everybody afflicted with Piles, Fistula, Eczema, etc. We want to prove that we can cure you. Cheney's Medicated Cream is pleasant to use, has no offensive odor and contains no Cocaine, Morphine nor other Narcotics. Don't wait. Let us send you Free Sample in plain wrapper and get a good night's sleep. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., 1228 ADAMS STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO. Makers of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

"MARRIED BY MISTAKE" Most thrilling ever written; an absorbingly interesting book of 80 chapters; to quickly introduce our popular publications we send it prepaid for only 10c. to pay mailing expense. FICTION CLUB, 806 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

Pain Paint

Return this with 50 cent stamp and I will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powder, with full directions to make sixty 2-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills Dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents. S. L. WOLCOTT, Wolcott Building, New York.

GOLD SIGNET RING FREE
Send your name and address for 12 packages of finest silk and gold Post Cards to distribute at 10 cts. each. Return us the \$1.30 when collected and we send you this beautiful Signet Ring, warranted heavy gold finish, very stylish, not the cheap kind. SIGNET RING CO., Dept. 16 TOPEKA, KANSAS.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES THIS CUT-PUZZLE

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, before the twentieth of December, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 25 Christmas and New Year's Cards, the PRETTIEST, DAINTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED. The pictures and decorations of these elaborate post cards are the perfection of brilliant contrast and artistic elegance which delights the eye while the APPEALING SENTIMENTS and appropriate SEASON'S GREETINGS with which they are inscribed TOUCH THE HEART OF FRIEND OR SWEETHEART. UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25 cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

Cash Prizes Also. BESIDES THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of December.

A FIRST PRIZE OF \$3.00 cash For fourth best a prize of \$1.00 cash
For second best a prize of 2.00 " For fifth best a prize of 1.00 "
For third best a prize of 1.00 " For each of the 10 next best a prize of .50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard

mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with one or more subscriptions. IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN AND WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. J, Augusta, Maine. Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money

Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.



25 Thanksgiving and Xmas POST CARDS 10c



All different, every one printed in many colors with some Gold embossed. Gorgeous Turkey & Yellow Pumpkins for Thanksgiving. Beautiful Holly, Winter Scenes, Santa Claus & Reindeer for Xmas. You'll be more than pleased with these handsome cards. Orders received after Nov. 17 get ALL Christmas cards. ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 415, 538 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO.

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price \$2.00. DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY 1108 Holland Building, St. Louis, Mo.

WATCH RING & FREE CHAIN
FOR SELLING POST CARDS
It positively gives you a FREE WATCH, with 25 post cards, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED. Pictured WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring set with 25 in. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us \$2, and we will positively send you this Watch, Ring & Chain. **WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. 1116, CHICAGO**

Solid Gold Ring Free

Write for 6 boxes Standard Blood Tablets to sell at 25 cts. each. We send Tablets postpaid and allow 30 days to sell them. When sold return \$1.50 and we send this genuine Solid Gold Band Ring.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE FREE

To introduce our famous art pictures we will send absolutely free the celebrated picture "Yard of Roses," in ten beautiful colors, to anyone sending 4 cts. to pay postage. Offer good only 20 days. Address Art Picture Club, 131 West 8th St., Topeka, Kan.

SKUNK

We buy Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all other raw furs at highest market prices, and give liberal assortments and "A square deal" to everyone. Price-list free. **M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y. Dept. 6.**

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. J. H. Chokoloskee, Fla.—We know of no house that buys insects, but what particular kind of insects do you mean? Advise your goods in an Atlanta newspaper.

A. B. Allston, Mass.—There is not a great deal of accessible government land left, but you will get all particulars by writing to the Commissioner of the Land Office, Interior Dept., Washington, D. C.

D. H. S. Balliston Spa, N. Y.—We fear our rules would not be any more satisfactory to the old folks than those they have already gathered. Suppose you write to Brentano, New York City, for a book on card playing.

Mrs. G. P. Arlington, Mass.—This government has not yet reached the point of extending aid to aged persons, unless they have been soldiers or sailors or are of soldiers' or sailors' families. Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

A. J. Cadiz, Ill.—Look for advertisements of second-hand book dealers in St. Louis and Chicago papers. We have no such addresses. Freight is such that you must deal with the nearest firms.

Mrs. J. D. K. Berwick, Pa.—Such institutions are not listed generally. You could get details by writing to the sheriffs of counties in eastern Pennsylvania. It is not necessary to have the names of sheriffs. Letters to their offices will reach them. Inclose postage.

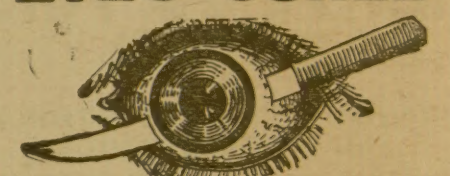
F. H. Q., Iron Ridge, Wis.—Write to North Chicago Tool Works, North Chicago, Ill., and to the Interstate Machinery Co., Troy, N. Y.

B. E. H., Springfield, O.—See advertisements in COMFORT and other periodicals. (2) Any book dealer in your town can supply you with maps. (3) Bronx is pronounced as spelled.

Mrs. M. K. Spokane, Wash.—Make your application to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. We would advise that you put the matter in the hands of a Spokane attorney, who knowing your poverty will make reasonable charges for his service. One

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

EYES CURED



WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes, and all Eye Diseases—many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your trouble to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 4533 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., or fill out the coupon below, and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

FREE. This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 4533 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill.

25 Colored and Embossed 25 NAME CARDS
POST CARDS with your name on all Agent's large premium list and sample case hidden name cards, silk fringe, fancy shape, etc., all 10 cents. Address, **TUTTLE CARD CO., Ave. G, Totoket, Conn.**

HELP WANTED Good pay. Cash weekly made \$10 earned spare time, checking, copying form letters attending advertising material for each locality. **Pandora Mfg. Co., LONDON, Canada.**

150 Gold Back FREE
Post Cards. Send 10c today for postage, etc., on our special samples and big Holiday Bargain Offer. **IDEAL POST CARD CLUB, Dept. 38 CHICAGO**

SCIENTIFIC Electric Instruments for locating gold, silver, hidden treasures. Circular 2 cts. **A. G. DOORENBOS, D. Box 662, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

25 POST CARDS—Thanksgiving, Christmas 10c
New Years—Big Catalog Free. **GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Av., New York.**

Big Lot 10c We give 20 new Bongs, 40 Stories, 40 Jokes, 80 Stage Songs, 6 new Agents' Articles, which sell for 25c each. **THE WHOLE LOT FOR ONLY 10 CENTS.** Big Catalog and 50 Cent Due Bill FREE. **CENTRAL TRADING CO., McKinley Park, Dept. D, Chicago, Ill.**

LOTS of FUN DOUBLE THROAT. This root of mouth; invisible when in use. Antiseptic and mycitic your friends. White like a puppy, sing like a canary and imitate other birds and beasts of field or forest. Loss of fun. Thousands sold. Price 10 cents each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. **DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. Y, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.**

I Guarantee to Cure



ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

It is also called **SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS**—these are different names, but all mean one thing—**ECZEMA.**



DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT.** There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure
If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—**REMOVE THE CAUSE.** What is the cause? **ACID IN THE BLOOD.** How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the **ACID.**

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. **ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN** needs the second treatment—**ONE IN FIFTY** needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc. **SYMPTOMS.**—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured **10 YEARS!** It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a **GOLD MEDAL** taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be **YOUR NEIGHBORS.**

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
936 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK
Sedalia, Mo. Jan. 3, 1916

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA. We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eight days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their own NAME, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing. Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly,
[Signature]

FREE OFFER—CUT HERE
Name.....
Address.....
Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

I Can Say Papa and Mama and also Close My Eyes
FREE for Only Six Subscribers



A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA
I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe My Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.

This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HATS; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a **GRAND DOLL** and BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large **Dressed Dolls.**

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest **Parisian china**, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Told Around the Stove

Convict Labor

"Owing to the opposition of so-called honest labor," said the man who wore a Union label, "we have not known what to do with the large amount of unused labor in our various prisons, but lately it has been shown to be available on public works, particularly such works as would not be pushed if labor had to be hired. And more especially are convicts now being used in building good roads, the one greatest need of this whole land. Not only is their work beneficial to the country at large, but it means much to the convicts themselves who would be otherwise shut up in close walls. The plan has not yet been generally adopted, but not only in North Carolina, Alabama and Georgia are they at work on the roads, but in Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico large bodies of them are working on a great highway connecting the north and south. Here, by wise management, the convicts are seen at their best. They live in camps, one big tent for the convicts, and they are fed and clothed properly, have few guards and work only eight hours a day. They can run away if they want to, but they have very little chance of final escape in the region where they work, and when recaptured they are sent to their cells and kept

there till their terms expire. Some of these convicts are of the very worst sort, too, but the open air work is so much esteemed by them that they will take no chances to lose it. Besides, they are allowed after working hours to amuse themselves in camp by music, cards, pitching quoits and playing ball. This humane system has produced excellent results among the convicts and at the same time produced miles of fine road which would not otherwise have been possible. The authorities are more strict in other states, but they have no better results. In the Southern states the convicts wear prison garb, but in the West they dress as free men. In Washington, however, they are kept in a stockade when not at work. One piece of road built in Alabama at a cost of \$696 a mile, would have cost \$1,500 if built with free labor—and it would not have been built at all that way. So we see where the convict is doing good work for his country and the honest man is getting the advantage of it. There's no kick coming from me on convict labor making good roads."

The Cost of Government

"It costs the people of the United States about two billion five hundred million dollars a year to run their government," said an official looking person. "That is to say, about seven million dollars a day, two hundred and ninety-two

thousand five hundred dollars an hour, four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars a minute. That's a big sum to be handling every minute of the day and night, ain't it? Everybody in one way or another helps pay the taxes, national, state, county, and city; the tax per person being \$28, though the direct tax payers are comparatively few. The man who owns no taxable property pays his tax in the rent and the things he buys from the men who do own property and have to pay taxes direct. When it is sifted down it is not the owner who pays the tax, but the renter, and the renter doesn't know it. In the price of everything the people pay it. In the price of everything the people pay it. For an item always counted by the seller is the tax he must pay, and it is not putting it too strong to say that most of the sellers make a profit on their taxes. There are something over a million and a half direct tax payers in the United States, and all the others pay theirs indirectly. The man who pays fifteen cents for a Havana cigar, for instance, finds that nine and three quarter cents of it goes to the government, and the same thing happens again, though to a smaller extent, when he takes a drink of liquor. Two billions and a half a year looks like a good sum to give up, but our total national wealth is 125 billions, and on this we pay only two per cent., which is little enough for all we get for it in schools, light, water, protection and all the other things of good and safe government."

How Cold Can It Be?

"There is no such thing as cold," said the school teacher looking party, "because cold, as we call it, is only a less degree of heat, though maybe an entire absence of heat might be called cold. The thing is to get absolutely rid of the heat, which science has not been able to do thus far. When we have zero marked on the thermometer, we think it is getting rather chilly, but we know that thirty to fifty degrees colder than that is not unusual in parts of the United States. Up in the Arctic it goes down to seventy or more, and I believe, the lowest is eighty. That is what is called natural cold. Artificial cold is different. The scientifics have got that as low as four hundred and fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit, below, which is within five degrees of absolute zero. According to science, it can't be any colder than that. Which, some doubt, saying that science can't go any further, but it is colder beyond that if science could get to it. Anyway, 454 minus, is plenty cold enough, and, of course, all life of every sort ends long before that degree is reached. Away off in space between the earth and the stars, they tell us, there is absolutely no heat, and I suppose that is where we must go to get our absolute zero, as they call it."



This Edison

Fireside Model Phonograph

Shipped
FREE!Read This
Great New
Offer

SHIPPED FREE

The Great New 1910 Offer on the Genuine Edison. The most marvelous offer—the offer which eclipses all others. This offer is for everyone who has not yet heard our Edison in their own home. This offer is for **You**. For you to hear concerts and entertainments by world famous musicians—just such entertainments as the metropolitan theatres are producing.

MY OFFER:

no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will just stop and think a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

Why I Want to Lend You this Phonograph:

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. Nearly everyone is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now, there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior, and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. That is why I am making this offer. I can't tell you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison. Nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand, full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine Fireside Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the Fireside Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. The Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.

Get the LATEST EDISON CATALOGS

Just sign your name and address on this coupon now, and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records (over 1,500 of them) and our Free Trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this coupon or send postal or letter now. No obligations, just get the catalogs. Write now—today—sure.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors, Edison Block, Dept. 2078, Chicago, Ill.
CANADIAN OFFICE, 355 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG, CANADA

All You Need Do:

All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful Fireside Edison. You will want to do that anyway, because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact we appoint no such agents and at the rock-bottom price on this wonderful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

If You Want to Keep

the Phonograph—that is if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so, but it is not compulsory. This is a free trial. You may send it back at our expense if you wish. I won't be surprised, however, if you wish to keep the machine after having it in your own home. If you do wish to keep it, either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

Our Easy Payment Plan

So many people really want a phonograph who cannot pay all cash that I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. \$2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, no guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, in fact, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small, and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

Owners of Edisons, New Fireside Model Now Ready! All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new Fireside, and can also get the SUPERB new 1910 Edison Amberol records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing TWICE AS LONG as any of the records heretofore made. Owners of Edisons—write for FREE circular AA, describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,
Edison Block, Dept. 2078, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me without any obligations, your 1910 Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records and Free Trial Certificate entitling me to this grand offer, all free.
Name.....
Address.....
Sign and mail this coupon today